

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY



GEN'L SIR DOUGLAS HAIG
COMMANDING THE BRITISH FORCES

NOVEMBER, 1916

WINNIPEG, CANADA



The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table

of the Tea Table, and, in thousands of homes, of the Dinner Table, too, is

BLUE RIBBON TEA

And Why?

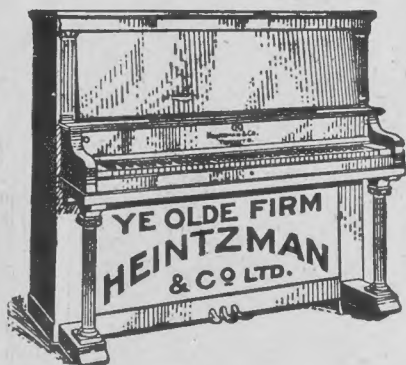
Because Blue Ribbon Tea is a delightful beverage—healthful—mildly stimulating—pure as the Western breezes—and almost as cheap.

Drink Blue Ribbon Tea for your health's sake. Buy it for your pocket's sake.

And note the new package—a perfect protection against the enemies of good tea—dust and moisture.

A money-back guarantee goes with each packet.

Ask your Grocer.



THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

without a doubt,
when it comes to
buying a Piano

That is one reason why the
sale of the



HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO

"The World's Best Piano."

is continually increasing amongst all classes of homes throughout the Dominion. And in the case of the Heintzman & Co., the saying is particularly true, for not only does this world-famous instrument last for a lifetime—retaining its distinctive tone and wonderful touch unimpaired after long years of service—but in the first place its price is so moderate that its purchase costs but little more than that of inferior instruments.

IT IS THE GREATEST PIANO VALUE ON EARTH

SOME OF OUR SPECIAL BARGAINS IN USED PIANOS

One ENNIS Piano.....	Special	\$225.00
One MENDELSSOHN Piano.....	Special	235.00
One CRAIG Piano.....	Special	255.00
One LANSDOWN Piano (only out a few months).....	Special	275.00

Write for complete list of quick sale Bargains in slightly used and second-hand pianos.

WRITE FOR FREE HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND PARTICULARS OF PRICES AND TERMS.



Winnipeg's Greatest Music House

The Home of the Heintzman & Co. Piano and the Victrola
Dept. W

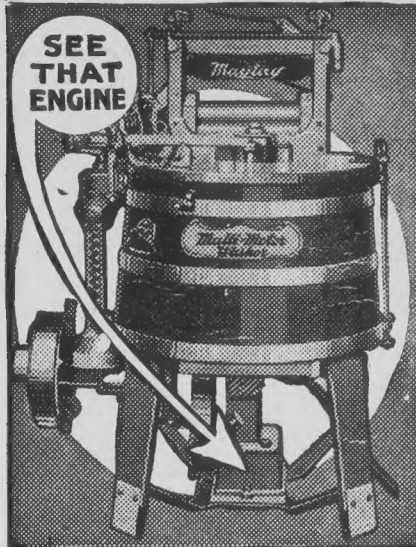
329 Portage Ave. WINNIPEG, Man.

Special Priced ORGANS from \$35.00 to \$85.00

We still have a number of second-hand Organs received in exchange on new purchases, which must be cleared to make way for new arrivals of stock. All are in excellent condition and present unique bargains at the prices asked.

Write for complete list and particulars of prices.

Here is What YOU
Have Always Wanted



Maytag Multi-Motor Washer

COMPLETE WITH ENGINE
and SWINGING WRINGER

If the store you trade at does not handle this washer send us their name and we will mail you a copy of *The Maytag Laundry Manual* (48 pages). Even if you do not buy a washer, it will be a great help to you, as it contains many valuable formulas and recipes that can be used to advantage in any home. It is **FREE**.

ADDRESS:

The Maytag Company
Limited
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



14k. Solid Gold Cuff Links

Engraved with Monogram

\$4.00

The above illustration is an indication of the splendid values we are offering in our New Catalogue, which is now being prepared.

We are adding to our Mailing List, and will be glad to have your name and address.

SEND A POST CARD TO-DAY

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HERALD BUILDING

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RICH MONUMENTS



sold on a money-back basis direct to you. It is now possible to erect wonderfully attractive and enduring stones at prices within the means of the average family. Illustrated booklet tells how we do it—contains many epitaph designs—gives you the net costs on handsome monuments. This booklet will be mailed free if you write

STANDARD CEMENT STONE WORKS
P. O. Box 104 GIROUX, MAN.

The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XVII.

Published Monthly
By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada.

No. 11

The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

Remittances of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

When You Renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with Our Readers

A CONSIDERABLE number of subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly expire with this issue. To all whose subscriptions expire with this issue we have sent by mail a subscription blank as a reminder of the fact. Now, we wish to ask if there is a single one of these many readers who regrets that he or she subscribed for the magazine a year ago? Have you not received, in instruction and entertainment, many times the value of the small sum of money you paid us for the magazine? Has not the magazine been all that we promised it should be, and all that you could wish or desire? Have you not been pleased with it ever since you became a subscriber?

We earnestly hope that every individual one of those whose subscriptions expire with this issue will send us a renewal of his or her subscription for the coming year, and that as many as feel disposed to do so will get up a club, and thus secure one or more of the valuable and useful rewards we offer. Remember, that if you get two friends to join you in subscribing, thus making up a club of three, each will get the magazine a whole year for a total cost of only two dollars. For larger clubs we give fine premiums. If you will send for our Complete Outfit for Getting-Up Clubs for The Western Home Monthly, which we send free, you will receive our complete Premium List, describing different articles given upon remarkably liberal terms.

The growing appeal of this popular periodical is due to the fact that we embody in it the characteristics of a publication above all indispensable to the home. While it is primarily a fiction magazine, its various departments are of a high order of excellence. The Western Home Monthly is more popular to-day than ever before in its history. Rarely does any one ever hesitate to subscribe when the magazine is once called to his or her attention.

We do not wish to lose a single one of our present subscribers, and do not see why we should. The magazine costs such a small sum that any one can afford to take it. Please send in your subscription just as soon as possible. Do not put it off; do not neglect it. Remember that for the modest price of a year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly you provide yourself with wholesome reading for a whole year to come.

A PERTINENT QUESTION

The Western Home Monthly particularly commends itself to me for its clean, wholesome and appealing stories. So many of the magazines to-day cater to the tastes of those who demand problem stories suggestive of things that we deplore. After reading them we have a bitter taste in our mouths. Why is it that so many magazine writers preach that Home is no longer the most sacred and happiest place on earth, that married life is not what God designed it to be, that the sanctity of the Home is weakening—the Home which should be a type of Heaven? So far, I have seen nothing in The Western Home Monthly to censure, and much to praise. The other departments of the magazine are excellent. I am grateful to the friend who sent me the magazine for 1915, as I have thoroughly enjoyed it.—Mrs. E. Swanell, Moosomin, Sask.

OPINION OF A "MERE MAN"

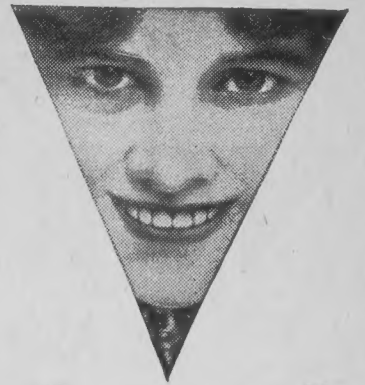
Although your excellent magazine seems to be equally good for men, most of the letters from subscribers printed on your editorial page are from women. I infer from this that women as a rule are most disposed to thank you for giving to the public so good a publication at so small a price. My mother, who is a very critical reader, says she considers the fiction in your magazine superior to that in the higher priced magazines. She had never taken The Western Home Monthly until this year, because she said it was impossible to get a magazine—with good stories the rule rather than the exception—at the price you ask. However, when I read the first copy to her she exclaimed: "Why, there is not a trivial story in it; and as for your special pages such as the Editorial, The Philosopher, What the World is Saying, etc., they are in themselves an education. It has been a long time since I have read a publication that was wholly good." I heartily endorse my mother's sentiments. The Western Home Monthly is good, "plumb good," from cover to cover. I do not know of any other way in which the same amount of money could have been invested with more profit and pleasure, than in a subscription to your magazine.—R. Bevins, La Riviere, Man.

REGARDING THE DINNER AND TEA SET

We have received many enquiries from readers regarding the 47-piece Combination Dinner and Tea Set, which we are offering our readers in return for eight new subscriptions. We impress upon all the advisability of referring to the full page advertisement in this issue which contains all particulars. We have no hesitation in saying that this is the greatest premium offer that has ever been made by any Canadian publication, bearing in mind the fact that at this time with imports so restricted, china and crockery are 50 per cent more expensive than at this time last year.

OUR CHRISTMAS ISSUE

Many writers of note will contribute to our December number. In matter and illustration, it will be of surpassing merit. Send a copy to your friend abroad, and, by the way, when you come to think of Christmas gifts, may we suggest that nothing can be more appropriate and acceptable than a year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly.



Dentist.

The poison from bad teeth ruins good health.

Good Dentistry Lasts Long Looks Well

We solicit difficult cases
where others have failed

No Person Too Nervous
No Work Too Difficult

New Method Dental Parlors

Cor. PORTAGE and DONALD

F. W. Glasgow, Manager

It Doesn't Pay

to buy inferior articles for home use, no matter how small the article is.

With matches, as with everything else, it pays to buy the best.

EDDY'S "Silent Parlor" Matches

will save your time and temper, for they are good strikers, safe, sure and silent.

—Always ask for—
EDDY'S

J. H. M. CARSON

Manufacturer of ARTIFICIAL LIMBS

338 Colony St., Winnipeg

Established 1900

The Latest in Slip Socket. Satisfaction Guaranteed

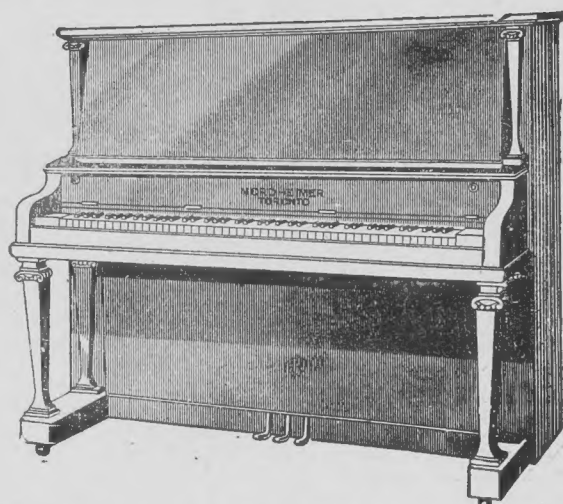
"Clean-Up" Sale of New High Grade NORDHEIMER PIANOS

And Slightly Used Instruments at in many cases
Less than actual manufacturing cost

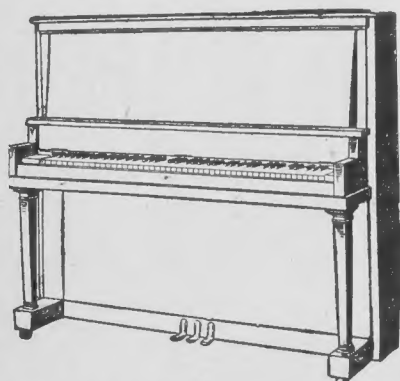
Contingent on taking over the agency for Nordheimer Pianos was an order for two carloads of new pianos from their factory. We were also to take off their hands any stock remaining on their floors when they closed out their retail business in Winnipeg. We secured these latter at very low prices and yours is the opportunity to take advantage of the "Clean-up" thus made necessary for new stock expected here within the next few weeks.

Nordheimer Pianos have a national reputation best evidenced in the pride of ownership on the part of thousands of Canadian homes. In the ordinary way they are high-priced pianos; but worth the money. This sale affords you the opportunity of placing one in your home at even less than the cost of an ordinary piano—and on our usual easy terms of payment.

Take advantage now of this opportunity that can never recur. Never again will you be able to purchase a brand new Nordheimer Piano at anything like these prices. Owing to our extensive business and unusual credit system of easy payments we make it exceptionally easy for you. Fill in the coupon below and let us supply you with further details of any piano you particularly fancy.



New Nordheimer Special in Mahogany or Walnut. Regular \$500..... **\$395**

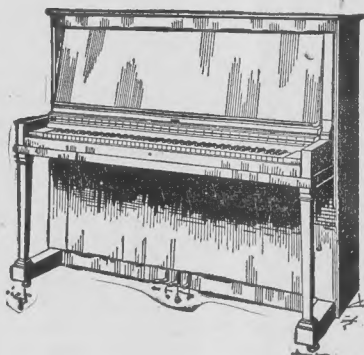


Colonial Upright Grand, in Mahogany. Reg. \$400.. **\$285**

TERMS

Three Years to Pay.

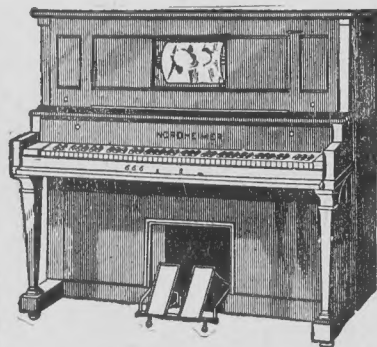
Monthly,
Quarterly,
Half-yearly or
Annual
Payments
Arranged to
Suit You



New Style Lansdowne, in Satin Finish Mahogany. **\$345**
Reg. \$425 for.....

FREE

With each new instrument we are allowing free, one piano bench with music receptacle and with each used instrument a stool to match your purchase.



New Nordheimer 88 note Player, in Mahogany or Oak. **\$750**
Reg. \$950 for.....

Unusual Values in Slightly Used Instruments

Gerhard-Heintzman—A 7 1-3 Octave Upright Piano with full length panels, and music desk, Boston fall board, ivory and ebony keys, etc. In the best of order, a good sweet-toned piano. Sale price..... **\$245**

Lesage—A 7 1-3 Octave Upright Piano, in richly figured mahogany case, with full length plain panels and Boston fall board, 3 pedals, practice muffler, ivory and ebony keys. In use only six months. Regular price, \$400. Only..... **\$285**

Canada Piano Co.—A handsome Upright Piano, in case of modern design with full length music desk, Boston fall board, 3 pedals, practice muffler, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Cannot be told from new. Special price..... **\$285**

Bell—A 7 1-3 Octave Upright Piano by the Bell Piano Co., Guelph, in handsome Walnut case, full length music desk, carved panels, ivory and ebony keys, 3 pedals, etc. Is in first class order, and looks just like new. Special price.... **\$235**

Nordheimer—A full-sized Cabinet Grand Upright Piano by the Nordheimer Piano Co., Toronto, in dark mahogany case of colonial design, Boston fall board, 3 pedals, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Sale price..... **\$375**

Gerhard-Heintzman—A fine New-Grand-Scale Gerhard-Heintzman Piano, in exceptionally rich walnut case, of simple colonial design, with full length plain polished panels, Boston fall board, 3 pedals, ivory and ebony keys, etc. If you were to pay us \$1,000 we could not make you a finer piano than this instrument, the extra money would have to be put on the case ornamentation. Only six months in use. Regular, \$450. Special sale price..... **\$375**

Angelus Player—Full 88 note scale, beautiful mahogany case, almost new. Regular, \$950. Bargain at..... **\$685**

Every Piano Guaranteed

Each new piano carries the ten-year double guarantee of the manufacturer and ourselves.

Used instruments—each one overhauled and guaranteed for three years.

We Pay the Freight

No matter where you live we will pay the freight and guarantee safe delivery of your piano to your nearest station.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO.

333 PORTAGE AVE.

WINNIPEG

W. H. M.

Messrs.
Winnipeg Piano Co.
333 Portage Ave.
Winnipeg

Please supply me with full particulars of.....
Piano Name of Maker
Player Piano at \$..... as
advertised in the November issue of The
Western Home Monthly.

Name.....
Address.....

USE THIS COUPON

Editorial

The New Governor-General

WE say good-bye with real affection to Arthur of Connaught. He has done his duty as man, soldier and citizen. It is not alone the fact that he belonged to the Royal Family which made him popular with the Canadian people. He was recognized to possess great earnestness and broad sympathy. His tact and good judgment were ever in evidence. He carries with him our good wishes.

To follow him comes the Duke of Devonshire, a man of high honor and independence, just the man to make an impression on the Canadian mind. We bid him welcome, and are ready to assure him that the qualities which have given him such a reputation in the home land will be just as warmly appreciated here.

The Friend Overseas

IN the story of the Blue Bird, when the little children visited grandfather and grandmother in the world beyond, the old people told them that they were never alone when people down on earth thought about them. Over in France, somewhere, there are many sick, many wounded, many lonesome though courageous hearts, and they will never be alone if only we who remain behind think about them. Now is the time to think, to get ready the socks and the comforts they so much need. Yes, and they need a cheering word. Do you remember how the "Sky Pilot" chased away all the harshness and bitterness from the heart of Gwen, as he pictured to her all the beauty she loved so well, and from which she was separated by that awful accident? So you, by picturing to the soldier boy the life on the farm or in the city—the life as it used to be with him—may drive away all loneliness and depression. Here is a work for every loyal soul.

Co-operation

IT is too bad we have no way of levelling up inequalities. Here are ten farmers side by side. Two are hailed out and the other eight have bountiful harvests. Would it not be well if losses and gains could be equalized? Or to take a wider example, here is a province ruined by rust and here another unhurt by any scourge. Isn't it too bad that there is no way by which the strong might automatically help the weak? Canada has not yet attempted much in the way of co-operation of this kind. Mutual insurance companies are comparatively limited as to membership. The time will come when a nation-wide arrangement will be made whereby local disaster will be offset by national contribution. Pure individualism is neither wise nor moral. Co-operation on as wide a scale as possible will make up for individual and national welfare.

Away with the Tariff!

A WELL-KNOWN writer has remarked that "it often requires a dose of misrule to set a nation right." This is wonderfully illustrated in recent history in Canada. Had the misrule been less flagrant it is very likely that at least two defeated governments would still be in power. From the look of things one might freely prophesy that another government is quickly riding to a fall.

One evidence of misrule is the high cost of living. It is nonsense to say that the war alone is responsible for the increased price of necessities. A protective system which taxes the people annually about four hundred millions is surely the big factor in determining how much a man must spend in order to live. Perhaps it would be better to say "in order to die," for some cannot live under conditions such as we have to face to-day. If they do not actually die, it is because they run in debt. And this running in debt has a limit.

Of course every one does not feel the pinch. Never before was so much money being put in banks. Never before was there such a volume of trade. Yet, never did men with small salaries find it so difficult to make ends meet. If we were in a blockaded district we should not wonder that there should be an increase in the prices of things. But we are living in a land of plenty and every honest worker should easily be able to earn enough to supply his own wants and the wants of his family.

Our government, however, under the plea that it is protecting home industries, taxes practically everything that men require for food, clothing, shelter or convenience. There might be some argument for a tariff for revenue, but there is none for such a tariff as we are forced to endure to-day. Better a thousand times direct taxation with all its unpopularity than the system under which we now labor and suffer.

Direct taxation! It would not be so bad. Did a man pay directly only one-half of what he now pays indirectly through the customs, he would "keep a tab" on the expenditures of the government. There would be less prodigal expenditure and fewer nauseating displays of official pride.

The system of protection as we have it in Canada is iniquitous in the extreme. It discriminates against the poor, it pours money into the coffers of the wealthy, it is the mother of political debauchery. We have had a dose of misrule in all surety. Will it set us right? There are happily signs of a coming storm.

A Fair Warning

THERE is a man down in North Dakota named Edward F. Ladd. He is principal of the State Agricultural College. He is a man of courage and keen discernment. Last year he said in a large farmers' gathering: "Fifty-five millions of dollars are lost to the farmers of North Dakota every year through unfair grading rules for grain." At this meeting and others of like kind it was shown that the suction fans in the elevators robbed the farmers of 50,000 bushels of grain for each elevator each year, that \$68,200 was charged the farmers for switching cars above the price the elevators paid the railway companies, and that through the vicious practice of mixing grades, the private elevators were making fortunes that rightly should have gone to the farmers. As there was no attempt on the part of the state legislature to remedy most of these abuses, the farmers themselves undertook to place a ticket in the field. Of course the old line parties laughed at them. Every conceivable argument was urged against the decision of the farmers. Notwithstanding this, they held fast and when it came election day their ticket was carried by an overwhelming majority.

Whether the movement is right or wrong, and whether the new legislature will act foolishly or wisely does not now matter. The fact remains that in one state the old line political parties have both

The Sons of Canada

By Alice Irene Wood

The Sons of Canada, and who are they?
The Challenged to a deadly fray,
With heart of steel, to dare, to do,
To play the game, in God's way, through,
Their gallant best;—in soul array,
And these are they!

The Sons of Canada, and who are they?
The men who feel the forward sway,
Till blood-red hand of Iron Will
Has spent its frightfulness, its ill;
So note them; hark them; they obey—
Well, these are they!

The Sons of Canada, and who are they?
No pretence at a vain display,—
The men who make the battle strong,
For right, for honor,—with a song;
The men who smile on hope's dim day,
And these are they!

The Sons of Canada, and who are they?
They struggle for a later day,
When world of pain and strife forgot,
The stars still shine—forget them not!
And mark their splendour while you may!
For these are they!

The Sons of Canada, and who are they?
The marshalled hosts on Death's high-
way,
Who grapple with the hour's despair,
And smite the evil lurking there,
Then pass, with glory, from the day,
And these are they!

been discarded because they were not "on to their job," which is protecting the interests of the people.

The lesson is one that Canadian politicians should heed. It took only ten years of agitation to bring about the change in North Dakota. In Canada there has been an agitation along similar lines for fully as long, but Canadians are always a little slower in taking action. If the men who legislate for us at Ottawa are to continue to listen to the small coterie of manufacturers rather than the large number of farmers there they had better prepare themselves to take the consequences.

For years in North Dakota the teachers in the Agricultural College and the legislators as well had been emphasizing the doctrine of "greater production." Then the farmers found out that it did not pay to produce. Unless there was a better way of selling grain there could not possibly be a profit. And so the cry came for public terminal elevators and other facilities of the kind in order to prevent the grain from passing through the hands of the "Monopoly Grain Chamber."

There was one thing said during the contest in North Dakota that every man in Western Canada should read and consider. The governor-elect (a farmer and a university man) was asked why young people leave the farm. His answer is enlightening.

"Four or five years ago," said Mr. Frazier, "a member of the faculty of the state university wrote me that he was preparing a paper on how to keep the boys and girls on the farm, and he asked me to give him some suggestions. No doubt he expected me to describe how inspiring it is to plant the tiny seed and watch it grow into a great crop. He probably wanted a description of the independent and easy life of the carefree tiller of the soil. But I told him that under existing conditions I saw no

reason why the boys and girls should stay on the farm, and that I, a farmer, would not blame them if they left it. I told him that we had to work from five in the morning until nine o'clock at night to prepare our products for the market and then have the Chicago Board of Trade and the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce fix the price we were to be paid for our work. I told him that when farmers got their rights and a fair share of the prices paid for the things they produce, then I would say to the boys and the girls 'go back to the farm.'"

And there is sure a moral here for the people of Canada.

The Loss and Gain Account

IT does us all good to read these words from the greatest figure in the war. They are the words of General Joffre:

"It is strangely interesting to see the results as they now begin to show themselves of Germany's hatred of those countries which she has forged into a league against her. We must never forget what Germany has taught us all. When she began the war, France was given over to things unworthy of her. She seemed to have forgotten her aspiration and her destiny. See her now purified and made anew. She has saved her own soul. Then England whom Germany hates most of all. She had grown light-minded, unstable, a prey to civil discord. Now she is unified and made whole. Her young men will begin life anew and the nation will take on the vigor and enthusiasm of youth. Think of Italy, after fifty years, fulfilling the visions of Mazzini and Cavour! And Russia—Russia to settle whose account Germany began this enormous war—will profit more from it than all the other countries of Europe combined. Not only has the Russian nation been reborn, but her material greatness will be vastly enhanced. No; whatever we may think of Germany we must never forget all we have learned from her."

And while Joffre was saying this, the silver-tongued orator, the indefatigable worker and organizer in Britain, was saying it in even a more impressive way. Here are the words of our own David Lloyd-George:

"We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable and too indulgent, many perhaps too selfish, and the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the everlasting things that matter for a nation—the great peaks we had forgotten of Honor, Duty, Patriotism and clad in glittering white, the towering pinnacle of Sacrifice, pointing like a rugged finger to heaven."

Voices from the Past

IT is interesting these days to read what was said by German and French authorities before war was declared. Here are two or three quotations and from these alone one could tell who is responsible for the outbreak of hostilities.

Prof. Delbrück, Germany's greatest historian, said in 1913 that "The great peril in Germany is not socialism, but Pan-Germanism. The Pan-Germanists are the ones who are always calling for a bigger army and more dreadnoughts and exclaiming that the French Army is just on the point of pouring across the border."

Prof. Fraeger, in an address before 300 university students, said:

"We live in portentous times. We must always bear in mind that sooner or later we give battle to our sworn enemy. War is inevitable, and the incidents of the Zabern affair prove how hurtful to Germany is the policy of reconciliation."

Mr. Paul Louis, writing in the Revue, of Paris, said:

"The French press, and indeed the press of the world, must wake up to the fact that there are really two Germanys. We find one Germany in the North, more or less dominated by the Prussian standard, with its violent and brutal manners, and always spoiling for a fight. And then there is the Germany of the South, going at a more moderate gait, of a more pacific and more sympathetic temperament, always indisposed to warlike demonstrations and anxious above everything for a pleasant life. This Southern Germany is opposed to the so-called 'advanced' Germany, which aims at political expansion and has so far become modernized. The South, in fact, rebels against the sovereignty of the sabre and turns away from ancient feudal Germany which bows down before absolutism and is filled with the military spirit and the dictates of Pan-Germanism. There is here a differentiation very apparent to the eyes of the observer, and any one is mistaken who confounds two parties quite separate and distinct in their mentality and their aspirations. He would, in fact, by his views suggest to us a vision quite out of color with the reality. If he set face to face the two Germanys he would find that for a long time the North has reaped decisive advantages and the South would certainly not plume itself on any success similar to that which the North carried off at Zabern and the military court at Strassburg."

What is the matter with my skin?

Examine your skin closely! Find out just the condition it is in. Then read below why you can change it and how



Whatever condition is keeping your skin from being beautiful it can be changed.

Here is why your complexion can be improved no matter what is keeping it from being attractive now. Your skin, like the rest of your body, is changing every day. As old skin dies, new skin forms in its place.

This is your opportunity. By the proper external treatment you can make this new skin just what you would love to have it. Or—by neglecting to give this new skin proper care as it forms every day—you can keep your skin in its present condition and forfeit the charm of "a skin you love to touch." Which will you do? Will you begin at once to bring to your skin that charm you have longed for? Then begin tonight the treatment below suited to the needs of your skin and make it a daily habit thereafter.

Blackheads are a confession

of the use of the wrong method of cleansing for that type of skin which is subject to this disfiguring trouble—the following Woodbury treatment will keep such skin free from blackheads.

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is red-dened. Then with a rough wash cloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice*. Always dry the skin carefully.

Do not expect to get the desired results by using this treatment for a time and then neglecting it. But make it a daily habit, and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

To clear a blemished skin

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then, dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy "soap cream." Cover each blemish with a *thick coat* of this. Let it dry and remain on over night. In the morning wash again in your usual way with Woodbury's.

Repeat this cleansing, antiseptic treatment every night until the blemishes disappear. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so strong and active that it will keep your complexion free from blemishes.

To rouse a sluggish, colorless skin

Dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take the cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and run the *cake itself* over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub the face briskly with a *piece of ice*. Always dry carefully.

This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the face, and stimulates the fine muscular fibres of the skin. Try it tonight—see what a soft, lovely color it brings to your cheeks.

To whiten freckled, sun-tanned skins

Just before retiring, cleanse the skin thoroughly by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now dip the cake of Woodbury's in a bowl of water and go over your face and throat several times with the *cake itself*. Let this lather remain on over night, and wash again in the morning with warm water followed by cold, but no soap except that which has remained on the skin.

This treatment is just what your skin needs to whiten it. Use it every night unless your skin should become too sensitive, in which case discontinue until this sensitive feeling disappears; a few applications should show a marked improvement. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter in your daily toilet and keep your skin in perfect health.

To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

First, cleanse your skin thoroughly by washing it in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion of the finger tips. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice*.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will gain complete relief from the embarrassment of an oily, shiny skin.

Begin tonight to get the benefit of this skin specialist's soap for your skin.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. For thirty years John H. Woodbury made a constant study of the skin and its needs. He treated thousands of obstinate skin diseases, made countless skin tests, until he evolved the formula for Woodbury's Facial Soap. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any of these treatments. Get a cake today and begin tonight to get its benefits for your skin by using one of the treatments above.

Write today for sample

For 4c we will send a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any of these skin treatments. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address: **The Andrew Jergens Co. Ltd.**, 670 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario, Can.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is for sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast.



Blackheads—a confession of the wrong cleansing method. Change to the one given here.

A sluggish, colorless skin can be roused by the lather and ice treatment.

A freckled, sun-tanned skin will yield to this effective treatment described below.

If an oily skin and shiny nose is your bugbear, make the lather treatment a daily habit!

Disfiguring blemishes need the "soap cream" treatment.

Tear out the cake shown here and put it in your purse as a reminder to get a cake of Woodbury's today at your druggist's.



The Trail to Salvation

By H. C. Haddon, Gray Creek, B. C.

THE mine manager first saw her on one of his trips north, and because she struck his fancy, he paid her Indian owner just what he asked for her, and Oya, the husky puppy, came south with her new master.

Now Oya is Indian for perfection, which fact you may not know—and know you also that she was certainly a pretty puppy. Picture her, if you like, still ungainly with her puppy ways, and yet already showing her clear cut lines, almost delicate in their daintiness—and all this, mind you, without losing one atom of her first impression of strength. Had she been a horse, you would have known at once that she was a true-blooded racer, but being a dog instead, and a husky dog, too, at that, you exclaimed instantly, "How like a wolf she is."

Had you enquired further you would have found that her mother was a husky bitch, with generations of dog-blood behind her, while her father was some big male wolf that had come down out of the wilds to leave his offspring in bondage.

It is a fairly common habit among some of the Indians to stake their bitches out in the woods during the mating time, and in the far North, where dogs are practically the only beasts of burden used, many teams contain animals with more or less wolf blood in their veins. A dog so related gains nothing in fidelity or affection, but much in stamina and endurance. And since all life in that land of snow is but a survival of the fittest, and a perpetual pitting of the puny forces of man against the heart-breaking desolation of Nature, sentiment can play no part at all. A man does not expect his dogs to like him. He does not pet them or treat them with any kindness at all, except in rare cases of an old leader, tried and found true on a hundred winter trails. The dogs are ruled with an iron hand, and perforce, owing, as I have told you, to the frequent presence of wolf-blood, this is the only method to adopt. Once let the dogs think that there is any relaxing in the grip of your authority and it becomes next to impossible to do anything at all with them. I knew a man once—but that is another story, and this is not a lecture.

Oya first saw the light with her half-dozen litter mates in a nest her mother had made among the willows that fringed the Indian camp. As soon as she was old enough, she toddled on short ungainly legs into the little tented village and here she passed her early puppy-hood, fighting with other husky puppies, older and younger than herself, for the odd bits of meat and fish that her liege lord and his family condescended to throw her.

She grew quickly, necessity knowing no other law, for the winter comes early in the Northland and all things weak or delicate must perish in its awful severity.

But Oya was fated not to have to pass through its rigorous tests, for the mine manager looked on her and found her good, and together with his traps and duffel, and sundry heads to tell of good hunting, she journeyed far by strange boats and trains to a little valley in Southern British Columbia. At the first attempts of her new master to fondle her, she snapped at him viciously and resentfully, receiving in such cases a most thorough whipping. Not yet broken to harness—so far she had only known Indian fingers—which, in her experience, had always been swift and skillful to hurt her. Like all Indian dogs, she had been an accomplished thief, and detection had always meant a beating. So, she had come to connect the touch of human hands, firstly with her capture, followed by the inevitable thrashing. Love, or even tenderness, except from her mother, she had never known and it played no part in her make-up at first. But her new master persevered and in time she undoubtedly came to hold some kind of liking for him.

Fearing him she most certainly always did—but then fear had been inbred in her and her kind for untold generations. This was true of both her lines of descent, and dual natured as she was, it seemed as if fear and submission were the two chief traits of her character. I have tried to tell you that all malamutes or huskies

must be ruled by fear—and as for her paternal ancestry wolves have feared men ever since the time when the first flint workers lived in caves and covered their bodies with skins.

The men of the settlement, not being dog mushers, and having no knowledge of huskies, held her in wholesome respect, nor would she ever allow them to touch her. With the mine manager she was entirely different, but then she realized that he was her master and as such she obeyed him. He always fed her himself and she was undoubtedly glad to see him, though she was never demonstrative. Just what his idea was in keeping her I cannot tell you, but I think he wondered if it were possible ever to wholly tame her and by love to receive from her the wonderful fidelity that we have grown to accept as a right from our dogs.

color. Stand a few feet away from her and you would say that her coat was almost red. Walk up closer and when you approached her you would find only gray, darker on the back and shoulders to be sure, but still gray. Yet the impression you gained was that she was red tinted, but when you tried to hold that tint it slipped away from you, something intangible, and you could find only gray.

The mine manager was immensely proud of her, albeit he must have been very disappointed in her in some respects. Still, when he was away late at nights, he had the satisfaction of knowing that with Oya in the yard or on the veranda, his wife and home would be perfectly free from molestation.

Then, just when it seemed as if his efforts would be rewarded with success and that she would give and show a dog's affection—she vanished. Just that and no more. Since there was no dog in the neighborhood large enough to kill her, she must have left on her own

terror stricken onto one corner of the meadow, their sides panting with exhaustion, the white rims of their eyes showing their desperate straits. For a few minutes they stood there gazing at the men, nostrils dilated, undecided whether to face this new danger or to retreat along their own back trail.

Because they were out after bigger game than deer, neither man used his rifle, and both, being curious, remained perfectly still. At this the doe stamped her forefoot repeatedly, which is an old trick of the deer's, as you probably know, and is intended to make you start or move and so show what you are.

While they were looking at one another, animals and men, three slim gray wolves slipped out from a little knoll of timber. As soon as they saw the men, they, too, stopped and while they hesitated they were joined by a fourth.

At the sight of this last arrival the timekeeper raised his rifle.

"Look at the color of that wolf," he whispered, but the mine manager stopped him.

"Don't shoot it," he said. And then before the eyes of the astonished timekeeper he laid down his rifle and walked out onto the meadow. Three of the wolves instantly retreated. The fourth sat on her haunches, quietly watching him. The deer moved off in the opposite direction, their terror apparently all gone.

When the man was about thirty yards from her the red wolf got up and was about to slink away, but the man's voice stopped her.

"You, Oya," he commanded, "come here!"

Instantly her tail slipped between her legs, though she made no effort to come any closer to him.

"Come here!" said the mine manager again.

This time she moved a little nearer him, and then stopped and finally lay down, watching him.

The manager walked right up to her, and, taking a piece of cord from his pocket, tied it round her neck. As he moved off she felt the cord tighten, and at the feel of it she was inclined to show fight. At this the man stopped and looked round at her. Their eyes met.

"Come on," he said, and tail still between her legs she got up and followed him.

"Don't tell me," said the timekeeper, afterwards, "because I saw him do it. Most men usually shoot wolves, but this fellow just walks right up to them and catches them alive."

"He'll get caught himself yet," the audience replied—and added as an afterthought, "these wise guys always end that way."

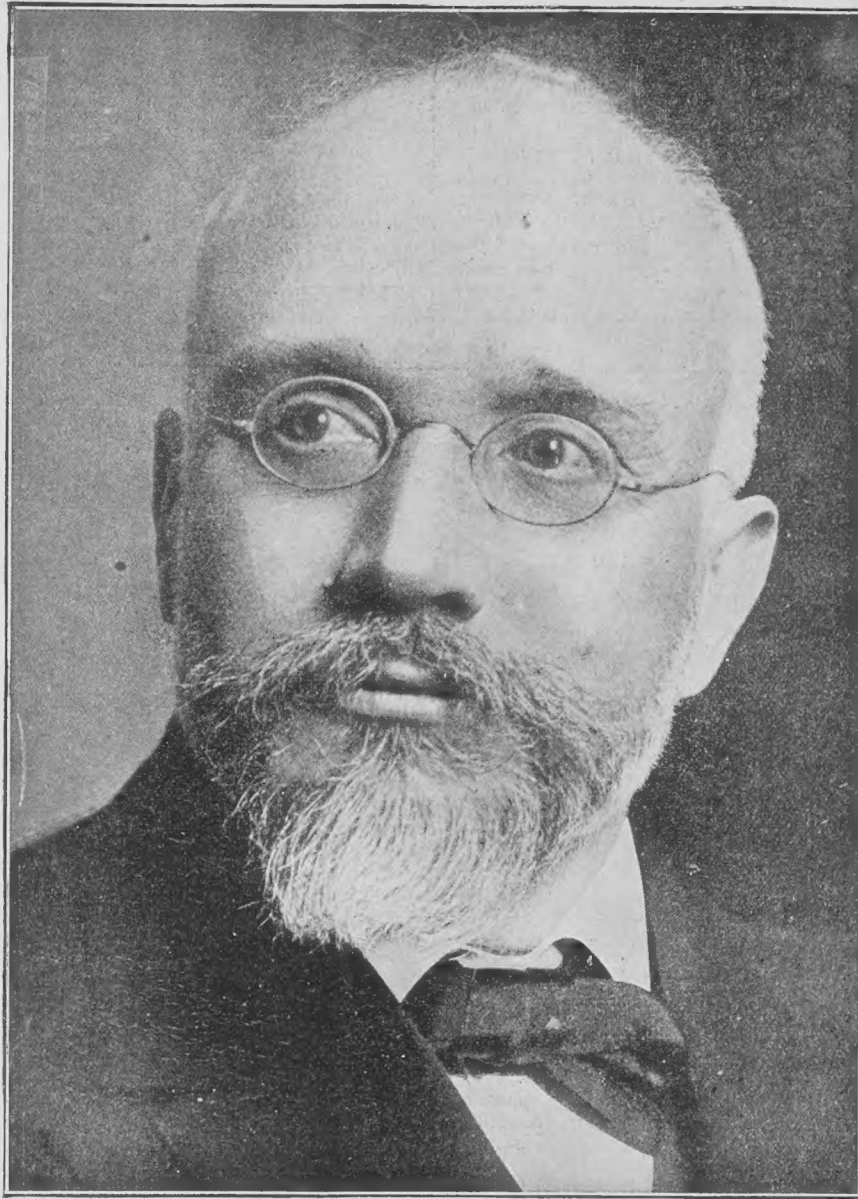
So, after nearly a year spent in the mountains running foot loose with the wolf pack, Oya was brought back into bondage again. From the time up on the mountain meadow when she had looked into the mine manager's eyes, she realized that he was her master and despite the fact that her father had been a wolf, that it was her lot in life to obey. Before she had heard and answered the call of the blood, there had been many times when her master had petted her, fondling her and rubbing her behind the ears. Such treatment she accepted calmly, and apparently she liked it, for all that it appeared alien to her nature, but from behind the wall of her reserve she never showed any demonstration of returned affection. Since she was brought back from the mountains, however, this treatment was refused. Instead, the mine manager treated her with nothing but severity, and demanded absolute obedience, and this he received, though it was given grudgingly and sulkily.

Despite the advice of his friends, he continued to keep her. Said the timekeeper one evening:

"Why in thunder don't you get rid of that wolf of yours? She'll show her hand one of these days and hurt somebody, and then there'll be old Harry to pay."

"I'm going to tame her," replied the mine manager, "and maybe I'm a crank on the subject, but I honestly believe I'll make her give me affection and faithfulness. Sometimes it seems as if she has no love to give, but it's got a regular hobby with me now and I want to tame her."

So far, since her return, she had not been given her freedom. However, one day, after several weeks spent at the end



This is a new and heretofore unpublished photograph of ex-premier M. Venizelos of Greece, the strong man of his country, who champions the cause of the allies

If such were his plans, there must have been many times when he was discouraged. Obedience he demanded and received, but affection seemed a thing she would not or could not give. In a way she had her uses, for roaming loose at night around her master's house, her very name and reputation became enough to keep away any two-legged prowlers—and as for the other kind, they would have stood but a poor chance against this half wild husky.

So she lived till she was two years old. By now she had changed vastly from the puppy that had sprawled among the smoky Indian tents. In build she retained all the wolf features, and her keen pointed nose gave a hint as to her ancestry, and if this were not sufficient, her very frame and limbs were finer and lighter boned than the usual husky. A very lightning flash of quickness, a mercilessly speedy slayer of other and softer dogs, she was rapidly gaining the reputation of being safe only when left alone. Her weight was around a hundred pounds—but every ounce of it was wiry bone and muscle. The most elusive thing about her, though, was her

accord. Sick with his wasted efforts, the mine manager promised her nothing better than a rifle bullet should he ever see her again.

Half a morning's climbing had brought them up to and through the timber out onto a series of little flat natural meadows. Here the two men rested a while, though they dared not satisfy their craving for tobacco, for they expected to run onto the caribou herd at any time.

Above them still towered a few scattered peaks, though only scantily timbered now. Wild grasses and little mountain flowers and ferns and wild strawberry leaves covered the ground in matted confusion.

Back in the timber a red squirrel chattered sleepily; right at their feet a mouse shot across an open space like a wind-blown shadow. Far up in the blue of the sky a hawk whistled, sailing on motionless wings, his keen eyes searching every foot of the ground below him.

Then suddenly, with an exclamation, the mine manager was on his feet, cocking his rifle as he rose.

A white tailed deer, closely followed by her six months' old fawn, bounded

of a heavy chain, the manager unfastened the collar from her neck. If he had expected her to make an instant dash for freedom, he was disappointed, for she only walked a few paces away and then stood looking at him.

"Oya," said her master, in a quiet level voice. "Come here."

She obeyed him mechanically, her attitude one of disinterested and resigned boredom.

"Lie down," she was told, and still obediently she did as she was bid.

"Good dog," said the manager, and rewarded her by fondling her head. She watched him with absolute indifference, her expression giving no hint as to her feelings.

And so through the days that followed she maintained her attitude of neutrality. To any stranger who attempted to touch her she showed her teeth at once, but to her master she gave obedience, though nothing more, remaining in everything else aloof and inscrutable. Things seemed hopeless and the mine manager had almost admitted himself beaten and decided on her destruction, when the crisis came to a head.

He had been writing letters in the house, and was suddenly roused by his wife's cry of alarm. She was standing at the door, her face white and drawn with terror.

With a couple of bounds her husband was by her side, and together they watched their two-year-old toddler out in the yard hold out her hand to the wolf dog. Oya walked up to the outstretched hand and sniffed it, though she did not show her teeth as was her wont. The atmosphere seemed surcharged with electricity. Something was about to happen, the result of pent-up energy, and what that something was neither of the two in the doorway dared to think. With the memory of the timekeeper's words in his mind, the manager moved to get his rifle, but before he could reach it he heard his wife whisper his name. With black dread in his heart he went back to the door, hardly daring to look for fear of what he should see—and there was Oya the untamable rolling on her back and the little child thumping at her with babyish delight. Then she got up and shook herself and licked the little hand offered her and then, as if in invitation to play, she rolled over on her back again.

Speechless, the two in the doorway watched the whole scene and saw the child flop down beside the big animal and bury her face among the bushy coat, little baby fingers playing with and matting themselves among the thick hair. With a strange note in his voice the manager called to her.

"Come here, Oya."

"Good dog!" he said. "Good dog! But be careful, Oya."

As if realizing that she was in favor, she put her nose into his hand and then went back to the child in the yard and they heard the baby words come back to them, "Dood dog! dood dog!"

"She's found something to love at last," the mine manager whispered to his wife, "and it seems to have altered her whole nature at once."

And so, in the end, this strange great husky, half wolf, half dog, worked out her salvation and capitulated to love.

She had known both bondage and freedom, the joy of the chase, and the restraint of man's dominion, and though she did not return from the mountains of her own accord, yet, in recognizing her master's dominion over her even in her freedom, it seemed as if her wolf ancestry became entirely submerged, its place being filled by the dog-part of her.

Having given her affection, she never wavered in her allegiance, and after the first preliminary shock, the mine manager was never afraid to trust his child in her care, though even to her master she never showed the same devotion or heart-whole affection that she did to the child.

To everyone else she remained as before, surly and silent, aloof and unapproachable—and if you ever wander B. C. wards, you may be lucky enough to see the mine manager's child playing unafraid with what appears to be a big red wolf—who will most certainly show her teeth if you approach too close.

And in conclusion I will tell you (though you may not believe me) that the only real difference between dogs and wolves is just this—that dogs have come down out of the wilderness into bondage—and have found a god to worship.

The Duty on a Christmas Box

By Blanche Gertrude Robbins

HE was a lonely man, walking without comrades down the main street of the Connecticut village. With a friendly greeting, he passed occasional groups of mill workers. Their hearty responses, in which respect was predominant, indicated his superior position as a "boss."

With a curious sense of elation, he understood their envy of his position. A few years before, he, too, had envied the "bosses."

But there were among those groups men whom he envied—men, whose homes and children made Christmas eve genuine.

Pausing beside one of the long, low tenement houses, Henri Vachon lighted a match and searched among the half-dozen doors for a desired number.

A French-Canadian woman answered his knock.

"Your good man, is he better?" Vachon inquired, awkwardly fumbling a huge, curiously-shaped package.

"Ah, dee boss! Mon' man, he come 'round queek. Go back to dee meels, the New Year, maybe," the woman responded.

"No, my good woman, give him time to get strong. These are a few toys for the youngsters. You'll take them, won't you? Your good man, I know, can't pay his doctor's bill and buy toys, too."

The woman took the package from Vachon. Her hands trembled and as if in relief from some great strain, she sobbed: "The blessed Mary be praised!"

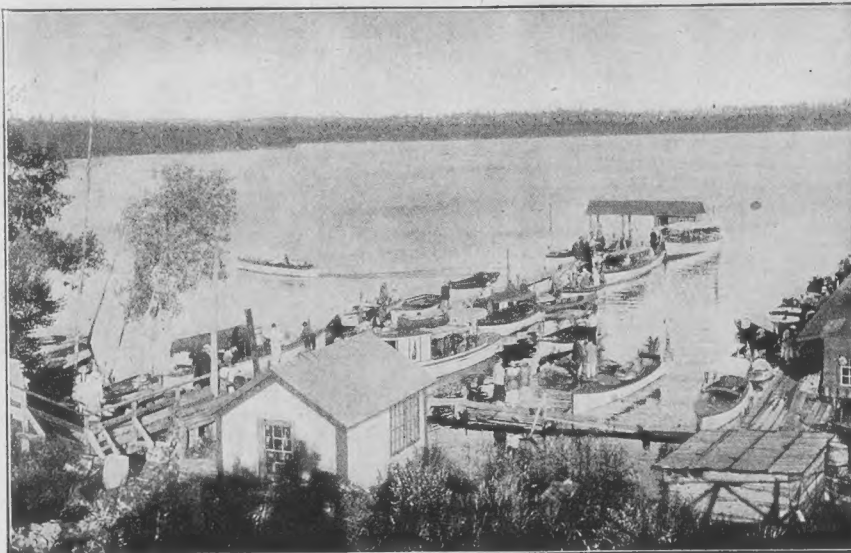
consider the problem of who would share it with him. He could never live there alone. Bring the little mother? Ah, no. He knew she would soon grow homesick for her Acadian home. She would feel strange in her simple kerchief thrown over her head and worn in the picturesque manner, peculiar to the French-Canadian women. True, there were many of French descent working in the New England mills. But they, like Vachon, were of a younger generation.

His sister, Margot, would not leave the Chebogne village, where lived Jean Burnette, the young farmer, to whom she was betrothed. Little sixteen-year-old Marie—the baby sister, still needed his mother's care.

There had once been a little girl, sweetheart,—Catharine Le Bonte. Cassie had been the idol of the Acadian settlement and the admiration of the English-Canadian children.

Vachon had not seen her since he had left Acadie, yet he loved her passionately. He loved her as he remembered her, a bright, pretty, school-girl. He idealized her as, in imagination, he saw her mature into womanhood.

Once he had visited his mother and sisters and had been keenly disappointed that he had not seen Catharine. Her father had died, and her mother having married again, the family had moved to another settlement. No one in the



Boat Landing, Minaki, Ont.

The little ones'll see Chreesmus. The Virgin be kind to such as you, bon sir!"

Henri Vachon, smiling at the poor woman's happiness, turned toward the street. As he crossed the bridge, spanning the river choked with ice, he was conscious of a spark of Christmas cheer in his heart, ignited by his generous act.

At the end of the bridge, he paused again, listening to the dull throb of the mill engines. Watching the dim light of the watchman's lantern, his eyes followed the shadows thrown on the hillside.

Up there in a grove of wonderfully fragrant pine, stood his cottage. In the dim starlight he strained his eyes for a glimpse of the bungalow. He was not certain whether the grey looming out of the darkness was the silver-shingled roof, or the giant birch standing sentinel at the gateway.

Always through the long, dreary, monotonous years of hard labor in the machine shop of the mill and the tedious hours of night-school, Henri Vachon had possessed a two-fold ambition.

He had determined to attain the position of "boss." He had aimed to build himself a home on that very hillside, which had reminded him of his Provincial home.

He had come from the little Acadian settlement a mere boy, speaking broken English. Uncouth, ignorant, but energetic and quick in manipulating machinery, he had accomplished in ten years, all that he had purposed.

He had been in such haste to build and furnish the bungalow, endeavoring to have it complete for the Christmastide.

Stupidly, he had not once stopped to

Chebogne village knew in which part of Acadie they now lived.

Vachon then decided that when he had been made a "boss" he would take a long vacation and search all Acadie until he had found Catharine Le Bonte.

All the time he had been building the cottage, he had thought of Cassie. They had coasted together down just such a hill, as that, in Chebogne. There had been deeply-wooded pastures like these back of the hills, where they had gathered berries and arbutus.

Remembering Cassie's gay, red cap and mittens, he had hung pretty red curtains at the windows.

Suddenly conscious of his intense loneliness, he turned abruptly and hastened toward the village general store.

He had planned to spend the Christmastide in the bungalow. Now that all things were complete, he was not content to spend it alone. The cheer of other homes intensified his longing for comradeship.

Merry Christmas carols came through the chapel door. Vachon could see the children singing joyously about the great tree, sparkling with many tiny, but brilliant candles. Perhaps he would come here, when his errand was accomplished.

Fumbling in his pocket, he sought the card that notified him that there was in the post office a box on which was due a small duty. He smiled, for he knew that the box was from his mother. Bless her heart! she never knew that he had to pay this slight duty.

In fancy, he could see the contents of that box. There would be the usual crocheted necktie—the handiwork of

those dear, old hands, wrinkled by garden-work, browned through berry-picking. There would be the handkerchiefs, with his initial beautifully embroidered by his sister Margot, and the delicious maple candy, which bonny sister Marie would have made and packed in a fragrant basket of birch bark.

How he wished there was a dear friend from Acadie to share it with him!

Pausing beside the window of the small store, which also served as post office, he viewed the miniature tree, the gaudy toys and bright tinsel and gilt decorations.

A large box of candy attracted his attention. The creamy satin cover was profusely covered with violets,—just such violets had Cassie and he gathered in the deep, shady woods. How the box would delight Cassie. He noted the price, one dollar.

Smilingly, he counted the loose change in his pocket. Yes—besides the thirty cents reserved for the duty on the box in custody, there were two big, half-dollars.

Impulsively, he opened the door of the store. Then suddenly realizing the situation, he muttered despondently, "Yes, here is box and the violets, but where is Cassie?"

Symonds' wife was behind the counter selling a mechanical toy to a bright-eyed woman.

Symonds, himself, stood behind a desk, over which hung the sign, "Customs." He was holding a large package and a girl of sixteen was arguing with him in broken English.

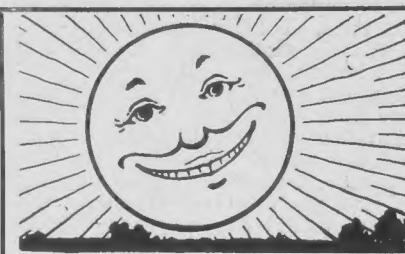
Vachon recognized the dialect of the French-Canadian and noted that the girl belonged to the class working in the mills.

"Unless you pay the dollar duty," Symonds explained angrily, "you cannot have your bundle."

"I haf no dee money—for dee leetle tax dooty—it ees our Chreesmus. Dee leetle mother haf send it. I no pay. Dee long holiday take all our monies."

"I have told you," Symonds interrupted sharply, "that unless you pay the duty, it will go back to the Customs Office."

The girl's eyes filled with tears. "We no pay now—gif it me an' we pay when dee long holiday at dee meels ees gone."



Sunny Dispositions

and good digestion go hand in hand, and one of the biggest aids to good digestion is a regular dish of

Grape-Nuts

This wonderfully delicious wheat and barley food is so processed that it yields its nourishing goodness to the system in about one hour—a record for ease of digestion.

Take it all 'round, Grape-Nuts contributes beautifully to sturdiness of body and a radiant, happy personality.

Every table should have its daily ration of Grape-Nuts.

"There's a Reason"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

"Uncle Sam does not trust," Symonds interposed roughly.

The girl was about to turn away when Vachon interfered.

"Excuse me, but is it necessary that this girl should pay such enormous duty for this simple Christmas box?"

"Yes, sir, it is," and Symonds' face flushed angrily at the interference.

"And you could not trust her until the mill, she works in, has opened up again?" Vachon queried.

"Not much!" Symonds laughed boisterously. "Law is law with Uncle Sam!"

"Then the girl shall have her box. Here is the required duty," and as he spoke, Vachon laid down the two silver half-dollars, that would have bought the violet box of candy for Cassie.

The girl smiled gratefully, trying through her tears to thank him. But he motioned her to sign her name. He watched her write, tremblingly, Marie Bondreau, and it pleased him that she should have his baby sister's name.

When he had paid the duty on his own box, the girl followed him to the door.

"Dee Chreemus box," she ventured shyly, "you gif it me—we pay soon, maybe, if we find where you live."

Vachon smiled. "There is no need, girl, but where do you live?" he asked, thinking he might find in his own mill a vacancy which she could fill. "Doubtless," he thought, "she has been working in the Western mills, which are closed down."

"In dee leetle house by dee big pond—

intended to enter the house; but the girl's box was still in his arms.

As he entered the porch, Marie's sister, evidently surprised, withdrew into the hall.

The light of the kerosene bracket lamp fell on her face. With a startled exclamation, Henri Vachon dropped the box. Seizing the tall girl's hands, he cried excitedly, "Catharine, Catharine Le Bronte, child, I've found you at last!"

Startled, the girl shrank from the strong grasp of his hands. "You—you are——" she asked timidly.

"I am Henri, Henri Vachon. Don't you remember how we used to coast together down the Chebogne hills?"

She let him take her hand and kiss her fingers.

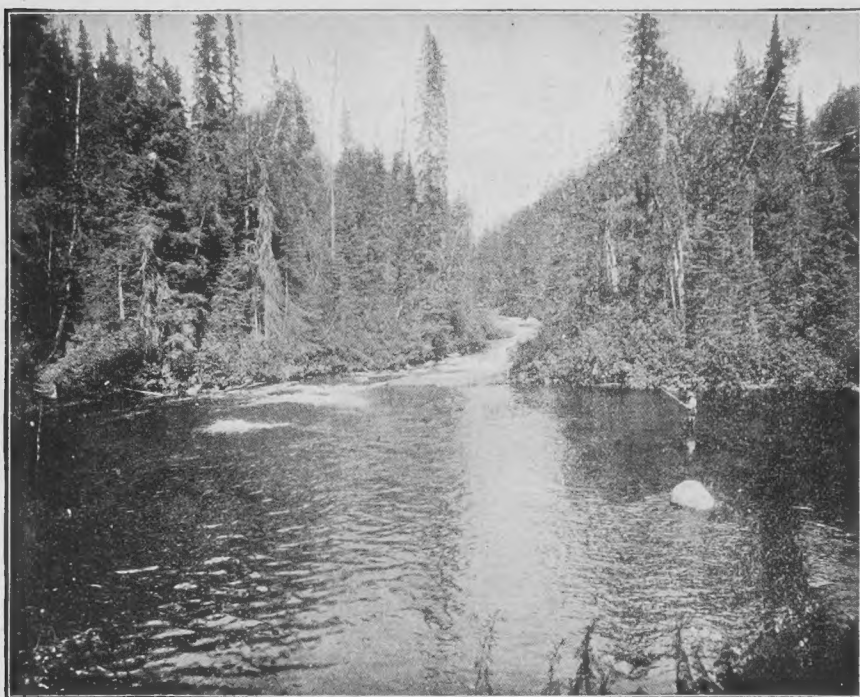
"But, you—you are a man, Henri—you were not so big and tall, when we coasted together," she answered shyly.

"Ah!" he exclaimed eagerly as he followed the two girls into the small sitting room, "you do remember, then. I wish we were in Acadie tonight, Cassie. I can't make it seem real to have you here."

"Dear old Acadie!" she murmured.

"Do you know, I was thinking tonight, Cassie, of the Christmas eve when I took you for a ride on my home-made runner. All the other boys had bright, shop sleds. I never was much of a carpenter, and it was fearfully put together."

Catharine laughed. "I remember. I tore a bad hole in my red coat on some of the nails, sticking out."



The King of Brook Trout Pools, White Sand, Ont.

dee dress sewer's house. Dee beeg seester haf dee room wif me," the girl answered shyly.

"Oh, Miss Sloane's house!" Vachon exclaimed, "a mile and a half from here and a cold walk by the river. Child, I am going the same way. Let me carry your package. It will grow heavy before you reach home."

"Eet ees all our Chreemus," Marie explained, hesitating to trust it with him.

"Don't worry!" he hastily assured her, "I shall not run away with it. See, I'll give you my box as a bond. It's lighter than yours; but it's all my Christmas. It has come from my mother in Acadie."

Exchanging their boxes, the two walked together down the long, open road. Vachon relapsed into the Acadian dialect, Marie losing her shyness, as they talked of their beloved Acadie.

Curiously, the spark of cheer ignited in Vachon's heart at the sick man's house, glowed brighter. Somehow, he felt the icy wind less keenly as they walked the bank of the frozen river.

They had become good comrades by the time they had reached the dress-maker's home. As their feet crouched the frozen snow on the path leading to the door, a tall girl came out to meet them.

"Marie! Marie! Child, have you brought it?" she cried, excitedly.

Marie laughed joyously, "Oui, oui, seester. Dee man no want to gif it me. I no pay dee dooty. Dis man—bon, vera bon—he pay. He gif us Chreemus," she explained, indicating Vachon, who followed her up the steps. He had not

"Do you know what a dear little sport you were to coast on it at all? I was so happy when you refused to ride with the English-Canadian boys. Perhaps I wasn't proud to steer right through that crowd of kids? But, Cassie, I'll never forget the moment when that old sled went to pieces, smash into the big drift on the corner."

"That was always a bad place to turn, Henri."

"You always were comforting, Cassie. How those youngsters hooted and yelled, 'The Canuck's broke down, the Canuck's broke down!' All I could see of you was the fuzzy red tassel of your tam, on top of the snow."

"I remember that rude Smith boy pulled my hair, trying to help me out."

Henri laughed. "You were plucky, all right, and independent, too. Wouldn't let them help you out a bit. How you snowballed those English chaps!"

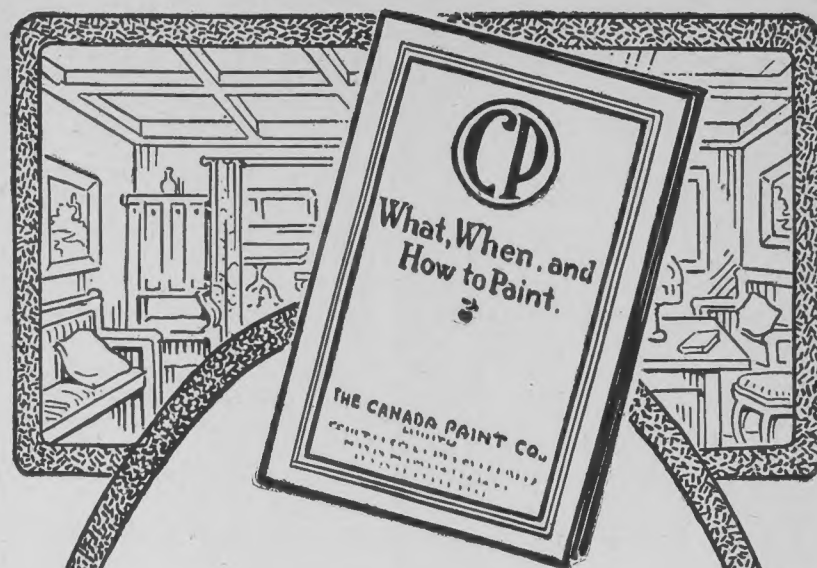
"Yes, and it was cold work making snowballs. I'd lost my mittens when we broke down."

"I was awfully cut up, mad and ashamed, too. I just crawled over under that big, spruce hedge and swore I wouldn't face anybody until dark."

"Poor little boy!" Catharine's voice was low and soft.

"And do you remember, Cassie, how you worked your way out of the drift and came over to comfort me? You put your, dear, dimpled, brown arms around my neck and said, 'Don't worry, Henri, we both got spilled out together.'"

Catharine blushed prettily, for the



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—WINNIPEG—

little Henri she had comforted had grown into such a big Henri.

"You are just as you used to be, Catharine," Henri continued, "only older, of course. I couldn't forget your dear face and those bright eyes. But tell me, who is Marie? You never had any sister in Chebogne."

"Oh, Marie is my half sister. Mother married her father and we lived in Eelbrook. But when my step-father died we were very poor and so we came to the mills to find work. Now, they're shut down, and—" Catharine hesitated.

"So you're helping the dressmaker?" Henri interrupted. "You were always clever, Cassie. You learned English and things so quickly in the school. I was too utterly stupid."

"But, Henri, you never went to the school as much as I did. You had to be out fishing and gardening for your mother. Little Marie never went to anything but a little French-Canadian school. It has made it very hard for her to find work in the mills."

Henri turned to smile at the younger girl. Standing by the chair on which lay the box, she was peeking through a torn edge, curiously regarding the contents.

"Marie, child!" exclaimed Catharine, "bring the big scissors. We'll open the box. We're dying to see the presents."

"Nonsense, don't go. I'll break the string," Henri volunteered, skilfully unknitting the twine.

As they pulled back the cover, a mass of fragrant evergreen fell over the floor.

coast on. And somehow, Cassie, even if it should go to pieces, I'd like to think that we'd both be spilled out together."

Placing his arm around her, he drew her gently toward him, his eyes entreating of her, a response.

She smiled shyly, meeting the lovelight in his eyes.

"Henri, yes—I'd like to coast down the hill of life, with you, dear boy, to steer."

Henri drew her nearer and bending his head kissed the flushed face.

"Dear heart, this is a real Christmas. Over by the river there is a chapel. To-night the children are singing carols there. To-morrow the priest comes to meet the people at mass. We'll go and meet him before the service opens. Up on the hillside, with a view of the river, there is a bungalow, all mine. Then, God helping me, you and Marie will make all the other Christmases real and merry."

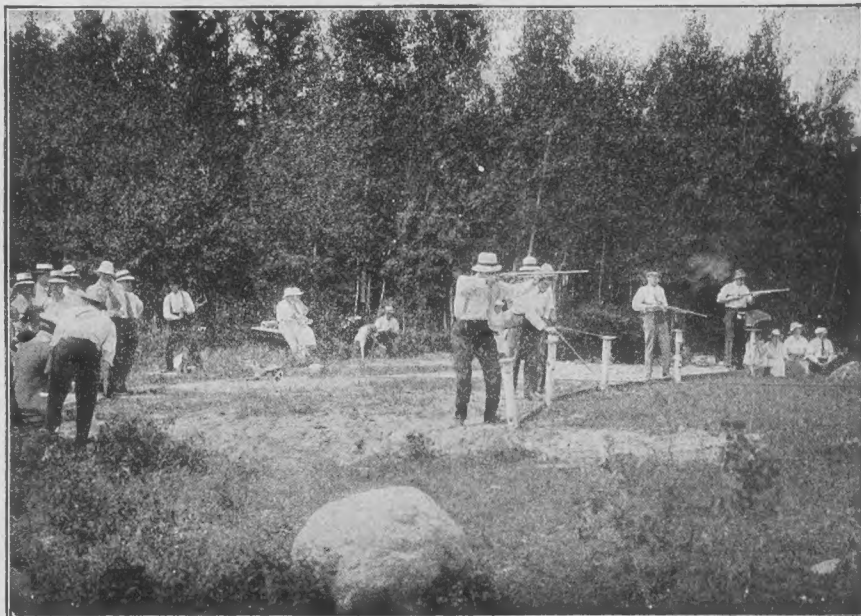
Mount Cavell

Thy deeds of loyal bravery,
Thy death of high nobility
Have won a mountained fame for thee—
Edith Cavell!

Piercing the sky in majesty,
Whoever lifts his eyes to see,
Must, seeing, think and speak of thee—
Edith Cavell!

Snow-wreaths enshrine thy purity,
While, from each sentinel valley tree,
Birds sing thine endless elegy—
Edith Cavell!

—Marion Short.



Trap Shooting—A pleasant pastime at Minaki

Tears filled the eyes of both girls as they buried their faces in it, inhaling its fragrance.

With exclamations of delight the three opened the Christmas boxes. The simple gifts, the handiwork of the loved ones of Acadie recalled the spirit of other Christmas eves. In response to Henri's request Catharine and Marie threw over their heads the pretty blue and pink kerchiefs, daintily embroidered in sprays of wild rose and fern.

"You are more real, now," Henri laughed gaily. "Three cheers for Uncle Sam and his duty! For if it hadn't been for that, I never would have found you."

Marie gathered the evergreen into one bunch and carried it into the kitchen to freshen with water.

Henri turned to Catharine. "Little girl, I am sorry that I have no gift for you to-night. There was a box of candy, all covered with wild wood violets. Had I known—" then he smiled, for the two silver half-dollars had in reality bought Catharine a Christmas box.

Catharine interrupted him. "You—you have given us a Christmas day. If you had not paid the duty, there would have been no Christmas for us. I am sorry we have no gift to give you in return."

Henri, taking her hands in his own, said very softly:

"Catharine, there is only one Christmas gift I want, and that is yourself, dear heart—for I love you. I've always loved you, Cassie. I want to take you coasting with me again, down a long, steep hill. It's the hill of life.

"There's a pretty substantial sled to

There are many persons so dulled to the sensation of thirst, that they forget to drink a glass of water for hours.

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"Postum has done a world of good for me," writes a gentleman.

"I had indigestion nearly all my life, but never dreamed coffee was the cause of my trouble. (Tea is just as harmful, because it contains caffeine, the same drug as in coffee.)

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"A friend advised me to quit coffee and use Postum—said it helped him. Since taking his advice I retain my food and get all the good out of it, and don't have those awful hungry spells.

"I changed from coffee to Postum without any trouble whatever, felt better from the first day I drank it. I am well now and give credit to Postum." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

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Fritz Abroad—Letter Three—In the Military Camp, England

By Bonnycastle Dale.

"LANDING—I left off in my last as we were making ready to go ashore. The first thing I saw was a great interned Hamburg-American liner of the enemy tied up at one of the never ending rows of long docks we were passing. 'This city of—well, let us call it 'houses' to please the censor—is a huge one, and the wharfs and docks are crowded with incoming and outgoing shipping and freight; a very busy scene, but there were none of them too busy to toot and roar, and blast out a welcome to the Lion's Cubs apassing. The whole busy concourse took off their hats, opened their mouths and such a cheer as came our way was seldom equalled on this broad earth. We gave a good Canadian cheer in answer. The prim English houses we passed, all set in straight rows, looked very odd after our homes with so much land about them. All the odd chimney pots sticking up like so many handles to lift them by—but all this time there was great excitement aboard, everybody was getting ready for an immediate landing. Our two bands were playing for all they were worth. We were lined up with full kits and a lunch in our haversacks (you talk about preparing a lunch for our little trips, how would you like to have to put up three thousand lunches?). Well, we lined up at three o'clock, and there we stood, shifting our feet and inwardly squirming, until seven. At last came the word 'march,'

the flowers, primroses and violets everywhere. This dear Old England must have been the mother nursery of flowers as well as of men. Also I see tremendous numbers of sheep in the fields as we skirt about London—they are taking us right around through the suburbs, I guess. The English must be great mutton eaters, as we have seen only sheep, sheep, sheep everywhere. Now we dart through a tunnel, now some more flower-begirt freight yards—we take the left of all the traffic we pass, both on railroad and street.

"It was just eight o'clock of a lovely spring morning when we arrived at the huge military camp which will be our home for some time to come. We will call it the 'Artillery Camp' to designate it. A brisk sergeant met us and started off with us to our quarters—just whisper, either the poor man has lost his way or this is the biggest camp I ever heard of. We marched several miles, before we arrived at the spot Yours Truly will call home for some time. Here they 'fed the animals,' and we had kit inspection (nothing missing in mine), but while the officer was passing down the first line I made a lightning change to my best boots, as the ones I had on were passing away, and you can only keep one pair now.

"We were transferred to our reserve brigade; then a call went out for drivers and gunners, and about half the men



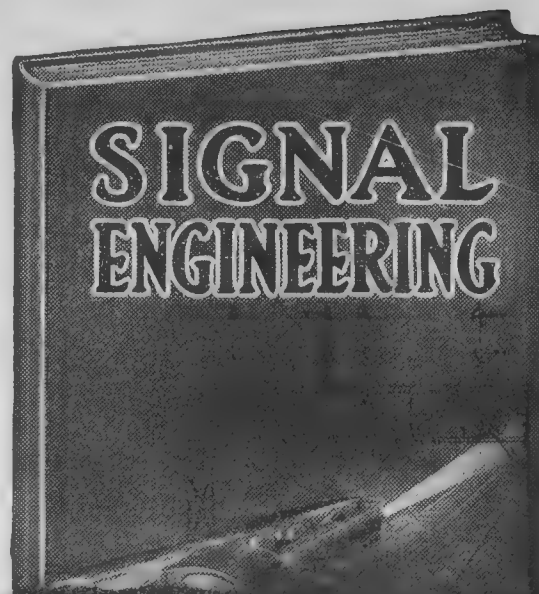
Left to right—General Averescu and General Presan, reported to be directing the Roumanian attack

and off we went down the gangplank, and all we saw of the great city was the entrance to the Subway and the L.G.N. station. The little cars we got aboard of seemed a joke beside our long coaches in Canada (I was going to say 'at home,' and it is 'home,' but how can we use the word when we call this little island 'home?'). Well, we all got nice and snug into a wee, cupboard-like compartment—six of us filled it, oh! so full. We had to pull down the blinds so that no lights were shown. The windows in the doors were painted blue. Not a thing could we see of the country—that wouldn't do at all, at all, so we just interfered a bit with the glass case on the electric lights, and then took the globes off, and up went the blinds and open came the windows. Not a light save the 'obscured' lights in the towns we passed through were to be seen. We passed through a town with one name, then a town with another, and stopped at a third (I think I'll learn to be a censor myself if I have to be so careful). We got hot tea and a run on the station platform to limber up a bit, and I crept into our wee box and slept until we were entering London, the city of our dreams. Daylight was just coming; all the country alongside was like a huge garden, all abloom with myriad-colored flowers; some gardens even had trees in them. We passed through mile after mile of freight yards, with the toy like strings of boxcars on the sidings—beg pardon, I understand I should have said 'goods vans' or something like that; please take it as said—they are about five feet by twenty, and some hold as much as eight tons—what pigmies after our great C.P.R. freight cars. But, Oh!

stepped out. I stuck to the guns, as I am not 'horsey.' Then they marched us off to our tents to put away equipment, and we were told to fall in for parade later. You can tell all the boys that they go right to work to make a soldier out of a chap here; no soft billets as in Canada. I thought we used to be busy in the natural history work in camp, why, that would be a holiday to our regular work! I took a picture for you as we lined up at the station at camp, just as we disembarked, then I got one of our tents in pieces, the men squatted about, before we erected it. I must explain: the tent was up when we arrived, but it looked as if some company had shovelled all the spare mud in camp onto the floor—well, we cleared this part of England out, and had everything nice and clean and went off to parade. We returned to find some N.C.O. had achieved the bright idea of tearing it down, and we found our stuff in dire confusion; so up it went again to a chorus of hearty words—you have no idea how popular some N.C.O.'s can become.

"We took a short stroll in light marching order to the butts—six miles away, bless your heart! and put in our first musketry practice. I was behind the targets signalling—it was a good imitation of actual war, as the bullets make your ears ring, and everything is on the jump. We took our short stroll back, and they must have lengthened the road a bit, as it seemed much farther.

"I snapped one interesting thing for you—you remember telling me of the Martello towers the Royal Engineers built all along the shores of Lake Ontario and the River St. Lawrence in 1837, when



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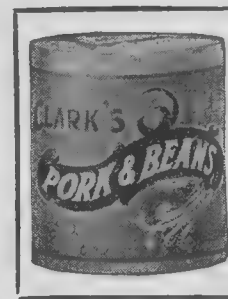
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they feared invasion. Well, I find the same towers were built here in Napoleon's time, as invasion resisters. They would be quite useless now; in fact, the one near the butts is riddled through and through with rifle bullets, until it is on the point of falling down.

"All England, as far we have seen it seems to be a nation very busy waiting on and drilling soldiers, as the khaki is everywhere, and in point of comparison we have nothing to fear, as our men are as big, if not bigger, and they hold themselves every bit as trim as the best over here.

"The professional jealousy, as we found it in Canada, among the different arms of the service, is not so much seen in a big camp where one arm predominates. You remember how the Infantry thought the Artillery were a stuck-up lot (and so did their friends if I remember rightly), and the Artillery kept a bit to themselves and kept their tunics neat and their outfits spic and span. Well, I am told the Cavalry look down on them all, Infantry and Artillery alike, and the Royal Engineers look down on the whole lot—and the whole caboodle despises a civilian. I suppose he, poor chap, can only get his off on the cats and dogs and other minor animals.

"Did I really forget to mention the rain—too bad for such an all-important subject. I might briefly say it has rained all the time I have been awake here, and

eloquent shoulders in the world. It's all the same to me, I speak Belgian just as well as I do French.

"I want to speak of a wonderful scene. One sees a mighty body of men at church service, all lying on the grass. I wonder why one church service should not always do for all the men? You see, in Canada, none of us, not even us Angli-cans, felt like worshipping in any other church of any denomination save our own. It was a glorious morning; the Union Jack hung idly from the great staff; the voice of the officiating minister carried well over the vast field. It is odd to think that there are friends listening to that same voice whom we do not know are present, but we will meet them all in time. It's wonderful how you do meet up with old time friends in the ranks.

"I tried the salt water the other day for swimming in; it was rather cold, so I couldn't stay in very long. It's about the same as swimming in fresh water until you get some in your mouth; the resemblance ends right there. I walked along the beach at low tide to see what there was. I found a few "winkles" and other shell fish. There is no sand along this part of the coast; it is all small red pebbles, about the size of beans; they are flint—what a dandy place for a kid with a catapult.

"Please send me the few things I list, as they do not seem to believe in giving the soldiers much money over here. You taught me not to hoard or value my pay, being a bachelor and working for the love of the game, but we all must have some in our pockets to pay the bill, and just a few shillings a month cuts off all the little odds and ends we grew to need so much. Our own brands of tobacco and cigarettes are most needed here, then some of our own sweets. We use quantities of writing paper, and do send some local newspapers. The view from our camp is wonderful, a bay about ten miles long, filled with all the varied shipping of the world—a mighty shore scene of tented cities and drilling troops of all the arms of the service. Great liners, trim, grey, darting, commerce destroyers, evil looking subs, grimy tramps, greasy colliers, huge tankers, obsolete sailing ships, fleets of fishing craft, tiny darting motor boats, huge white hospital ships, neutral vessels deeply laden, with their names painted in immense letters which cover their sides from bow to stern—all weaving in and out, tooting, saluting, diving, catching, going about their manifold ways and duties, as if no such terror as the enemies' subs existed.

"How can they do it? Because they are safely guarded by the Grand Fleet, which is protecting them day and night, just as it is protecting you, my distant reader of The Western Home Monthly, in your far off peaceful prairie.

"Turn your eyes ashore. Here is assembled, on one tiny island, a mere dot of red on the map, a greater army than has ever existed in the Empire. Before it the hosts of armies we read of in our school days would melt like frost before the sun: Napoleon's, Grant's, Lord Roberts', the mighty generals of Rome, whose legions conquered the then known world, Alexander with his hosts—all would have fallen before this mighty array of four million men, armed with the most modern weapons of destruction, ready to go forth or to stay and guard the Right Little, Tight Little Island.

"One more bit of news. I would not write save it has been published. There are tied to the docks of this same little island ninety of the enemy's subs, which put forth in all their pride to sink our fleet, and were ignominiously caught and towed like dead whales into our harbors; so have no fear, distant readers, of the much vaunted submarine menace."

Western Products Win Gold Medal

Westerners will learn with interest that a gold medal was awarded to the Canadian Pacific Railway for the excellence of its exhibit at the Quebec Exhibition a few weeks ago. The gold medal was for the collective grain display, which was gathered in Western Canada, and was representative of the various grain crops of the western provinces. The daily attendance at the Quebec Exhibition ran as high as 75,000, and a very great interest in the agricultural possibilities of Western Canada—as shown by the visitors.



Captain John Jacob Astor, son of Baron Astor, is back again at the front after his recent marriage to Lady Nairne. At the outbreak of the war Captain Astor immediately enlisted. He had only served a few months when wounded and sent home. After his recovery he again insisted upon returning to the firing line where he remained until last August. He then left for England and was married to Lady Nairne. On July 2nd his father turned over \$2,000,000 to him. As the son and heir of Baron Astor he is rated as one of the wealthiest young men in Great Britain.

from what the night guard says it doubles up at night. Some say it is from the concussion across the Channel, as we can hear the firing plainly at times. I saw a sub for the first time to-day; she was tearing along at a great pace. It is wonderful the number of craft one sees upon the water all about England, going along as if an enemy sub had never existed. I understand we have many more warships and as many merchantmen as when the war started, and you can't find the German flag on any of the seas with the most powerful telescope.

"I was in a place lately where I could see the mighty observation balloons; they are the most sausage-like things I ever saw afloat—do we want to tease the sausage-eaters by showing them what huge counterfeit ones we have, while they are short on genuine Bolognas?

"I guess we have been helping the Belgians, if the number about here is any indication; but they all, and the refugee French (all nations come for shelter to this Mother of Nations) alike speak a spattering English, composed mainly of shrugs and grimaces; they have the most

The King's Highways in the New West

By Aubrey Fullerton

THERE have been times when the West has wanted roads more than it has wanted anything else. Fertile fields and thriving flocks and valuable forests are all very good, but without roads to reach them their goodness is subject always to a heavy discount. Nature provided many rich places throughout the prairie and mountain country, but she did not provide a way of getting to them, except in certain favored districts, to which she laid a system of open waterways. Generally speaking, it has remained for the men who have sought to develop the fields and forests of the West to make a way in and out for themselves.

It's a far cry now from the days when all the roads we had were trails. To be sure, the trails are still with us, and in some cases they are the only means of access to very desirable land-holdings; but in the older West these first pathways through the wilderness have long since given place to permanent public highways. The same evolution is now in process in the newer West, where roads are being made in this and that direction, and the country is being opened up for the traffic that is to be.

So much depends upon this matter of roads—and good roads at that—in a country like ours, that a very great interest and importance attach to the efforts in each province to locate, build and maintain them as the public needs require. All the processes of settlement and the welfare of the people are closely connected with the work of road-making, and, simple as it appears to be, it is one of the fundamentals of national prosperity and well-being. Any country that neglects its roads will sooner or later

for such men ways of agony and peril. Happily, the number of wayside mishaps because of bad road conditions is growing less, for the conditions are growing better.

During the past two years somewhat extensive highway improvements have been done in the Athabasca district of Northern Alberta, a district fairly typical of the new West, in which the roads were for many years notoriously bad. Settlers who had gone into the country and brought their homesteads to some measure of productivity had found it impossible to move their crops, except at great expense of time and effort. Not only did the roadways run through swamps and bush, but at places there were heavy

grades, where the right of way went up instead of around the hills.

A policy of road improvement was initiated, and throughout a large part of the district the rough places have been made smooth; that is to say, the bad roads have been made good. The grades were cut down, sometimes by blasting, and the hardest hills were overcome by easy, winding ascents that ordinary teams can readily manage. Large areas of the wet land along the highways were drained, in one case with a drain twenty-eight feet deep, laid with concrete tile. The Athabasca river provided a natural outlet for the water thus drained off, and the land has been left dry and workable, with immediate benefits to the roads. Over a hundred miles of drainage were dug in this district alone.

Road-making in the interior of British Columbia is a somewhat different matter.

It is equally important, and in many cases equally difficult, but the nature of the country is, of course, greatly different from that of the prairie provinces. Mountain grades are unescapable, and instead of bush there are forests of giant fir and spruce. The amount of work involved in cutting a roadway through country of this kind is tremendous, and it is not to be wondered at that the roads are often incurably crooked and twisted.

Some of the British Columbia highways have a history. The old Cariboo trail, for instance, which is still used as the main road along the Fraser river to the heart of the province, dates back to the first gold-hunting boom of the early sixties, when the seekers after wealth cut a rude trail for themselves east and north into the wilderness. Still further north, the highways used to-day through the interior of British Columbia, between

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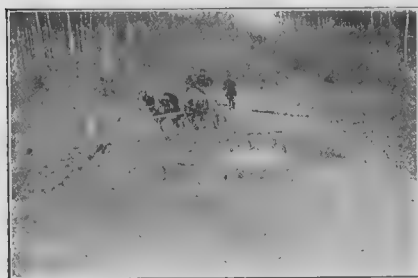
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Settlers in the new West have many experiences like this

suffer for it in larger and more serious ways than mere discomfort.

The King's highways in the West are, on the whole, serviceable and creditable. Over a great stretch of the prairie region, in the three provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the nature of the soil lends itself readily to roadwork. It packs closely and hard, forming, under right drainage conditions, a natural pavement that serves its purpose remarkably well. Improperly built and drained, these earth roads, it is true, are subject to rainy weather softness that makes travelling a prolonged misery; but we have learned that a reasonable amount of judgment and the application of modern road-making science will produce even from prairie loam a good and fairly solid roadbed. If a ballast of gravel can be added, as in many places it fortunately can, so much the better.

Continued attention and efficient work will accomplish wonders in the way of making a bad road into a good road. A certain stretch of highway that runs through bush country, over toward the foothills, has been changed in the last five years from a long mileage of mudholes and impassable sloughs of despond into a tolerably good roadway, upon which great quantities of lumber and farm produce are now taken to market. This has been done chiefly by drainage and brush work, for there is no gravel within reach, and it shows what is possible even under unfavorable conditions.

Some of the bad roads still remain. In Northern Saskatchewan and Alberta, particularly, one is likely to find pieces of road that are still in the trail stage, or worse. Many a spill has come to pass on those roads and others like them, and if all the adventures of homesteaders and land-seekers who have travelled upon them were known, we should have a library of exciting information. Frequently and literally, the King's highways have been



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the Cariboo trail and the Skeena river, follow substantially the course marked out by the surveyors of the fated overland telegraph to Alaska and Siberia, in 1865 and '66. Fortunately, the survey for the telegraph line was made in as straight a course as possible, and the roads in those particular districts are therefore more nearly direct than in others.

The marking out of the roadways has become in these days a science in itself. The haphazard policy of following a cow-path or an Indian trail has been outdated, and the mistakes that some of our city streets commemorate for all time are now being avoided with every possible care. Surveys, as accurate as for any other purposes, are made nowadays by road-making engineers, who work according to a definite plan and a mathematical way of interpreting geography. The result is naturally a better lay-out for the King's highways.

In the new Western North, for instance, survey parties working under instructions from the public works departments of the provincial governments, have for the last three or four years been mapping out many miles of new roads, for which the increasing settlement of the country has made an incessant demand. Not infrequently these surveys have been ahead of the settlement, so that when it really comes the roads will be built, or at least the way in which they are to go will be definitely indicated. Manifestly there will be fewer crooked roads in the new North country than in the older East.

Not so much work of this kind has been done since the war began as formerly, but even during the past summer some road surveying was carried through in the Peace River and Grande Prairie districts, after a plan which may be taken as generally typical of modern roadmaking in the new West. The land regulations provide for road allowances of sixty-six feet, one mile apart, east and west, and two miles apart north and south. These roads are, of course, at right angles, and run perfectly straight, except where the character of the country necessitates a diversion. If a road is desired between or across any of these regular allowances, it is for the municipality itself to say where it shall be, and then the surveyors mark it out.

When the line is decided upon it is marked by small iron posts, which are driven into the ground at certain distances and at every turning. These indicate the general course the road is to take, and a map showing all such surveys is made, and filed in the government offices. Then when the road builders follow, perhaps a year later, they will know precisely where to make the road, for the iron posts will show them the way to go.

Each party of road markers is under the charge of a competent engineer, who usually is chosen for his acquaintance with wilderness conditions as well as for his scientific skill. The parties are small, from eight to twelve men, and their season runs from the beginning of summer to very near the freeze-up time. It isn't easy work, by any means, and the constant moving of camp, through all kinds of country, becomes wearisome after a few months' experience. Yet the road markers, like all other workers in the North, enjoy the life, and go back to it in many cases year after year.

In contrast with these highways of the frontier country are the roads de luxe in the southern parts of the West. The automobile road that is being built across our half of the continent is an example of the fashionable class of public roads, and that section of it that passes through the Rocky Mountain Park involves some road-making of really great proportions. During the past summer some 330 Austrians, held in temporary captivity in the internment camp near Banff, were employed in building an extension of this road in the vicinity of Castle mountain. The road so far as built is an excellent one, and is contributing materially to the sightseeing convenience in the mountain wonderland.

Whether for automobilists or settlers, and whether macadamized or merely spread with clay, the mountain and prairie roads are the King's highways, and year by year their mileage is increasing north and south, east and west, over the four provinces. It is a very sure sign of national growth and expanding life.

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Sorrow's Aftermath

By Kate Seaton

HELENA GLENTON stooped and gently stroked the ruffled brown head, but save for that sympathetic caress, the stillness was broken only by the low, pitiful sobs of the girl at her feet. At last the sobs grew less violent, and the girl made a determined effort to regain her composure.

"Now, Jessie," Miss Glenton said firmly, "begin your story again. Try and tell me properly what this terrible trouble is that has come upon you. I cannot help you unless I understand fully. You say that Gerald has taken—well, borrowed, then—fifty pounds of his employer's money, and—that it will be discovered to-night. Now tell me, dear, how came he to borrow this money? Why did he need it?"

With an effort the girl restrained her tears and said tremulously: "You are very good to listen to my trouble, and though I know you can do nothing to help me, yet I felt I must open my heart to some one. And—you are always so kind—I thought you would understand. Believe me," she continued earnestly, "Gerald is not a th—" The word choked her and would not be uttered. "He only intended to borrow the money. He was so sure—that is, Dixon was so sure that White Star would win."

"White Star! I see. It was a bet?"

Helena's gentle voice grew sterner.

"Please, please don't judge him hardly, Miss Glenton!" pleaded Jessie. "It was

"Are you sure that his employer will prosecute? Perhaps if Gerald confessed to him, he might forgive him this first offence."

The girl shook her head decidedly.

"Ah, you don't know the kind of man he is, when you suggest that, Miss Glenton. He—well, I think he has no heart. He is far too hard a man to forgive such a wrong."

Helena rose to her feet and walked slowly to the window, where she stood looking out, with knitted brows and unseeing eyes. Her usually sweet mouth was compressed sternly. A fierce fight was waging in her gentle heart. In the secretaire at her side lay ten five-pound notes, which to-morrow were to have gone to pay off the last of the mortgage upon her little cottage.

How eagerly she had looked forward to this, and how carefully she had planned and economized her meagre income to accomplish it, only herself knew; and now, just when her heart's desire was about to be realized, must she put it from her and begin once again the old weary round of petty economies and—sacrifice?

She turned towards the wretched girl, still crouching before the fire—no longer sobbing, but gazing in despairing silence into the flames.

"Jessie, is there no one who would find this money for Gerald? His Uncle would—"

"His Uncle hasn't got it!" broke in



The Grand Discharge of White Dog Falls, near Minaki

a great temptation to Gerald. Dixon said he had a private tip from a sure source, and—that he liked to help a friend, and so persuaded Gerald that it was quite a safe thing, and that he would do well to lay fifty pounds to a hundred on White Star. It was the first time," the tremulous young voice went on, pleadingly, "and—he was tempted." Again the girl's voice faltered. "You see—we were to have been married in a fortnight, and—he had so little."

"And now, I suppose, the race has taken place, and he has lost his bet?"

"Yes. White Star only came in fourth, and now, to-day, Gerald has learned that an accountant is coming in to-night to overhaul the books, and his—he will be found out."

Helena Glenton listened to the pitiful, all too common story in silence, the pain deepening on her strong, sweet face as she realized its seriousness, and the blight and ruin threatening two young lives.

"I thought it a trouble," went on the girl dully, "when Dad told me a little while ago that, owing to a large bill falling due, which he was obliged to meet promptly, he would be unable to let me have any more money towards my wedding outfit. I cried bitterly at the thought of having to be married in my old blue dress. But now—in face of this trouble, that seems nothing—nothing!" she repeated passionately. "Oh, Miss Glenton, Gerald's whole life will be ruined, and I am so helpless. I can do nothing to save him. My Gerald, to be branded as a common thief!"

Again she broke into passionate weeping.

Jessie quickly, "and—it would break the old man's heart if he knew."

"But is there no one you can think of who could help him?"

"Absolutely no one!" said the girl hopelessly.

Helena sighed; then, without a word, turned to the little secretaire and opening a drawer took out a small, crisp bundle, and placing it in an envelope, said quietly: "I think I know some one who can, then. Listen to me, Jessie," as she caught the girl's startled eyes. "I am glad—here her voice faltered—"yes, very glad"—more firmly—"that I happen to have this money by me just now, and that I am able to help you and Gerald. Come, be brave; dry your tears and take this"—holding out the envelope towards her—"It contains fifty pounds. Go and give it to Gerald at once, but—he must fulfil my conditions. He must himself give it to his master, and confess what he has done. He must also promise me that his first bet shall be his last."

The girl had risen slowly to her feet and stood listening with a half-dazed look on her tear-stained face. Then, as she realized the full meaning of it all, she sprang forward and seizing Helena's hand, kissed it passionately, as she exclaimed:

"Dear, dear Miss Glenton! What shall I say? How shall I ever thank you for such kindness?"

Helena laughed softly.

"There, there, dearie. I shall be only too happy if my help is in time. Go now, and carry out my instructions. And—Jessie, if all goes well you shall have your wedding dress. I—have a dress I can give you. It has never been

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"Oh, Miss Glenton, surely you are too good to me!" cried Jessie gratefully. "You cannot realize all that this will mean to us," she went on earnestly. "But, though you are old, somehow, you always seem to enter into and understand young hearts and lives. I can never, never be grateful enough to you."

Miss Glenton's own eyes were misty as she watched the young girl depart, with hope once more shining in her eyes, and eagerness in her step. Then she turned and walked slowly back into her lonely room, and sat lost in thought until the evening shadows began to fall.

Twice old Hannah came in to see if her mistress would have lights, only to be waved away with a low spoken refusal.

At last Helena rose and went slowly upstairs, her steps made heavy with painful memories. Still without light, she stooped and opened an old chest on the landing. She knew exactly the position of what she sought. With trembling hands she lifted out a soft, lavender-scented parcel, and, carrying it carefully down into the room beneath, rang for lights. With tender, almost reverent touch, she slowly undid the white wrappings, and shook out the folds of dainty grey laid bare. She held it before her, and gazed at it with wistful sadness. It was to be a wedding-dress yet—after all these years. But not hers. Once—but she was young then, now she was old. Jessie, with all the assumption of youth, had told her so. Yes, old and lonely, so lonely!

She let the shimmering grey folds slip from between her fingers, and, going over to the mirror, surveyed the sweet, sad face reflected there.

Her hair, a soft, warm brown, which waved back from her low brow, still retained its gloss. The oval face, with its deep grey eyes and sensitive mobile mouth, looked singularly girlish—in spite of her three and thirty years. But—to a girl of twenty, she seemed old. She turned away again with a tremulous sigh.

So occupied was she with her recollections of the past that she failed to hear the sudden imperative ringing of the door-bell, and started up nervously as Hannah threw open the door and announced quietly: "A gentleman to see you, Miss."

For a moment the stranger paused in the doorway hesitatingly, but as she turned a startled face to his, he sprang forward with outstretched hand.

"Helena!" he cried huskily. "I did not know it was you I was coming to see. But—I might have known!"

She shrank back sensitively. "I—I do not understand," she said slowly. "You have come to see me, and yet—you did not know you were coming to see me?"

"Yes, I did not connect Gerald Foster's Miss Glenton with you."

"Ah! You are Gerald's employer, then?"

"Yes."

"But—I thought—I heard that you were in India?"

"So I was—but only for two years; I have been back in England quite eight years now."

She flushed suddenly as she felt his searching glance upon her face.

"And you?" he asked. "I heard that you had left Warwickshire, but I did not know you were so near to—to my place." Then suddenly changing his tone, he added: "But I am forgetting my business." He took out his wallet and, extracting an envelope, held it towards her, saying, "I understand that these are yours?"

"Were," she corrected. "Malcolm"—she was unconscious in her excitement that the old name had escaped her lips—"You—you surely will not decline to accept these, and prosecute young Foster? You will forgive him this time?"

"That would surely be a very unbusinesslike thing for a city merchant to do! Wouldn't it?" he asked dryly.

She looked at him in sudden doubt, as Jessie's description of him flashed into her mind. Then she thought again of her own blighted life.

"It is his first offence," she pleaded. "And he is so young. You will not spoil his life? Nay, two lives would be ruined, for he was to have been married in a fortnight!"

"Mine was spoiled within a fortnight of—"

"Yes, yes, I know!" she broke in

hurriedly. "But you will not spoil theirs? I am sure Gerald has been steady and trustworthy in his work until now. And Jessie is a dear, good girl."

"Why should you be so anxious to save the young fool from the consequences of his folly?" he asked brusquely. "He deserves all he gets!"

"There, Helena! Take back your money. I have forgiven the youngster; but it is better for him that he should work it off honorably as a debt to me, than that the way should be made too easy by your kindness. I shall see to it afterwards that he and his young wife want for nothing."

"There speaks my dear old friend!" cried Helena, a proud light on her face. "I ought to have known you better!"

"Is it the first time you failed to understand me, Helena?"

"No. I am sorry," she said humbly. "I—I did not know, and, when I learned the truth—it was too late."

"Why too late?"

"The day before Edith confessed to me how I had been deceived by her, I saw—your marriage announced."

"My marriage! This is interesting. When was that, pray, and to whom?"

"To a lady of the name of Gordon, just a year after our engagement was broken off."

"Ah! I begin to understand. My cousin was married that year to Mabel Gordon. You had never met him—or her, and—he bore the same name as myself."

Helena looked at him bewilderedly.

"You—you were not married, then?" she faltered.

"Not then and—not now! There has only been one woman whom I have ever desired to call wife, and she—well, she suddenly, and without warning or explanation, shut me out of her life, and for long years I believed her fickle and false to me. Then came a day not long ago when I too learned the truth, and immediately I set out to seek her—only to find that she had left her old home some years before, leaving no trace behind her."

"And you did not continue your—search?"

"I have never ceased to search for her," he said earnestly. "But, until to-day, all my efforts have proved vain. Helena," he rose to his feet and took a step towards her, then paused, as his glance fell on the shimmering grey heap on the table, and his quick eye caught the gleam of white flowers between the soft folds.

Helena's eyes followed his, and she, too, rose to her feet with a smile, and laid her hand caressingly on the silk. Then she held it up before the light.

"This is—Jessie's wedding-dress." She laughed softly. "I promised it her to-day. It—has never been worn."

He looked at her in sudden comprehension.

"Helena, tell me. Was this to have been yours?"

"Yes," she breathed softly, then smiled up at him. "And now it is going to be a wedding-dress after all!"

"It is!" he exclaimed quickly. "But not Jessie's. Helena, now I have found you, I do not mean to lose sight of you again. I shall win my wife at last! You do still love me, dear?" he asked earnestly.

She raised her face suddenly, and the flushed cheeks and shining eyes gave him the answer he craved.

He drew her into his arms.

"How soon will you come to me, Helena?"

"Whenever you want me," she said simply.

"Then that is now!" he cried triumphantly. "When have I ever ceased to want you, all through these years? I will get a special licence." He laughed boyishly, then fingering the soft grey silk with reverent touch. "You have no excuse or need to wait, your wedding-dress is ready."

"But—my promise to Jessie?"

"Jessie shall have her wedding-dress, but—I will provide that and her home, too." He laughed again joyously. "Call it a thank-offering if you like; but for them I might not have found my joy."

"Nay, say rather, but for your kindness in forgiving and helping an erring boy!" she corrected softly. Then, after a pause, "And you think he will not give way to this again?"

"I am sure not," he replied with conviction. "He has learnt his lesson, and, I believe will be a stronger man for the suffering of to-day."

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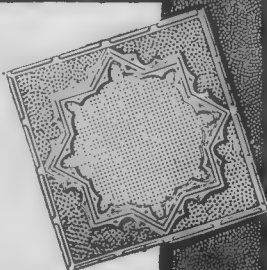
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Their Hour

By Edith G. Bayne

"PUT the clock ahead wan hour?" echoed Mrs. O'Hara, turning from her wash-tub to stare at her husband. "An' what wud that be for now?"

"Sure, to have that much more day, darlin'," replied Terence, as he swung the small hand of the old family clock from the twelfth to the first numeral. "There now! We'll be savin' the daylight belike."

Mrs. O'Hara placed soapy arms akimbo and remained open-mouthed. Then she found words.

"Savin' daylight is it? Faith, an' don't I get all the daylight goin' as it is, up at sunrise an' so glad whin dark comes an' I can tumble into me bed, that I'm only wishin' the night wud come sooner? Makin' more time to work—that's it! 'Tis a device to hoodwink us poor people that's got little time for pleasure as it is—"

"Whisht, darlin'. Ye shouldn't slander the mayor. 'Tis himsilf has ordered it."

"An' well he knows what he's doin', too! 'Tis an unholy compact he's been makin' wid the devil—"

"Ye don't understand, acushla. This is how it works: Ye get up an hour earlier—"

"Indade, I won't thin!"

"An' ye retire an hour earlier."

"Do I now? An' who finishes the rinsin' an' the bluin' an' the starchin' an' turns the mangle? The mayor?"

Terence made a gesture of patient resignation and dropped into the rocker by the window to fill his pipe.

Terence took his helmet from the end of the table and put it on.

"I'll be goin' now," he said, cheerfully, and then suddenly remembering the usual parting ceremony between himself and Molly, he removed his head-piece and kissed his wife.

She handed him a playful and soapy slap, and then repenting, kissed him in turn.

"'Tis me that's wishin' poor Nora an' Dennis was as happy as us two," she remarked, with a sigh. "Love has stayed wid us goin' on tin years now, in rain an' in sunshine, an' we've niver had wan word, save an' exceptin' the time ye gimme the purple eye, Terence darlin'."

"Yis, but ye must remember I had just cause for provocation, mavourneen, for didn't ye break a plate over me hid as I came in the dure?"

"I did that same, but 'twas to reprove ye for stayin' out till near daybreak whin ye'd promised to be home before midnight, ye gallivanter!"

"Poor Dennis an' Nora, indade, won't iver get the chance to exchange such amiable overchures, I'm thinkin'."

"Poor darlins! An' they're that dead in love 'tis a crool shame to kape them apart. I love Nora like a sister, an' I'd do annythin' in the world for her. Old Kelly is a cross-grained, contemptible ape to lock his own daughter up on bread an' water for lovin' the grandest young fella that iver wore shoe-leather an' carried a hod up a ladder."



Tommy finds shell holes comfortable to sleep in

"Sure, 'twas a wise fella that said ye shouldn't argue wid a drunk man or a woman," he observed as he pressed the tobacco down into the bowl with his thumb and then struck a match on his boot-heel.

Molly sniffed and turned to her wash-board again.

"Go out an' look at the town clock," said Terence, placidly puffing at his pipe. "If it lies, thin I've just exchanged false witness wid Big Ben himsilf."

"What time have I got to be runnin' to look at the likes of it?"

"We've all been time-servers, but now we're goin' to steal an hour from the night an' add it onto the day. Ye'll sleep better too, they say."

"I've niver been trouble wid insomny."

"Don't look so distressful, avick. I thought ye'd be overjoyed. Annyway 'tis only to be in force till October."

"Oh Terence, me boy, 'tis aisy for yer sex to be takin'. How do I know what hour to expect the childer? The poor dears' soup will be stone-cold waitin'—"

"There's the same time now all over the town. In less than five minnits the childer'll come. Ye've heard the whistles the same as on anny other day."

Clouds of steam rose about Molly's head like a nimbus. She took up the end of her apron and wiped her perspiring countenance.

"This here business o' monkeyin' wid Father Time, 'tis the act of a lawless race," she said, shaking her head slowly and then fetching a sigh. "If the mayor wasn't a Protestant he'd have to be goin' to confession over it."

"Old Kelly belongs to the noovo reesh, ye mind. What for wud he be lettin' his daughter consort wid a hod-carrier? Didn't she cry to be let go to the bricklayers' ball an' he wouldn't hear of it?"

"But for all that, did iver ye see a finer young buck than that same Dennis McManus, so upstandin' an' honest, an' wid such a merry eye in his hid?"

"How old is Nora Kelly?"

"She's not far short of eighteen. Think she cud marry wid or widout her pa's consint. But sure that don't help anny for she's got such a sinse of jooty toward her pa she'd niver go agin his wishes, whether she was eighteen or eighty."

And sighing again, Molly picked up the bluing-bag and shook it through the clear water of the big rinsing-tub, until the crystal had turned to a deep sapphire.

"An' ain't that the very color o' Dennis eye!" exclaimed Molly aloud. "Sure, if I hadn't met Terence first, I'd have camped on the trail o' McManus, fifteen years younger than mesilf though he be!"

(Terence, it is scarcely necessary to say, had already left the house for his afternoon beat.)

Later in the afternoon, when the childer had come and gone, Mrs. O'Hara finished her washing and rolling down her sleeves, took a seat by the stove to drink a cup of tea. Thoughts of the parted lovers still troubled her big-hearted breast, and from time to time, as she sipped her tea she shook her head and murmured to herself. At last something like the flash of inspiration sprang to her eye. She sat up very straight, and set her cup down with a hand that trembled in eagerness. Then in less time than it takes to record

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it, she had gotten out of her house dress and into her street garb.

As she jammed her hatpins through her green straw sailor, with its band of black and yellow ribbon, and its upstanding bunch of red poppies at the back, she could scarcely forbear a heel-and-toe step.

"'Tis meself that's the grand match-maker!" she murmured, and then shaking her fist at an imaginary object in her immediate offing, she added: "Sure, it takes the likes o' me to take it out o' the likes o' ye!"

She took a broom, and getting down upon hands and knees by the bed in the corner, fished her parasol, that had fallen behind the bed, out, and shook it free of the dust. Then puffing and panting, she trod heavily across the room—there was only one room to the house—and opened the door. On the threshold she turned to glance at the clock. It was just four. But the timepiece seemed to have been dishonored, what with the mayor's "whim," and to Molly O'Hara it carried a falsehood "on the face of it." It lied! Every tick was a lie. Shrugging her shoulders, she went out into the May sunlight, locked the door after her, hid the key under the mat, and raised her parasol, which was a resplendent emerald green one.

There was "attack" in Mrs. O'Hara's progress down the street. She moved slowly but steadfastly forward, and the out-thrust chin and a certain gleam of determination that lit her eye might have told the passerby that her errand was one of no small moment, one, indeed, that called for diplomacy and tact and good statesmanship. From time to time Mrs. O'Hara greeted friends along the way, stopping for a moment here to ask after Mrs. Boticelli's sick baby, and there to commiserate Mrs. Horrigan for the "beating up" her spouse had administered to her on the previous evening.

By a quarter to five Molly had reached the building in course of erection where Dennis McManus was at work. She saw him while yet afar off, running nimbly up a tall ladder with a hodful of bricks, and when she had arrived beneath the scaffolding she waited for him to come to earth again.

"A fine day to ye!" she called out blithely, waving her parasol.

"Why, good-day, Mrs. O'Hara! 'Tis the bright face o' ye wud shame the sunshine," cried Dennis.

With a backward glance at the foreman he came forward and shook Molly's hand. He was a fine, tall lad.

"Ye haven't set fut in our house for two wakes," began Molly, reproachfully. "But I forgive ye, me lad, knowin' as I do the way ye've been feelin' since old man Kelly (bad cess to him) forbade ye his house. An' 'tis here I've traipsed this very day to whisper a little plan until the ear of ye. Whisht! Now listen."

As Mrs. O'Hara unfolded her scheme, Dennis' face became a very playground of emotions. Hope, despair, eagerness, doubt, speculation, and then hope again, chased themselves in turn over his mobile features. The almost habitual gloom that of late had clouded his usual merry countenance, was lifted, and his lips parted in the first real smile he had worn in weeks.

"Well, what do ye say to it?" demanded Mrs. O'Hara, as she concluded.

Dennis took off his cap and scratched his curly black head, reflectively.

"Sure, I'm agreeable," he said finally, "but it takes two for a marriage. Ye'll have to see the party o' the second part."

"I'm just goin' over to Kelly's now. I wanted to see yerself first, Dennis lad."

"How are ye goin' to manage about seein' Nora? The old man won't let her out o' the grounds, an' not out o' the house after evenin' has set in."

"Sure, an' haven't I just this day done Mrs. Kelly's fine washin'—the kind she don't let anny steam laundry touch? I happen to know she's at her sister's this wake on a visit, so I'll be after askin' to see Miss Kelly as to whither I shud put starch until the voile blouses."

"Mrs. O'Hara, dear," observed Dennis, catching the wink of his companion's eye, "ye're a wonder, an' sure if I wasn't in love this mornin' wid wan angel I'd be challengin' a certain policeman I know to a jool to git possession of—"

"G'wan wid ye, Dennis! There's yer boss beckonin' to ye, so I'll be off. Kape a stiff upper lip, now, do."

"And ye'll let me know?"

"Be the same token, come on over to our place after yer supper. Terence comes

off his beat at eight, an' the two of yez can have a game o' pinochle."

With a cheery nod Molly proceeded on her way to Kelly's handsome house on the upper end of the main street. "The old villain!" she apostrophized, to the facade of the Kelly residence. "Luk at the swell place of him, an' poor Terence livin' in a wan-room shack—Terence, whose father was Tim Kelly's boss back in old Dublin, before Terence's father lost his money. Manny's the time me own father has seen Tim widout a shoe to his fut, an' luk at the style of him now! Made all his money in a heap, an' it come rollin' in so quick they do say he hadn't time to stop work an' learn how to write his own name, so that to this day an' hour Tim has to make a cross instid. Not that I do be sayin' honest toil's a disgrace. Me father, good soul, used to talk about the dignity o' labor, an' 'tis glad I am to be related to him. Ah! there's Nora, the dear, now!"

Mrs. O'Hara had entered the Kelly grounds and was advancing toward the "tradesmen's entrance," when a flutter of white caught her eye. It was Nora, lounging in a hammock under the trees.

As soon as the girl saw and recognized the stout and good-looking Molly, she sprang up and running forward, linked her arm in that of the other. Nora had red-gold hair and pretty teeth, and eyes of brown, that usually sparkled, but were now wistful and full of shadows. To one who did not know that Mrs. O'Hara had once been the girl's nurse, it might have seemed strange that the wealthy contrac-



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tor's daughter should be on terms of intimacy with her mother's laundress.

"Have you seen Dennis?" whispered the girl. "And how did he look? What did he say? Does he feel very bad? Where is he working this week? Did he send me any message?"

"Nora, darlin', an' how soon wud ye like to marry Dennis?"

"Oh!" and with a quick intake of breath the girl clasped her hands and looked beseechingly at Molly. "Oh, and if I only could! I'd marry him in five minutes if I was let. Father, you see—"

"When will ye be eighteen, darlin'? I've forgot the date o' your birthday, though I knew it was this month."

"The seventh," replied Nora; but without interest.

"Let's see. To-day's the first. (I remember on account o' the mayor's orders to set the clocks forward wan hour, an' it's rattled I am, an' rattled I'll be till we git intil the swing of it.) Well, listen to me, Nora, dear; 'tis what I've just told Dennis, an' he's like Mister Barkis, dear, he says he's willin'. So now it's up to you. That's right—smile some. Faith, it's strange to see ye lookin' so sad an' pale."

Molly kissed the girl and then set forth her plan. But unlike young McManus, Nora displayed little enthusiasm.

"Is it afraid o' bein' a poor man's wife, ye are?" demanded Molly, her pleasant face showing keen disappointment.

"Oh, no, no—not that. I—"

"Listen to me, colleen: is there anny happier couple livin' than Terry an' me?"

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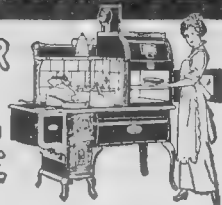
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"I don't think there could be."
 "Thin ye've guessed right. An' luk at us! Livin' in a small clapboard cabin wid only a lean-to beside, an' the cow so close to us, sure she can stick her hid in at the windy beyant the shed an' help herself from off the table we're atin' at! An' the pig, bless its heart, gruntin' so close up I often mistake it for Terry's voice an' imagine he's makin' a remark! But do we mind thim sordid details? Not us! Love has made of our humble dwellin' a sort o' parrydise on earth. 'Twas only this day I was sayin' to Terry how I wisht the two o' yez young folks was as continted as us. Love is the awnly thing in the world, dear, an' everythin' beside takes but second place at the best! Do ye not belave me?"

"Oh, I know! Yes, I know!"

"Thin, think o' the childer—what a blessin' they are! I've got eight, an' may ye have as many yerself—"

"Oh! I—"

"An' as many more if ye like. Ye niver can have too many, provided ye can bring thim all up right."

"Oh, don't! I—oh, I wish I could decide! On the night of—the sixth you said?"

"The sixth."

"That's next Tuesday."

Molly nodded.

"Father's in a dreadful humor to-day."

"Sure, 'tis a permanent state wid him I'm thinkin'."

"Oh, but he's worse to-day. He's angry at the mayor for putting the daylight saving into force. And he says he won't change his schedule for the king himself. So he ordered that none of our clocks should be touched. We're using the old time and, oh, it's going to be such a nuisance!"

"Well, what answer shud I be takin' to Dennis?"

"Oh—tell him—tell him—I'll—I'll be there."

"God bless ye! Don't bring too much stuff—just a small grip, darlin'. An' don't git cold feet at the last minnit, for remimber, the best lad in the world will be waitin' to meet ye under the poplars at the bend o' the road, foreninst the old schoolhouse."

"I'll remember," said the girl, steadily.

The evening of the sixth was cloudy. Rain threatened, and a low wind stirred the leaves of the poplars until they seemed to whisper dire things into the ears of the shrinking girl who crouched and cowered amongst the shadows of the trees.

She wished Molly had been near to lend her moral support. She wished the moon weren't in hiding. She wished—and just then a pair of strong arms swept about her, and she dropped the grip she carried, and yielded to a prolonged embrace on the part of Dennis McManus, who seemed to have risen out of the earth at her feet.

"Where—where is the buggy?" she whispered at last.

"Over yonder, tied to that jackpine—I mean the horse is. Now take my hand and follow me."

"Where—is Mrs. O'Hara?"

"At the priest's, I suspect. Sure, ye didn't expect her to be here, did ye? Let's hurry for we're late, mavourneen. 'Tis close on eleven, an' we've tin miles to travel. Did annybody see ye comin'?"

"No, but—eleven, did you say? Why, I left home before ten an' 'tis only a short way—"

"Tin by your clocks. Sure, the rist of us is wan hour ahead, acushla."

"Oh—to be sure. I—"

"Here's the rig. Put yer little foot on the step. There now!" They were off.

Meanwhile, back in the great Kelly house, old Tim Kelly was wakeful. He had come in late from a board meeting and could not sleep, so had donned

dressin'-gown and slippers and gone into the library where he reclined on a stretched out Morris chair, waiting for dawn.

Being, for all his gruff and blunt ways a tender-hearted man at bottom, he be-thought him with a pang of remorse of his only daughter doing penance in her apartments above.

"To-morrow, sure, the colleen is of age, an' I've promised to free her, an' I'll kape me word," he reflected, with a feeling of virtue. "An' 'tis to-morrow that young scamp laves the town (as I've made sure by bribin' his prisint employer), so me mind's aisy on that score. Sorry a fate it is to be the father of a good-lookin' lass!"

It was ten by his own watch and eleven throughout the town, when Tim Kelly was roused by the entrance of his man, to tell him that "Miss Nora" had gone out of the house with a small valise not five minutes before. Then hades broke loose. The old man ordered his high-powered auto, and went after his errant child. He labored only under the slight difficulty of not knowing the direction she had taken, and he lost half an hour going to the two railway stations. At last, however, a belated pedestrian informed him of the fact that he had seen a slender and rather young-looking woman wrapped in a dark cloak and carrying a handbag or some such article, walking swiftly along in the direction of the old schoolhouse on the western road, leading from the town, out onto the open prairie.

Father Daley of the town wouldn't perform marriages between the hours of ten p.m. and seven a.m. He was fond of his sleep, and was good-natured on almost every point but this. Thus it was that Molly O'Hara, in planning for the escape and subsequent marriage of Dennis and Nora, had been wise enough to suggest that they go to Father Bonaventure, who lived ten miles to the west in a rural settlement, and thereby "made one."

Tim Kelly's car went dead two miles from town, and after he had cursed himself hoarse he succeeded in getting one cylinder going, and the big machine went limping on at about four miles an hour. Tim's wrath changed to sorrow. "She's runnin' away from home—from her old dad," he muttered, with a half sob. "I've been crool an' unnatural, an' I've broke her heart, but 'tis all on account o' that young blackguard of a McManus! Sure, I'll take the lass abroad next month, so I will, and marry her to a count, or me name's not Tim Kelly."

Meanwhile Dennis, one arm holding Nora close and the other busy with the reins, cast many an anxious glance over his shoulder as they sped on. Suddenly his quick ear caught the throb of a motor in the distance behind, and he urged his horse to greater speed. Closer came the sound of the motor, then it ceased. The lovers drove on without a pause, till the priest's house was reached. Big, rotund rosy Father Bonaventure, roused from his slumber at one o'clock, thrust a night-capped head out of his bedroom window to discover who or what was making his front door resound to such fearful blows.

"'Tis a great hurry we're in, Father, dear," said Dennis, lifting a smiling but anxious face to the Dominie. "Come down, do, an' 'tis tin dollars ye'll be after havin', to help ye build that new henhouse."

"Sure, I—I thought Molly O'Hara would be here," murmured Nora, as they waited for Father Bonaventure to descend, and at that very moment the priest's telephone rang, and, after Dennis and Nora were admitted to the parlor, they heard the Father as he answered the call:

"Yes, Mrs. O'Hara, I'll do the job up quickly. . . . Yes—just arrived. . . . No, there's no sight of Mr. Kelly. . . . What? . . . Oh, then I'll explain how it is you couldn't come! Good-bye."

The priest turned to the young couple. "Mrs. O'Hara," he said, beaming broadly

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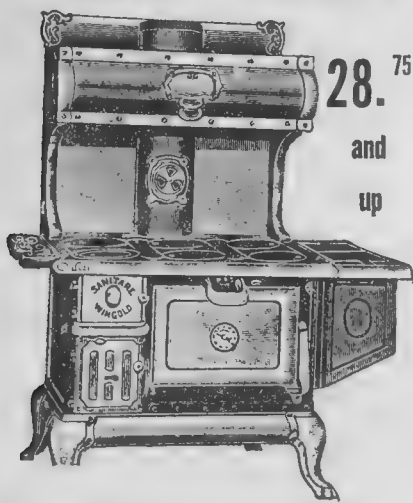
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on them, "found her grandfather's will tucked away in the old clock, as she went to wind it to-night—last night I should say. It's the will they all thought had been lost, and from the time her husband set the clock forward to-day, it hasn't seemed to go right. The piece of parchment had fallen from its hiding-place into the works compartment. Mrs. O'Hara says there'll be a nice little part of it for the two of you to start housekeeping on. Now stand up foreninst me. Did you bring the ring, Dennis, my lad?"

The chug-chug of a motor suddenly rent the still morning air, and broke in upon the solemn service. The three occupants of the formal little parlor looked disconcerted, and Nora went white as the walls.

Father Bonaventure faltered in his closing lines. The door burst open, and a draught of air set the two tall wax candles flickering. Old Kelly stood puffing and panting on the threshold.

"She's a minor!" he roared. "The sirrymony is illegal. She's not of age! I'll have ye arrested, Father!"

The priest paused and looked at Tim Kelly over his silver-rimmed spectacles.

"She gave her age as eighteen," he said quietly.

"She won't be eighteen till the seventh, and this is only the sixth!"

And Kelly pulled out a huge gold watch and waved it angrily under the priest's nose. The watch said it was five minutes to twelve.

"Sure we have the daylight saving here in Willow Brook," remarked the dominie, smiling benignly. "And my watch says

laid her head on Terence's broad shoulder, "is the awnly thing in the world."

"Do ye belave in the daylight savin' idea now, avick?"

"G'wan wid ye! Listen to our eight darlins snorin' so peaceful-like. Ain't it a pleasant, musical sound?"

"I wonder where they are now?" "The bride an' groom ye mane? Sure they'd be about at Winnipeg now, I'm thinkin'."

"How aisy old Kelly gave in when he found himsilf beaten! An' he's offered Dinnis a fine job at his plant."

"Tim was niver as black as he was painted. Besides he was once poor an' in love himsilf! All the same 'tis a grand match-maker I am if I do be after sayin' it—me an' the mayor, that is."

Just for To-Night

Just for to-night I am pleading for rest; Fold me, in spirit, God, close to Thy breast;

Weary—so weary, am I of deceit, Found in the pitiable proud that I meet; Sick of the turmoil—the din of life's fight—

Give me, O give me! to rest for to-night.

Though I am clad in the armor of truth—Facing thy Christ, as I did in my youth. Yet am I tired of this burden I bear—Weary of wearing these flesh chains of care;

Pausing for strength as a bird in its flight—

Give me, O give me! to rest for to-night.



An Irish sheep market

it's just one o'clock. Sit down, Mr. Kelly, till I wind up, and then we'll all drink to the health of the finest young couple I've ever had the pleasure of tying a knot for."

Wordless, exhausted by his long drive, dismayed, rebellious, but "game," Tim Kelly subsided into a chair and saw the finish of the ceremony.

Then, catching a dewy glance from Nora's dark eye, and sensing a roguish flash from Dennis' blue ones, and watching the broad smile of the priest as he rolled something crisp into a small lump and hid it away in an inner pocket of his surplice, old Kelly capitulated.

There were kisses and handshakings aplenty, then. "Mrs. O'Hara is getting up a grand wedding breakfast," remarked the handsome young groom at length, "so let us all drive back to town now. Father, order your buggy, please, for you're to be one of the guests, an' you can take the bride's father, while Nora an' I, sure we'll follow more slowly, for, bedad, ain't this our weddin'-toor, an' weddin'-toors are leasurely affairs, an' not to be taken at breakneck speed. The breakfast is at eight, so fix that watch o' your's, Mr. Kelly, or be the holy poker ye'll be muddlin' poor Mrs. O'Hara all up."

Mr. Kelly put his watch forward one hour. "Ye're a broth of a boy, Dennis McManus," he said, as he pocketed the timepiece, "and here's my hand! Hang me if I don't admire the spirit o' ye! Sure Lochinvar was only a has-been to the likes o' ye! An' 'tis a real weddin'-toor the two o' yez can be after takin', an' jist send the bill in to the old man!"

"Love," said Molly O'Hara, as she

See! God, the roses have fallen asleep, Dreaming sweet dreams of the vigils they keep;

Yonder the lark, too, is taking his rest; Yonder the sun is at peace in the west; Only the poet must fight for the right—

Give me, O give me! to rest for to-night.

I shall go forth at the turn of the dawn. Strong in Thy strength to go cheerfully on;

Fearless of Folly, who waits, as of old, Tempting Thy souls with the glitter of gold—

Taunting Thy children who turn to the light—

Give me to rest on Thy breast for to-night.

On—ever on—though the path lead afar. Led by the light in the life of Thy star; Cheering the toilers—the weak and oppressed;

Guiding the blind to the brightest and best;

Teaching Thy love that is flecklessly white—

But, oh! I would rest, God, just for to-night!

Slightly Ambiguous

The grammar school principal went from room to room explaining what to do in case of fire. The pupils listened with respectful attention until he came to his final instructions, then smiles and giggles disturbed the principal's serenity.

"Above all things," he said, "if your clothing catches fire, remain cool."



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I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day Mark H. Jackson, No. 320C Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

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The Quebec Bridge

By Francis J. Dickie

FOR the second time in nine years, and the third time in seventeen, the greatest bridge undertaking in the world over the St. Lawrence river, about seven miles above the City of Quebec, Canada, suffered a catastrophe, costing twelve lives and \$1,000,000 loss on September 11. The total loss of lives from the present catastrophe and that occurring on August 29, 1907, is 92, 80 laborers and engineers being killed in the first accident.

The great bridge was projected as early as 1853, when a New York City engineer, named Serrell, made plans and estimates at the request of the Quebec city council. The building cost for the structure was then set at \$3,000,000. However, money and courage in so risky an enterprise was lacking and the scheme was forgotten until 1882, when M. W. Baby, of Quebec, again took it up. But work was not begun until some 17 years later. In 1899 private subsidized companies began upon the bridge, but the structure collapsed on August 29, 1907.

In 1910 the Dominion Government took over the work, the most gigantic of its kind in the history of bridge building. Work progressed rapidly until September 11, when the bridge was to be practically completed by the placing of the centre truss span, 640 feet long and weighing 5,200 tons. This span had been built some three miles above in Sillery Cove, where the water was shallow. Here a steel falsework or staging was erected, the staging being so built as to allow huge pontoons to float underneath at low tide. At high tide, on the morning

seem to exactly agree. The following are cited as possible causes and were verdicts of some of the experts on the scene:

The first given is that officially handed out by the engineers of the bridge company two days after the accident: That the centre span of the Quebec bridge was lost through the failure of the casting on the lifting girder on which the span has been resting the greatest load for the last six weeks.

Other opinions are as follows: 1—That a slip of one of the corner bearings took place. 2—That one of the eight lifting jacks pulled too much and swung the long span out of level. 3—That one of the pins used to secure the weight piecemeal as the span was raised may have given way. 4—That one of the centre trusses failed. 5—That a bar in the trusses may have snapped. 6—That a sideway pull on the span while insecurely suspended might have occurred.

Within thirty-six hours of the catastrophe, the St. Lawrence Bridge company, who have the entire contract, started work on a second span at an estimated cost of \$1,000,000. While the officials claim this will be ready in six months, it is apparent from semi-official government sources that the bridge will not be completed until late in 1917. The bridge is a new departure in constructions of this kind and not only was it the greatest in the world, but it was to serve as the connecting link between the Atlantic and Pacific of Canada's transcontinental railway. Whether it will ever be successfully completed is now a question for people to decide for themselves. Engin-



Fifty-two hundred tons. Central span Quebec Bridge striking the water

of the 11th; the pontoons were floated under the falsework and as the tide rose they took upon themselves the weight of the 640 foot span. Tugs then towed the span down towards the open space between the two great arms of the bridge, which towered 150 feet above the surface of the river. The current at this point flows some seven miles an hour and the difficulty of the job was further heightened by a 20-foot tide. However, the tugs safely floated the gigantic steel framework into position directly between the anchor arms of the bridge. Four steel hangers each 150 feet long were in position to fasten upon it. The connection was made safely and on the dropping tide the pontoons were drawn away. Then the eight great jacks, operated by compressed air from a station on shore, began their enormous job of lifting 5,200 tons, or 10,400,000 pounds, 150 feet to the bridge level above. Fifteen feet in the air—then came a ripping sound from the raising structure. It swayed and then one end dropped to the stream's surface. Frantic efforts were made to get chain ropes around the tottering beam, but failed, and in the space of a dozen seconds the remaining supports broke with sharp detonations and the span splashed into the water and sank into the deep depths of the St. Lawrence. Though the steel work was 110 feet high, the river is so deep here that the steel offered no danger to navigation. Engineers have given expert opinion as to the impossibility of raising the span, so this 5,200 tons of steel, in its present form costing about \$1,000,000 to produce, will lie forever at the bottom of the river.

The photograph, taken just as the frame struck the water, gives the best idea of the accident to the layman eye. The cause will likely forever remain a mystery, as out of twenty expert opinions, no two

engineers on the Panama canal established recently some new facts regarding bridge buildings of enormous size. As is known, weight increases as the cube; sustaining strength increases as the square; thus ultimately the weight must overtake the sustaining strength of any structural material as the bridge is extended. These facts are not new, but the fact that engineering formulae regarding the bearing strain and power of resistance, applicable on small structures, cannot be considered on huge ones, was discovered at Colon and other places when the big ditch was being put through. To mistakes regarding the tensile strength and crushing resistance of steel has been conceded the cause of the 1907 accident to this same bridge. While there is no evidence that this was so in the accident of September 11, there is likely to be a rigid government examination and investigation, following which some new facts may be elicited. Until such does take place, nothing further can be said on the subject.

Coming at such a time when Canada's financial situation is strained to meet the cost of war, and industrial labor of all kinds is scarce, the disaster was twice unfortunate, not to mention the terrible toll of human life. The bridge was estimated to cost \$14,000,000 to complete. With this new disaster the amount will run to \$17,000,000.

The possible completion of the Quebec bridge would place Canada in the proud possession of the greatest of its kind in the world. The following dimensions alongside its next largest are given as a good comparison.

(Continued on page 22)

Wise mothers who know the virtues of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator always have it at hand, because it proves its value.



FOOD ECONOMY

Every housewife knows the length of time it takes to prepare the most ordinary soup, the cost of fuel, ingredients, etc. But with a few vegetables, one or two Oxo Cubes, a little flour and water, a most excellent soup can be prepared in a few minutes at the cost only of a few cents.

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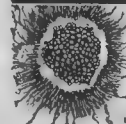
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WINNIPEG

MONTREAL



The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

WHILE OUR BOYS ARE AT THE FRONT

Several girls have come to me complaining about the irresponsibility of the boy at home—not all I presume, but they insist he is the average fellow at home. He feels that since there are so few young men left he can have any girl he wants and treat her as he pleases. He makes dates with her and breaks them; he treats her with little respect—in fact he is most unreasonable in every way and extremely selfish.

I asked one girl why they tolerate attentions from these fellows in mufti if they treat them with so little respect. Her answer was: "Oh, we want a good time."

Then another remark comes to me from a Manitoba town. "If a commercial traveler strikes town the girls flock around him like bees."

"Can it be possible that our girls are not worth the sacrifice our splendid Canadian men are making for their honor and protection?" I ask.

There are, however, different types of girls. The majority of our fine Canadian girls realize so seriously the sacrifice our brave men are making that they are not thinking of "good times." They do not want "good times" till they welcome their brave soldier sweethearts and brothers back again. Their hearts are not here but there—with so many parcels to send and so many letters to write they have no time to worry about the chaps who are not worth bothering about.

beauty of the daintily tinted lights as they played tag across their icy playground. We looked up at the mysterious everchanging halo of beauty—too full of rapture to leave. Finally my little girl asked: "Mother, doesn't it look like beautiful sheets of tissue paper unrolling across the sky?"

"Yes, my child, God is revealing a wonderful scroll urging us to 'look up' not down."

An hour later a woman complained: "I feel so blue. I have no reason but everything seems so full of gloom."

"Did you not see the northern lights on your way here?" I questioned.

"No, I was looking at the cracks in the side-walk. I think they should be torn up and new ones put down!" she exclaimed, and the corners of her mouth dropped another notch.

She had not seen the scroll across the sky—the special gift to the people of the Northland.

ABSURDITIES

One day recently, while on the street, I saw a mother look at the dirty face of her young son. She exclaimed in disgust: "Just look at your face! It's filthy!"

I smiled as I passed. How could that little chap look at his face at that particular moment while crossing a busy street?

My attention then turned to a young girl whose face was a labored work of art. Every one who saw her could detect the false tint of rouge and the queer shade of



Minaki Inn from the lake front

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Western Home Monthly, Nov. 1-16

CHRISTIE GRANT LIMITED
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When writing Advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

And these girls when they want a little recreation—how do they manage? Why they get up a little dance and assign the young men's part to half of the girls. Of course they miss the young men—those splendid noble fellows so brave and honorable. These girls suffer more than most people realize—but they are bravely making the best of it and they will develop into a noble type of womanhood.

Suffering is the fire that burns the impurities of life out of us and leaves only pure gold and the fine majority of our Canadian girls, I feel sure, belong to this superior type.

Let me say to all young women this: If our young men are making the supreme sacrifice to uphold the honor of our country, the very least our girls can do is to uphold their own honor—any girl who sacrifices her honor is not patriotic for the only patriotism a nation values in her womanhood is purity and truth and sincerity—all genuine kinds of patriotism come from these qualities.

THE SCROLL OF THE NORTH LAND

If you want to make yourself interesting learn to observe, to appreciate, and to tell others how beautiful places and splendid people please you. It is astonishing how much some get out of their surroundings. While speaking of a young woman who is very successful in her position an acquaintance remarked: "Such a little thing enthralls her. This is a great gift."

The northern lights held a marvelous festival the other evening. The spectacle was free for all—one of Nature's wonder gifts. No artist could paint and no moving picture camera could record the

hair—yet she thought the people who passed admired her.

The day was cold. I passed down another block where I met a girl as she turned into a doctor's office. Fur was lavishly used on her skirt, around her neck and on her hat. But she wore a pair of thin slippers and silk stockings. The side-walk was cold and wet.

It was almost four o'clock and I wanted to hear an address by a childless woman on, "How to Feed the Baby." I listened to the carefully prepared outline about the measurement of food and the regularity of meals and so on. Then I went home to my own healthy children. I had followed my doctor's rule—perhaps he was a bit old-fashioned. It was this: "When the wee bairn is hungry—feed him."

Later, on the street car, a mother corrected her daughter for her careless habits. It was a genuine curtain lecture and the daughter blushed embarrassingly as she caught my eye. Meanwhile I noticed the mother had two buttons off her coat, her glove was torn, and a two-inch braid hung from the bottom of her skirt.

I have not taken these tales from Aesop so it is not necessary to tack on the morals.

OUR SCHOOL TEACHER

When a city girl goes to the country, ignorance regarding her surroundings is considered very elegant and interesting. When an equally intelligent girl goes to the city, her lack of knowledge of her surroundings is considered stupid and blundering. Why this difference? It requires more skill to distinguish between a field of wheat and a field of oats than to tell the Union Bank from the Post Office.

The city girl who goes to the country to teach can do much to make the girls in the country appreciate or dislike their surroundings.

As I think back over the teachers of my childhood I remember well only a few, and those few impressed my mind with such wonders of appreciation that I never forgot them. When I was twelve years old my teacher impressed us with the seriousness of slander. He never spoke unkindly of another. That one characteristic made me remember him. He kept his mind on the beautiful and influenced scores of young minds in most praiseworthy ambitions.

The country has many teachers from the city. These girls have a tremendous influence on the minds of their girl pupils.

Only the best and kindest service is due the people in the community where one teaches and it is not fair to accept their friendliness and their money and speak and act as if they are beneath you. I have a quotation on this subject from an educational journal, and I hope it will help every city girl in the country who reads it: "You cannot have the benefit of the art galleries, the opera, the stores and the artificial amusements of the city; but see what Nature offers you at every step in any weather. Learn really to see the maple in the school yard, the graceful willow by the brook, the magnificent pine that you see every time you look out of your window. In the city you bought a few flowers at a time, and they lost their beauty after a few hours. Here you can have as much as you care to gather, with always a wealth of them left to greet your eye every time you pass that way.

Learn to appreciate the beauty of a trailing blackberry vine, that has been described as a worthy decoration for the walls of heaven. Stand and look at the stretches of soft wonderful snow until something of the purity and the sublimity enters your soul, and awakens a response.

The midwinter months are often dreaded as full of "loneliness," yet if you look for it you can find so much beauty and variety. Have you ever seen the sun rise on a grove where every twig was encased in crystal? The new snow fall makes of the commonest hedge row a picture that has never been equalled by a painter's brush. When you and a group of children are walking home from school on a dull afternoon, look at the wonderful lace work that the leafless branches and twigs outline against the sky. Perhaps you have shown them the picture of some famous city sky line. Call their attention now to the sky line of the woods. When you come to the brook, listen and listen to the purling of the water—wonderful music. Perhaps, to-morrow in school you can bring out the fact that if there had not been an obstacle for the brook to overcome you would not have heard that exquisite purling.

There comes wonderful days that make us agree with the man who wrote:

"I don't need your art exhibits
When the sunset does his best
Painting everlasting glory
On the mountains of the West,
And your opera looks foolish,
When the nightbird starts his tune,
And the prairie's silver-mounted
By the touches of the moon."

Before you realize that winter is nearly over the trees and bushes will take on soft hues of greens and brown and red; the earliest migratory birds will arrive and after that each day will be more beautiful and interesting than the last. The flowers and birds bring new excitement every day. Then comes blossom time, so filled with music, fragrance and bloom that we feel there is enough to carry us through all the dull gray days next year can bring. We agree with Mrs. Palmer:

"All the winters cannot blow
Its sweetness quite away."

DO YOU PITY YOURSELF?

A man who is passing through a most discouraging condition of trials, made a remark that I think is worth passing on. He said, very firmly: "I am not going to give up. I like difficult experiences. I never pity myself."

Self-pity is the badge of weakness, and work done for money alone is never noble work. One must have pay, but one must also dignify the work for its own sake. One must care for her work, do the very best she can. I asked a group of business girls the other day what they would do if they felt the employer was not

fair. One said: "I would sit down alone and examine myself. I would ask myself: 'Am I doing my work as well as I can? What am I worth to the business?' If I felt then that I was doing my best I would ask the manager to tell me wherein I failed. Then, if I still felt he was not fair, I would ask to be relieved."

I asked if a girl is ever justified to be impudent to the employer. The consensus of opinion was "No." A girl never gains anything; on the other hand, she loses a great deal by so sacrificing her dignity and self-respect in this way.

One very efficient stenographer put in a protest against the general state of inefficiency among wage-earning girls. She said it is making it very hard for the capable girls just now. The young woman who is a stenographer must be painstaking and accurate. Her spelling her punctuation, her type-writing must be clean and free from blunders. Her ear, her eye, her hand, her thought must combine to serve her employer. The business girl must take pride in the fact that she belongs to a host of smart honorable women, and wherever she stands, around her must be the atmosphere of efficiency. I am often asked about girls in business and their temptations. Are they unprotected? I believe as a rule—of course there are always exceptions—that a girl who is pre-occupied with her work,

is so impersonal in its exercise that she repels those who would offer insult, while the large majority of men with whom she associates do not think of her in her feminine character at all; they take her on her merits as a fellow worker. The young girl, who flirts with men and her associates in business, and looks self-conscious, and makes herself a sort of cheap attraction, invites the unprincipled to forget her womanhood. The girl whose dress is not modest also invites familiarity. A telephone manager in a large city has recently forbidden girls to come in bold outline of dress and if they are painted and rouged, they must wash their faces before beginning their work.

Another manager of a large business firm has issued the same order. A sincere girl has a higher ambition than the silly gratification of being admired and complimented by men who are either brainless or heartless. It is true that temptations spread a net for the unwary, but, amid them all, the pure-minded girl may securely tread if she has firm faith in Divine protection—and womanly determination to scorn the questionable. The business girl of to-day is deeply indebted to the pioneer business women who had to cut the way through a forest of prejudices and obstacles. Let us at least act our appreciation of them by being efficient.

THE NEW AND THE OLD

Yes, times are changing, girls: mother may be old-fashioned and does not understand our present customs, but one thing she does know, and that is the value of genuine virtue, sincerity and honesty. Most of us are going insane in the mad rush for the latest—the latest in hats, the latest in gowns, the latest in boots, the latest in etiquette—beaux and even religion. And yet the newest things worth while are very, very old. Woman's part in the twentieth century will be what it has always been, notwithstanding her larger share in public enterprises. She must reign in the home. To some that place may seem small. The diamond is a tiny thing, but its worth equals that of tons of stone. Will you think of this, dear girls, when you envy the woman prominent before the public eye?

There is a beautiful picture in my memory—the picture of a little girl who said to the boy near her:

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word,
I hate to go above you,
Because," the brown eyes lower fell,
"Because, you see, I love you."

This little picture expresses my meaning—the very newest thing in the world is the oldest and comes straight from God—Love.

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To save disappointment send us your name **at once**, and we will forward, when issued, a catalogue from which you can order your Christmas gifts **before these stocks are depleted**.

We emphasize this, as deliveries later on from our own factory, as well as other manufacturers, are sure to be uncertain, owing to the increased demand.

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We issue a number of Special Booklets for certain lines, particularly Groceries. A post card to us will ensure your getting them without delay.

T. EATON CO.
WINNIPEG LIMITED
CANADA

The Quebec Bridge (Continued from page 19)

	Quebec Bridge	Firth of Forth Scotland
Total length of cantilever (feet).....	2,830	5,330
Total length channel span (feet).....	1,800	1,710
Total load per lin. ft. (bridge is designed to carry exclusive its own weight) (lbs.).....	14,000	4,480
Total weight in tons.....	66,000	57,000
Weight per lin. ft. for cantilevers (lbs.).....	48,300	21,360
Greatest depth piers below high water (ft.).....	101	87
Weight of steel of the Quebec bridge per lineal foot is 2.3 that of the Forth.		
The designed load for Quebec bridge is 3.1 times that of Forth.		

The prescribed test load for Quebec bridge 4 1-3 times heavier than that of the Forth bridge.

The total length of Quebec bridge is 3,239, and the cost between \$14,000,000 and \$17,000,000.

What makes the Canadian bridge undertaking particularly interesting is the fact that when it is completed Canada will have built: the greatest bridge in the world; the most and longest transcontinentals (3 in number, 3,000 miles long); the farthest north railway running to parallel 58 north; the greatest single lock in the world at Sault Saint Marie; the longest tunnel, to date, under Mount Macdonald in the Canadian Rockies, five miles long; a \$60,000,000 canal (the Welland) and an irrigation ditch with 25,000 miles of laterals.

For the sake of Canada's future and for the sake of the contractor's bankroll, it is to be hoped that the Quebec Bridge will eventually prove a success. It is now slated for completion in 1917, probably late in that year.

A Busy Educational Institution

Thoroughly representative of Western progress and the determination to succeed, is the scene one witnesses who pays a visit to the Success Business College, Winnipeg. Twelve large class rooms are required for the hundreds of students who are eagerly equipping themselves for commercial life in all its phases. Passing through the various departments one is impressed with the thorough discipline that prevails throughout and the earnestness with which the pupils apply themselves to each problem and demonstration. The great majority of the students come from the farm homes of the West, though every Province of the Dominion is represented and not a few from the United States have sought the advantages offered by the Success College. During the past twelve months over fifteen hundred students enrolled and a staff of twenty-eight teachers, each an expert in his subject, is busily occupied in their instruction. To render a wider service nine branch schools have been opened in Western centres, all of which enjoy the same popularity as the parent Institution in Winnipeg. Truly the Success Business College has been rightly named.

When the March Winds Blow

By Pauline Frances Camp

There's a soft, delicious murmuring
That sets my pulse athrill;
'Tis the bubble of a brooklet as
It dances down the hill.
The little buds are bursting into
Laughter on the larch,
For Spring is round the corner, playing
Hide and seek with March.

Oh, many are the snares he sets
To catch her unaware.
He plants the jeweled crocus here,
The waxen snowdrop there.
He scatters gold in sunny spots,
To tempt the pretty lass;
And spreads a net of green abroad,
To trip her should she pass!

But all in vain; the timid thing
Her shy seclusion keeps,
Till baffled March, in angry mood,
Beyond the hilltop sweeps.
Then lifting, half reluctantly,
Her veil of silver rain,
Spring, drifting like a rosy cloud,
Comes smiling o'er the plain.

Bird-Nesting in Australia

Owing to the great height and size that the eucalyptus trees attain in Australia, bird-nesting is often a hazardous pursuit.

Most of the eucalyptus are one hundred feet high; many of them are one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet high, and a few soar up to a height of three hundred feet and more. It is not uncommon to find the first branch forty or fifty feet from the ground; and the boles of the trees are so thick that a man cannot clasp them. It is in these high, massive trees that most of the Australian birds nest.

The commonest cage birds in Australia are the great sulphur-crested cockatoo and the rosella parrot.

The cockatoo is a superb bird. Its plumage is a snowy white, with a crest that, when raised in anger or alarm, discloses a succession of lovely yellow feathers. He is a fine talker and becomes exceedingly tame. There are plenty of cockatoos—I have seen flocks that have contained at least ten thousand birds—but almost always they nest in a very tall eucalypt.

The nest is either in a hollow branch or in a hollow of the bole, and it is usually from forty to a hundred feet from the ground. The usual number of nestlings is two. There is no outward sign of the nest, and so the hunter has to watch the old birds. That requires a good deal of skill, for the cockatoos, although usually very noisy, leave their nests in absolute silence. One common trick of the nest hunters is to strike the bole of a promising tree with an axe, when the alarmed old birds will often fly out.

Most nest hunters carry a long, strong rope, a tomahawk, and some spikes. Two usually work together. They take the young birds from the nests in December, just before they are able to fly. If the nest is not very far up, they throw the rope deftly over the lowest branch. Then they make a loop at one end, into which the climber puts one foot. His mate then hauls on the other end of the rope until he reaches the branch. Once safely on the branch the climber discards the rope and uses his tomahawk. He may have to cut steps to get up to the nest; and often the nest is so far down in the hollow that he has to make a second opening.

I saw a climber spend three hours one day in cutting his way into a nest. When he got the two young cockatoos, he examined them and called out, "They are strong enough to fly a little, so I'll let them drop! Look out!" He launched one bird into the air. To his astonishment and disgust it spread its wings, flapped them vigorously, and flew away into the heart of the forest. We never saw it again. It is hardly necessary to add that he sent the other young one down in a different fashion.

For climbing very tall trees, the nest hunter uses the spikes. He starts with a pocketful of spikes and a tomahawk. It is amazing to see how few spikes an expert climber uses. He drives them in only far enough to support his weight, and as far apart as he can reach. That is so that he may have no trouble in pulling the spikes out as he comes down. If the tree is green, the climber sometimes goes up by means of notches that he cuts in the bark. Here again he manages with a minimum of effort. He climbs in his socks; and as he uses only his big toe, he can get along with very small notches. The best climbers are very sure-footed. I know one who, when well up a tree, walks along the branches without any support, even at a height of sixty or eighty feet from the ground.

Parrots, especially the brilliantly colored red-breasted rosella, are very popular cage birds. In the country districts of Australia, at least every third house has either a cockatoo or a rosella for a pet. The rosella nests in the hollows of trees, but as a rule the nest is low and easily got at. I have often seen them in the hollows of small trees close enough to the ground to be reached from the back of a horse. The rosella rears prolific families; six and seven are usual, and eight and nine are not uncommon.

An Old Old Story

By Joan Freer

THE Willard-Otts were good Americans at heart; but the Willard-Otts were of English extraction, and, as somebody has said, the extraction hadn't been entirely successful—a great deal of the English soil still clung to the roots of the family tree.

They lived at Long Island, in a very English way in a manor-house as English as they could make it, among surroundings quite respectably English for Americans of the third and fourth generations.

They kept two English servants besides American help; but they called their American servants by their last name which Anglified them to some extent. Their establishment comprised a servants' hall, a butler's pantry and a page in buttons and they were unreasonably proud of their ancestors. I do not know whether they really held that the signers of the Declaration of Independence committed a grave error; but I do know that when they had occasion to speak of Queen Victoria, they always referred to her as "Her Majesty."

Willard-Otts was a rich man and was free to indulge the fancy of his life and to be as English as his name. He engaged those two English servants to keep up the illusion.

Samuel Bilson and Sophia Huckins, "which 'Uckins it ever was an' so it were allays called, and which 'Uckins is good enough for me, like it was good enough for my parents now departed, and there is 'ope for 'eaven for chapel-goers, tho' a Church of England woman I am myself."

Sophia Huckins was lady's maid to Mrs. Willard-Otts, and, in a way, autocrat and supreme ruler over the whole house of Willard-Otts. There were other servants as I have before mentioned but in their respective departments Bilson and Sophia were king and queen. Of course at first there was some friction between the two potentates. For ten years they scratched, sparred and jostled; for ten years after they lived in comfortable amity, relieving their feelings by establishing a reign of terror over the other servants. And then—ah then—began the dawn of another day. Bilson was careless about the wine; Sophia took to wearing gowns unbefitting a maid of forty years. It dawned upon the Willard-Otts that something was in the wind, and that the conservative quiet of their domestic service was likely to be troubled.

Meanwhile, nature, unconscious of the proprieties of the situation, was having her own way in the little passage back of the butler's pantry.

"You say," the housekeeper spoke with a certain sternness—"as 'ow you've loved me for ten long years. But I saw as 'ow it would 'ave been more to your credit, Sam Bilson, to 'ave found it out afore this, when, if I do say it myself, there was more occasion."

"It's none the wuss, Sophia, for a-bein' found out now," rejoined the butler sturdily. "What you was, you is to me, an' I don't noways regret that you ain't what you was, in point of beauty, to 'ave young men an' sich a-comin' between us, as an engaged pair."

"Oo's an engaged pair?" demanded Sophia with profound dignity.

"Us," said Bilson, placidly, "Or to be considered as sich."

"I ain't considered as sich," said Sophia, coquettishly, "not as yet."

Bilson was stacking up dishes on the shelves in the passageway. He paused in his labors, put his hands on his hips and faced his tormenting charmer with determination in his eye.

"Sophia 'Uckins!" he said, "you're forty this day week; that much I know, forty is forty. You've kept your looks wonnerful, an' you 'ave your teeth which Providence gave you. But forty's forty. If you mean Bilson, you mean Bilson now, your 'and an' your 'art, to love, honor and obey so 'elp you. Now 'ow goes hit?"

It went Bilson's way of course, Sophia demurred and for the space of some few weeks was doubtful, then she said "No" but in the end she consented.

Why should she not? Bilson had been a saving man. No luxurious furniture beautified his little room over the stable. His character was above reproach. He allowed himself one glass of port a day from Willard-Otts' stock, but there he drew the line. Such as it was the master of the house had his own wine, every day, except that solitary glass of port—save on one occasion.

And Sophia Huckins was the occasion of that occasion, smooth and decorous ran the course of true love for four months on end. Mrs. Willard-Otts had been made acquainted with the state of affairs; had raged, had cooled and had gotten to that point where the natural woman rose within her and she began to think of laying out a trousseau for the bride. Fair was the horizon; cloudless the sky. Then came the heavy blow of fate.

When Cupid comes to you at forty, he is likely to be something wrinkled, more or less fat and puffy, a trifle stiff

in the joints, you must humor him a little, you must make believe he is young and fair. It takes imagination to do this and in imagination Sophia was sadly deficient. Her betrothal was not two months old when she suddenly realized that there was something grotesque and absurd about it. How did she get the idea? Was it an echo of the gossip of the other servants? Did she see the shopkeepers, quick to catch all the local gossip, smiling at her as she went about the town on her domestic errands? Was there something in Bilson's manner that told her that he felt in his inmost heart that he had got to the point where he had to take what he could get and that he held her lucky to have been conveniently accessible at that critical juncture?

We cannot know. Perhaps Bilson was to blame. A man may be in love—over head and ears in love—and yet the little red feather of his vanity will stick out of the depths, and proclaim that his self-conceit is not yet dead.

Perhaps it was Bilson; perhaps it was some other cause. It matters not. One dull November day, Sophia Huckins told

Samuel Bilson that she could not and would not marry him.

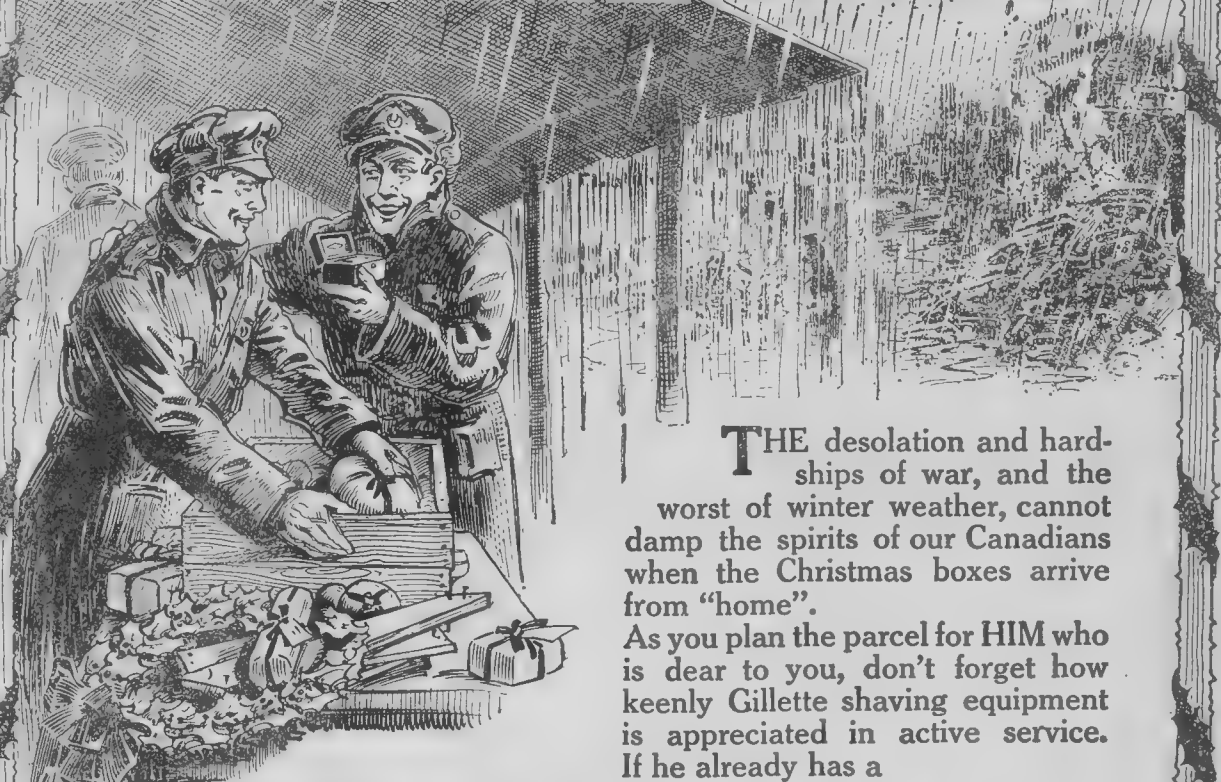
"It was my intention, Samuel; but I 'ave seen it was not the thing for either of us. If you 'ad a seen your way clear five or ten or maybe fifteen years ago, I don't say as it wouldn't 'ave been different, but as to sich a thing now, I may have been foolish a-listenin' to you last July; but what brains I 'ave is about me now, an' I tell you plain, Sam Bilson, it can never be."

To Bilson this came like a clap of thunder out of the clearest and summeriest of skies. If the Cupid within him had grown old and awkward, he was unaware of it. To his dull and heavily British apprehension, it was the same Cupid he had known in earlier years. The defection of his betrothed was a blow from which he could not recover.

"Them women," he said, "is wors'n the measles. You don't know when they're comin' out, 'an you don't know when they're goin' in."

The blow fell upon him late one evening, long after dinner, when everything had been put to rights. He was sitting in the butler's pantry sipping his one

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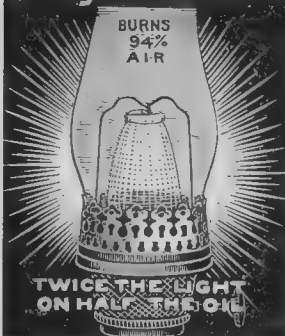
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When writing Advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

glass of port when Sophia entered and delivered her dictum.

She went out and left him—left him with the port. She left him with the sherry. She left him with the claret, with the old old claret, with the comet year, with the wine that had rounded the Cape, with the Cognac, with the Chartreuse, with the syrupy Curacao and the eau de Dantzie, and with the Scotch whiskey that Willard-Otts drank in despite of plain American rye.

She left him with the structure of a lifetime shattered; with the love of twenty years nipped in its late burgeoning bud. She left him alone and she left him with a deadly nepenthe at hand.

He fell upon those bottles, and, for once in his quiet steady conservative life, he drank his fill. He drank the soft sub-acid claret; he drank the nutty sherry; he drank the yellow Chartreuse and the smoky Scotch whiskey. He drank and drank, and as his grief rose higher and higher, high and more high he raised the intoxicating flood.

At two o'clock of that night, a respectable butler opened a side-door in the mansion of Willard-Otts and sallied forth to cool his brow in the midnight air.

He was singing as they brought him back on a shutter, in the early morning; but it was not wholly with drunkenness, for delirium had hold of him. Down to the south of the house were long stretches of marsh reaching into the

"Sophia!" gasped the sufferer "taint no ways proper."

"Tis goin' to be proper, Samuel Bilson. You wait and you'll see what you'll see. 'Ere 'e comes."

Bilson's room was reached by a ladder coming up through a hole in the floor. Through this hole came a peculiarly shaped felt hat; then a pale youthful face; then a vest with many buttons.

"To 'ave an' to 'old. 'Ere 'e is."

The head came up and a long thin body after it. Pale and gaunt, swaying slightly backward and forward, like a stiff cornstalk in a mild breeze, the Rev. Mr. Wandly stood before them and smiled vaguely.

The Rev. Mr. Wandly was only twenty-four and he might have passed for nineteen; but he was so high a churchman that the mould of several centuries was on him. He was a priest without a cure, but, as some of his irreverent friends expressed it, he was "in training" for the rectorship of St. Beedes-the-Less, a small church in the neighborhood endowed by Willard-Otts and disapproved of by his bishop, who had not yet appointed a clergyman. The bishop had been heard to say that he had not yet made up his mind whether St. Beedes-the-Less was a church or some new kind of theatre. Nevertheless, Mr. Wandly was on hand living under the wing of the Willard-Otts, and trying to make the good Church of England peo-



In the heart of America's greatest Brook Trout Paradise, Can. Govt. Rys.

Great South Bay, and there he had wandered in his first intoxication. There he had stepped over the edge of a little dyke that surrounded Willard-Otts' pike pond where all the pike died because the water was too salt for them. There they found him lying on his back with one of the most interesting cases of compound fracture of the right leg that has yet been put on record, and with the flat stones that topped the dyke lying over him.

They took him to his room over the stable and put him to bed and sent for the doctor. The doctor came and set the leg, he also smelt of Bilson's breath and gazed upon Bilson's fevered countenance and said: "Hard drinker eh? We'll have trouble with him probably. Hasn't he got anyone to look after him?"

The query found its way up to the manor house. It came, in some way, to the ears of Sophia Huckins. Shortly after dinner-time she appeared in the chamber of Bilson.

Bilson was "coming out of it." He was conscious; he was sore; he was heavy of heart and head. He looked up as he lay on his bed and saw a comely middle-aged Englishwoman, sharp of feature, yet somehow pleasant and comforting, standing by his bedside.

"Sophia!" he exclaimed.

"Hush," she said, "the medicine man said you wasn't to talk."

"Sophia, 'taint you!"

"Perhaps it aint," said Sophia slowly; "perhaps it's a cow or a 'orse or a goat or anythin' that is my neighbors. But the best I know, it's me, an' I've come to 'ave an eye on you."

ple believe that they needed him and his candles and his choir-boys.

Behind Wandly came two limp little girls, hangers-on of the Willard-Otts household by grace of Mrs. Willard-Otts' charity. In New England they would have been called "chore girls." The Willard-Otts called them "scullery maids."

Bilson half rose on his elbow in astonishment, alarm and indignation.

"Sophia 'Eckins," he demanded, "what do this 'ere mean?" I 'aint a-dyin', and I 'aint got no need of a clergyman than 'eaven. And no more this 'aint a scullery Miss 'Eckins."

"This," said Sophia, pointing at the clergyman as though he were a wax figure in a show, "this is to wed you and me, Samuel Bilson, and them," indicating the scullery maids, "them witnesses it."

"Witnesses wot?" Bilson inquired in a yell.

"Witnesses our marriage, Sam Bilson, Nuss you I can not, both bein' single, and nussed you must and shall be. Now set up and be married quiet."

Bilson's physical condition forbade him to leap from the bed; but his voice leaped to the rafters above him.

"Married?" he shouted, "I'll die first!"

"Die you will," said Sophia, calmly and sternly "and that soon if married you 'aint."

"Sophia!" Bilson's voice was hollow and deeply reproachful, "you 'ave thro'-ed me over."

"I 'ave," she assented. "And 'ere I am."

"And there you are."

"Sophia, you 'ave not treated me right."

"I 'ave not, Samuel," Sophia cheerfully assented. "I might 'ave known as you was not fit to take care of yourself. But I mean to do my dooty now, so will you have the kindness to button your clothes at the neck, and sit up."

Bilson mechanically fastened the neck-band of his night-shirt and raised himself to a sitting posture.

"Miss 'Uckins," Mr. Wandly interrupted, in an uncertain way: "I didn't understand—you didn't tell me—there does not appear to have been the usual preliminary arrangements for this most sacred and solemn ceremony."

Sophia turned on him with scorn in her voice and bearing. "Do I understand, sir, 'as you find yourself in a 'urry?"

"I am not in a hurry—oh, no. But—dear me, you know, I can't perform the ceremony under these circumstances."

Sophia grew more profoundly scornful.

"Do you know hany himpediment why we should not be lawfully joined together in matrimony?"

"Why," said the perturbed cleric, "he doesn't want you."

"'E doesn't know what 'e wants," returned Sophia grimly, "if women waited for men to find out w'en they wanted wives there'd be more old maids than there is. If you'll be good enough to take your book in your 'and, sir, I'll see to 'im."

Bilson made one last faint protest. "Twouldn't be right—Sophia," he wailed, "I aint wot I was. I'm a wuthless and busted wreck. I can't tie no woman to me for life. It aint doin' justice to neither."

"If you're what you say you are," said Sophia imperturbably, "and you know better than I do, you should be glad to take what you can get. If I'm suited don't you complain."

"Miss Huckins," the young clergyman broke in, feebly asserting himself, "this is utterly irregular."

"I know it is," said Sophia, "and we're a-waitin' for you to set it straight."

The two chore girls giggled, a warm flush mounted to Mr. Wandly's pale face. He hesitated a second, and then nervously opened his book, and began the service. Sophia stood by the bedside clasping Bilson's hand in a grasp which no writhing could loosen.

"Dearly beloved," Mr. Wandly began, addressing the two chore girls, and with a trembling voice he hurried on to the important question.

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?"

"N—Yah!"

Bilson had begun to say "No" but Sophia's firm hand had tightened on his with so powerful a pressure that his negative remonstrance ended in a positive yell.

"Ah, really," broke in Mr. Wandly, "I cannot proceed M—Miss—ah, what's your name? I positively can't!"

"Mrs. Bilson," returned the unmoved Sophia. "Are you intendin' for to part 'usband and wife at this point, sir? Excuse me, but we are a-waitin' of your convenience."

Mr. Wandly was a deep red in the face. His pallor had given way to a flush quite as ghastly in its way. The blood was waltzing in dizzy circles thro' his brain as he read on and on.

No church—no candles—no robes—no choir boys. Only this awful woman, stern as death, commanding him and Bilson. Why had he yielded to her? Why had he permitted himself to be dragged hither? Why was he meekly doing her bidding. Mr. Wandly felt as though he were acting in some ghastly nightmarish dream. "Then shall the minister say: Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

That roused Mr. Wandly from his trance. It came late, but it seemed to open a way out of the terribly irregular business. He paused and tried to fix an uncertain eye upon Sophia.

"Have you a father or friend here?" he demanded.

"Jim," said Sophia, loudly.

"Ma'am?" came a voice from the lower story of the stable.

"Say 'I do'—an' say it directly!"

"Say—say?—What do you want Missus Huckins?"

"Jim!" said Sophia, sternly, "open your mouth an' say 'I do' out loud, or I come down there immejit!"

"I do," came from the floor below.

"Ere's the ring," said Sophia. "I, M., take thee M—if you'll 'ave the kindness to go on, sir, we won't detain you any longer than we can 'elp, I'm give away, I believe, an' I'll take 'im, M."

"For as much as" began the Rev. Wandly—a few minutes later, addressing the chore girls, "Samuel and Sophia have consented together in holy wedlock—"

He stopped suddenly. Up thro' the opening in the floor arose the head of a youthful negro, perhaps fourteen years of age. Mr. Wandly recognized him as the stable boy and a jockey of some fame.

"What you want me to say I done do?" he inquired.

"Mrs.—Mrs. Bilson!" cried Mr. Wandly with a tremulous indignation in his voice, "did this negro infant act as your parent or friend just now?"

"'E give me away," replied the unabashed bride.

Mr. Wandly looked at her, at Bilson, at Jim and at the chore girls. Then he opened the book again and finished the ceremony.

The Willard-Otts were angry when they heard of the marriage. They missed the two main stays of their domestic system. But—well Bilson was growing old and Sophia was growing tyrannical. Perhaps it was better as it was. And, after all, they had always wanted a lodge, and a lodge-keeper, and the old ice-house stood near the gate—a good 200 feet from the house.

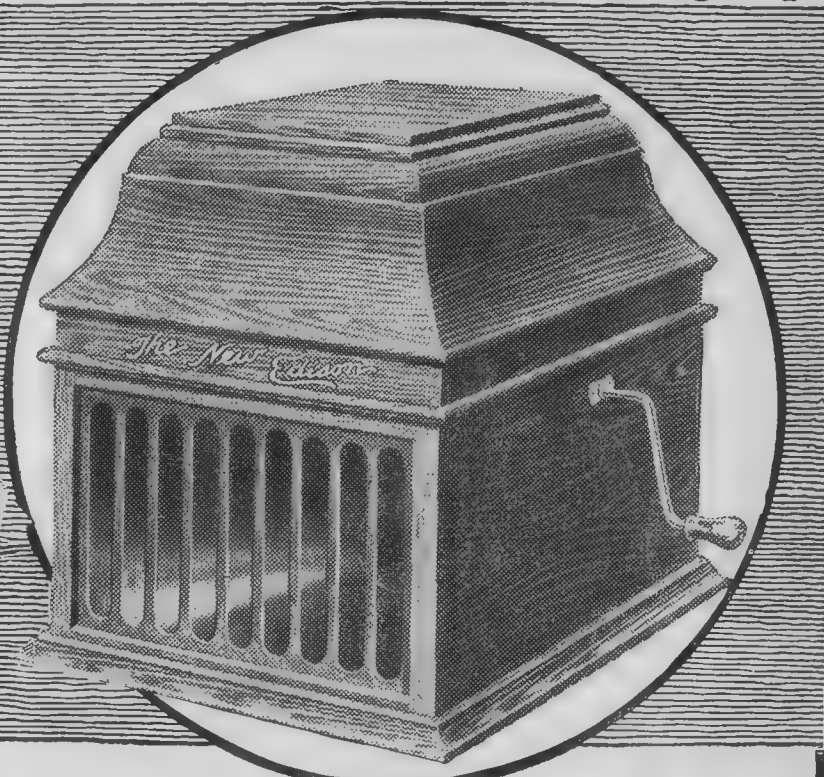
It was nearly a year before Bilson could walk with comfort. Indeed eighteen months later he still did not care to do much but sit in the sun and question "Fate." 'Ere I have laid up, as I should be," said he "and there an hactive woman goin' round a-nussin' of me. If things was as they should be, in the course of nachur, we'd have exchanged jobs, we would."

A Long Island teacher was recounting the story of Red Riding Hood. After describing the woods and the wild animals therein, she added:

"Suddenly Red Riding Hood heard a great noise. She turned about, and what do you suppose she saw standing there, gazing at her and showing all its sharp, white teeth?"

"Teddy Roosevelt!" volunteered one of the boys.—New York Times.

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The Man Next Door

THE houses were built back to back, and while one little green door faced the sea and red cliffs, the other opened on a stretch of wide moorland, now flushed purple with heather.

They were both empty when Miss Ransome found her way to the quiet backwater of life on the Devon sea coast in search of a frugal home, and she chose the little house facing the sea.

She loved its changefulness, its angry waves, its thunder and foam. She was poor enough as to worldly wealth, but rich in health, a saving sense of humor, plenty of friends and a life full of interests.

Loneliness she sometimes knew, but she banished the feeling by work, and sometimes indulged, despite her thirty-four years, in day dreams, in which she saw herself beloved and cared for.

A ridiculous dream! A chance of marriage had never come her way—no one had ever wanted Ruth Ransome. She comforted herself with the reflection that it isn't everyone's vocation to marry—but this was very cold comfort.

But she poured out her longings in the form of short stories, for which she found a ready sale.

* * * *

There came an autumnal day when the house at her back received a tenant. Miss Ransome had seen the furniture moved in—such treasures of ancient Sheraton and oak—such cases of pictures and books—such carpets with soft-faded Persian colorings.

She sighed as she looked. She loved beautiful things, because all her life they had been denied her, and just as she

to glare at her, his face having a curiously blurred look.

"I'm very much obliged to you, I saw no board. I don't see things very well just now. Is there another road this way?"

"Yes, a lane to your left."

"Thanks very much. Not that it would have mattered much if I had gone on."

Such bitterness in the tone, his hearer felt a quick throb of pity.

"Don't say that. Clouds are never so dark that one can't find a silver lining in them."

"What silver lining can you find for a cloud that means partial blindness, helplessness, everything a man hates most, particularly a man whose work wants good eyes?"

"But—"

"Do you mind if I walk with you down the lane? In this uncertain light I am rather helpless and my man has gone down to the village. I suppose this lane will take me home to the moorland road?"

"Yes; you live there?"

"Yes, and you?"

"I also. I believe you must be my neighbor." The man stopped short, peering at her uncertainly.

"You're the lady who lives behind me—the writer? You see I know all about you."

Miss Ransome laughed.

"There isn't much to know, but every little thing is of interest in a tiny place like this. Do you like your house?"

"Very much, it is out of the world—"

they say all kinds of things about me in the village, eh?"

"There are stories," she admitted with a little laugh. "But people must talk you know—in fact, it is almost our duty to give them something to talk about."

"Is it? A curious point of view. This is your gate?"

"Yes."

"And mine is round the corner. Sometimes, perhaps, you will keep a lonely man company for an hour?"

Miss Ransome looked at the curiously blurred face. There was an ugly scar on one cheek. Again that throb of pity; such intense loneliness looked out of the dimmed eye.

"I shall be very glad to do so," she said.

"You're awfully good. And all the time we've never exchanged names. I know yours by the way. Perhaps you've never heard mine?"

"No! I'm afraid I've only thought of the man next door."

"As good a name as any other. But my name's Jim Langrishe. Goodnight and thank you."

He rounded the corner. Miss Ransome watched him out of sight. Far into the night she sat, sometimes writing, at others plunged in thought. Something new stirred in her—a new interest.

And that was how it all began

* * * *

"You intend to live here always?" asked Langrishe idly.

Miss Ransome was silent for a minute. She sat facing the amethyst sea, her hands loosely clasped round her knees, her back to a comfortable bank covered with wild thyme.

"I suppose I shall stay," she said slowly. "It's my home you see—I've taken root and I love the place."

"You have no wish to travel further afield?"

Miss Ransome's eyes lit up.

"But of course I have. Does not everyone wish for the unattainable? I've never been able to travel and that's why I long sometimes to spread my wings and go just wherever the fancy took me. Italy, the Grecian Isles, Egypt, Japan. I want to see them all, but I never shall. And perhaps most of all I long to go to Connemara—that's not such a very far cry, is it? But I suppose it's all to be only a dream."

"You may go there some day."

"Who would take me?"

"Who but your husband? Have you put marriage out of your scheme of life?"

Miss Ransome flushed. She looked up quite frankly.

"That is quite out of the question," she said lightly. "No one ever wanted to marry me. I'm born an old maid."

"You're nothing of the sort!"

"Then the right man hasn't come along, or he has married some pretty girl by now—somebody like this, perhaps."

She glanced down at the paper lying on her lap, a full page portrait of a lovely girl.

Langrishe peered at it—could see only a blur.

"Who is it you admire so much?" he asked with a smile.

Miss Ransome read:

"Miss Estella Lefroy, whose marriage with the eldest son of the Earl of Comberbury will take place shortly."

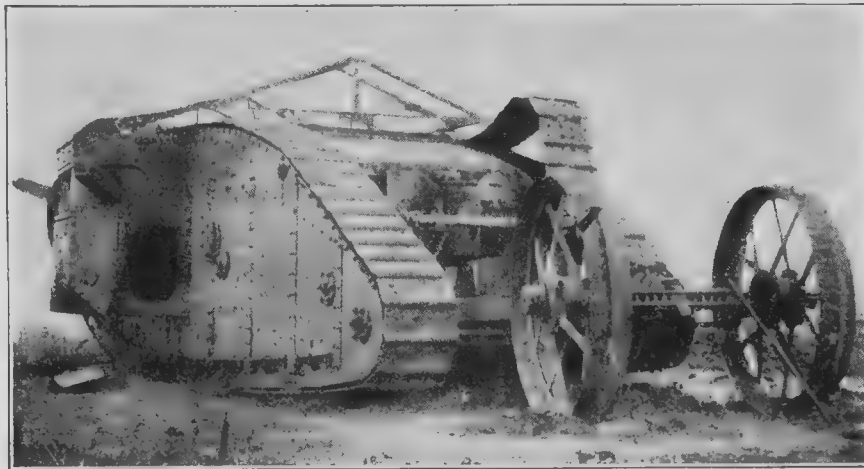
An inarticulate exclamation broke from Langrishe. She turned and looked at him, his features were convulsed with emotion.

"You call her lovely," he said in a hoarse sort of voice, "but you forget that beauty is only skin deep."

"Look here. We're good pals, you and I. I can never forget all you've done for me. You've shown me a new view of life. I will tell you my story. Do you know who made me what I am—a wreck of a man?"

"No."

"Estella Lefroy. We were engaged. We were staying at the same country house. There was a fire. Everyone was out of the house except Estella, who was, by some mistake, not aroused. The fire gained on the wing in which her room was situated. I got her out. I don't remember much about it. Something fell on me. When I came to I found I was partially blind. Of course I knew I must give her up. I was prepared for that; but I was not prepared for what I heard her say when she first saw me. When she got out of the room I heard her say, 'I can't bear him to



Here it is! The great British armored "tank" or caterpillar, the latest thing in modern warfare, pictures of which the whole world have been waiting to see and about which volumes have been written. This is the first photograph of the "tank" to reach this country. The steel protected monster crosses streams, climbs hills, veritably leaps chasms and mows down hundreds as it is guided on its way.

admired beautiful people because she was homely-looking.

It was pleasant to feel there would be a neighbor. But when the neighbor came, it was at night, and he—Miss Ransome heard it was a man—did not appear ever to go out.

There were many wild surmises about him. He was a lunatic, not quite bad enough for an asylum. He was a recluse, a woman-hater. In fact, he was everything that was at once horrifying and mysterious.

A furious gale had sprung up in the night accompanied by heavy rain. The sea was running mountains high as Miss Ransome made her way homewards by the cliff path.

She forsook it at a point where a warning board announced that the path further on was unsafe, and was about to turn into a lane leading towards home when she saw a man walking deliberately down the dangerous path.

Miss Ransome stared, horrified. The heavy rain would have made the path still more dangerous and—

It was the work of a moment to turn and hurry after the receding figure. She caught up with him.

"I beg your pardon, but do you know that path is unsafe? Only last month part of it fell into the sea."

The man turned. He was big and stalwart, with a cap pulled down over his face.

But there was something helpless about him that went to Miss Ransome's heart—she saw what it was—he had a black patch over one eye and the other looked as if it was affected, for it seemed

just what I wanted. Confound those stones!"

He tripped. In an instant Miss Ransome had him by the arm.

"Will you"—she felt the blood rise to her face—"take my arm? I know the road so well and it is getting dark. How the wind is rising again."

"You're awfully good. Thanks! Yes, there's going to be more rain—what's that?"

They stopped short. A dull rolling sound like thunder smote their ears. Miss Ransome looked around and was conscious of some odd change in the landscape. Suddenly, her heart almost stood still.

The warning board, a big bush near it, both had vanished. In their place there gaped a great hole in the cliff. Another, land-slip—and only a minute before she had been standing on the very spot.

"It's gone!" she gasped.

"What's gone?"

"The warning-board. Another fall of cliff, just where we were standing."

"Then you've saved my life indeed," he said, with a queer twisted smile. "I ought to be grateful to you, perhaps some day I shall be. Life is a precious thing to most of us—but not to a wreck."

"You call yourself that?"

"What else?" he asked fiercely. "I'm only what is left of—" He broke off abruptly. "Don't let's talk of myself—tell me something of your own life—what brought you here?"

"Chance and loneliness."

"Exactly my own case. I suppose

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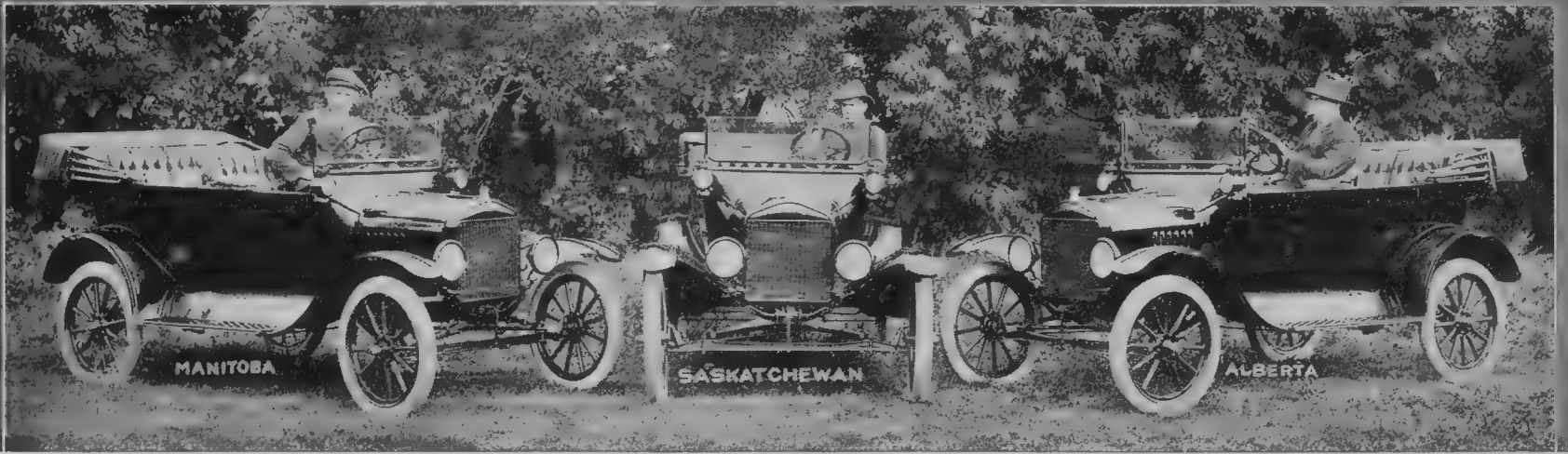


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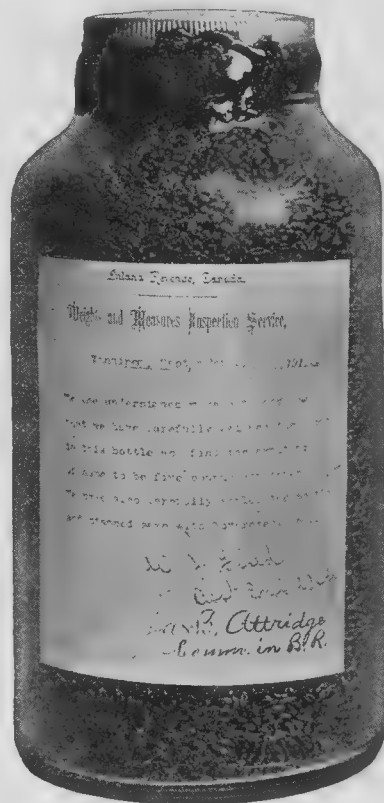
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Frank B. Snyder, Elkhorn, Man., won the last competition. On that occasion there were 3¼ pounds of wheat in the bottle, which counted 47,037 kernels. Mr. Snyder's estimate was 47,038 kernels. This information ought to help you considerably in the present competition.



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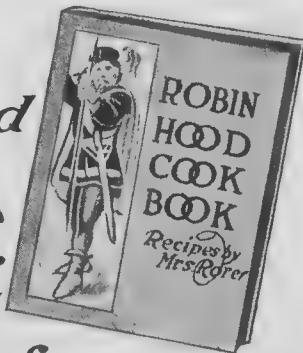
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touch me, the sight of him makes me sick.' She jumped at her freedom. Do you wonder I don't believe much in woman's affection?"

"The wound will heal in time."

"Oh, I don't care any more. She killed the love I had for her; but do you think I shall ever have the courage to ask any woman to share my life. It wouldn't be playing the game, and yet—"

"All women are not like that."

"You think there are women who would not mind looking at such a wreck?"

"I'm sure of it."

Langrishe fell silent, a silence which Ruth Ransome would have given anything to break, but could not.

"You're cold," said Langrishe, at length breaking the silence. "We had better not sit here any longer."

They were the last words she heard him say for a long time—for day by day he did not appear and at length, quite by accident, she heard he had gone and no one knew when he would return

* * * *

Ruth Ransome sat looking out of the window. It was lonely. Something appeared to have gone out of her life. Had he left because he would not ask a woman to share his blighted life? Was that the reason? If that were all, then nothing else mattered. Still, it was very hard to sit there and wait.

A wild idea, to go out into the world and seek him, seized her.

Once she ceased writing and listened, while the blood rushed to her face. Where those sounds—next door? No, merely the rising wind.

Just as she laid down her pen someone opened the door. She did not turn. It was Mary, of course, with her lonely tea tray.

"Put it on the table near the fire, Mary," she said, "I shall be ready in a minute."

"It is not Mary," said a voice.

Ruth was on her feet in a moment, a cry broke from her lips.

"Oh, you've come back," she cried. "I am so glad, I have been so lonely."

The words humbled out.

"And I," he said, "have missed you, you'll never know how much. But I had to go."

"But why, why—"

She stopped short.

What was the change in him? Gone was that disfiguring patch; and his eyes—good heavens! he saw! he saw!

"You see why," he said, "I went away to gain that which I had lost. It wasn't a certainty. I was told there was just a chance. A wonderful man in London had discovered an operation and asked me if I would risk it. I jumped at the chance. It was successful. I wouldn't tell you when it was only a chance. But now—now, Ruth, I can tell you how much I love you. Will you be my wife? Ruth, dearest, is there a chance for me?"

"A chance? There always was! I wish you had asked me before. I wanted to prove there was one woman who did not consider you a wreck!"

"My darling, I had to wait in common fairness. But we won't wait any longer. We'll be married next week, and live happy ever afterwards, like the people in the stories."

Happy endings indeed!

Heaven's Aid

To keep my heart content from day to day,
To put despondency and grief away—
I must have heaven's help. Oh, Lord, I pray,
Give me Thine aid!

Help me to raise my thoughts in faith to Thee,
Turn at my call, and give Thine hand to me—
Where'er I go, there let Thy presence be,
And unafraid.

I can go where'er my duties lead,
Trusting to Thy fond care for every need,
Sure that my Father loveth me, indeed,
Thro' weal or woe.

And surely in my soul should enter Peace,
All discontent should flee, and grieving cease.
And faith and patience in my heart increase,
Lord, make it so!

Woman Financier

By E. A. Hughes

THE moment brings changes. We are not to-day, in our social and business relation, what we were yesterday. Nor to-morrow shall we be as we are to-day. Changes come inevitably; sometimes quietly, sometimes with a fanfare of trumpets. Wars are responsible for some, for they throw open the door of opportunity. The piping times of peace sponsor others. The entrance of woman into our commercial organism is a child of both. It was born of peaceful development, but war's alarms have recorded its quickening growth.

The world of commerce, in all its multifarious undertakings, has been invaded, and very successfully invaded, by woman. This was the inevitable accompaniment of the invasion by woman of other worlds that were heretofore regarded as peculiarly man's. The invasion did not come suddenly; it was gradual, but it was none the less assured. And, in this year of grace, 1916, woman plays a more important part than ever in the business world. Nor does she take altogether a secondary part. She used to imagine; now she knows. And knowing, she acts on her own initiative.

This is especially true of the world of investment and finance. Woman knows the financial ropes to-day far better than she did fifty, or even twenty-five years ago. She has changed her ideas. Not so very many years ago, she imagined the financier to be a very-much-to-be avoided person. He was a man who had a passion for raking in the shekels, anybody's shekels, everybody's shekels—particularly those belonging to the weak woman. After the raking process the ill-gotten gains were placed in a strong box, and the financier mounted guard by sitting on the lid and the original owners of the shekels never saw them again. That was the old idea. It has been superseded by another, and a truer, that is the result of the progressive movement of woman which is shown in every sphere of life to-day. Now, the financier appears as a man who helps everybody, man or woman, to make a little money, and asks a consideration for himself for his assistance. The broker, the bondman, the promoter are discovered to be anything but the ogres they were imagined to be, and the result is the fact of the woman investor. She is a fact, and a factor, and her presence in the investment market has had the twofold effect of making the investment houses do a greater business than heretofore, and making the woman of to-day able to turn over her money to advantage.

There was a time, not many years ago, when most all the investing that the average woman did was to put her money in a bank, at a rate of interest which rarely exceeded 3 per cent. Even that form of investment was not indulged in without much misgiving. The very word finance scared women. Whenever Mrs. Smith entered the precincts of a bank in days now sometime gone by, she looked round, awed by the portentous solemnity of the marble pillars and by the near-religious hush which characterized the very movement of the people who were working, from the manager to the office boy. Even the office boy seemed chastened. Finance thus seemed to Mrs. Smith to be a very fearful and wonderful thing—and it ought to be left to Mr. Smith. For his wife to deposit twenty dollars was much like having a tooth drawn; it took a great deal of courage to face the man who took it from you.

There was one other form of investment, for the woman with a good round sum to invest. She would lend it on mortgage, and get it back in a number of years, meanwhile getting five or six per cent—if the time was opportune, and those were the prevailing rates. The reason why she chose a mortgage instead of buying debentures or municipal bonds was because her lawyer advised her to. He was the only adviser she had, for she was afraid of anyone who looked like a broker, and obviously, it was to the lawyer's interest to advise a loan on a mortgage because a deed would have to be made, and that put a little money into the lawyer's pocket.

These are the days, however, when woman wants to try her hand at investing. She is not afraid to instruct her broker to buy a hundred shares of this or that stock; she will go to a bond dealer, and write a cheque running into the thousands for some industrials, or some municipals.

I asked a bond dealer how much a woman put up at one time.

"We have an investor who will come in and buy fifteen thousand dollars' worth of industrials at a time," he replied. "Of course, that is an exceptional case. There are not many women whose bank account runs high enough to allow of several purchases during the year at the rate of fifteen thousand dollars a time. But there are numbers who buy in denominations of a thousand dollars. One of the biggest municipal debenture houses in Canada is doing a very large part of their business in women's investments. Municipals—that is, good municipals—are a good buy at any time, and municipals for a couple of years have been on the bargain table. Just as a woman will go into a store and buy a seal coat which has been reduced considerably, so she might have gone to a municipal debenture broker at any time during the last year or so, and buy sterling securities—gilt-edged as they are called—at bargain prices. A good municipal debenture is always a good buy, because the city which issues it is behind it, and no city worth the name goes bankrupt. The thing is official. You know you are going to get your money. Of course, some discretion is necessary. Any investor would need to think twice before buying debentures issued by some jerkwater town which has five hundred people, three stores, a saloon and a poolroom—these last may be found in any town, even a town of about sixteen houses, and "promise"—but there are scores of reputable cities, big and small, whose financial backing is all that is necessary, whose debentures are a very attractive investment. A thousand dollars put into municipals is money well spent. Moreover, the securities will appreciate in value, so that, even from a speculating standpoint, municipals at present are a good buy.

Industrial bonds—bonds issued by an industrial company, wholesale dry goods, steel manufacturers, or any other big industry—are also very attractive just now. The bond dealers will tell you that a thousand dollars put into an industrial concern by buying their bonds, will bring a yield of anywhere from 5 to 7 and 7½ per cent. Of course, they are not as attractive always as municipals, because they are not "official." That is to say, they depend on the success or otherwise of the concern which issues them, while municipals have the official backing of the town or city for which they are issued. But there are several good buys among industrials. Many businesses are on as safe a basis as the municipal finances of a city, and the yield is a little higher. The bonds of a company take precedence over preferred and common stock. That is to say the people considered by a firm, if it is in difficulties, would be the people who hold their bonds. Preferred stockholders come next, and holders of common stock last. For this reason, it is safer, though not always better, to buy the bonds of a concern.

Much depends on going to a reputable bond man for advice. Anybody is ill-advised to go and buy bonds without taking some advice on them beforehand. That is what the bond dealer is there for, and he is coming into his own nowadays. A few crisp, crinkly bonds are very handy things to possess.

In connection with this form of investment what is known as the baby bond is a very convenient little security. The term has long been current in financial circles to designate a bond for a hundred dollars. The yield is four or four and-a-half per cent. The peculiar attraction of this security is that it is a good investment for the person with only a little money. You can buy one or you can buy ten. The people over the line have shown their fondness for the baby bond, and it is growing popular. It is usually issued by a township or city; sometimes by an industrial corporation. Down at Ottawa a bill has been passed which issued government

bonds in as low a denomination as ten dollars. The yield was four per cent. This, again, was a movement to give the small investor an opportunity to come in and buy a high class security, and get a good yield on it. The baby bond is a good thing to put money into. With proper attention it will grow and blossom forth as a very valuable asset.

So far, this article has dealt with what may be regarded as secure securities. That is to say it has dealt with investments and not with speculation. In this connection it is in order to say that the Canadian Government loan, in hundred-dollar bonds, issued a year ago, was the most popular investment from a woman's point of view, offered in Canada in recent years. A very considerable percentage was taken up by women. Some put \$500 into it; some \$50,000. Its safety, its accessibility, its patriotic appeal, all made it a big success, and an index to just how influential woman is becoming as a financial factor.

We come now to another phase of woman's interest in finance speculation. This, compared with the foregoing methods and channels, be it observed, is risky! The stock exchange is the usual medium. The stock exchange these days is coming in for a growingly large share of business from the woman investor. I

was in a broker's office the other day, talking about the part woman was playing in the twentieth century in investment circles, and the telephone bell rang. The broker answered it, and after he had put on the receiver, turned to me and said: "There's an instance of what I was saying. That lady bought ten shares of C.P.R. three days ago. She has just instructed me to buy twenty more." Thirty shares of C.P.R. means an outlay of a few greenbacks! At a dinner table the other evening the conversation turned on mines, and mining investments.

"I made good on the C. Mine," said a lady, naming a mining venture that a number of people had gone into, some with more or less disastrous results. "I cleared something like twenty-five thousand dollars, anyway, and my husband didn't know I had touched the proposition till I had cleared my profit." That is a very nice little bulletin for a wife to hand to her husband.

A word on how and when to buy will not be out of place. Making good on investments is the same for the woman as it is for the man. It is all a question of buying and selling at the right time. The opportunity of a lifetime must be seized in the lifetime of the opportunity. You must take the tide at the

flood if you want it to lead you on to fortune. When money is tight, securities—bonds, stock, both preferred and common—are low, and in the main, that is the time to buy. For you see what happens. Money becomes tight, and the person who holds stock or bonds needs money. So they sell, and all that selling reduces the market price. Then the investor with money laid by, who doesn't need to bother about tying it up for a little time, comes along, and gets hold of really good securities at a very cheap figure.

On the other hand it is a mistake, often, to buy because there are a lot of other people buying. It goes without saying that so much buying sends the price of the security up, and when the boom is over, you have the stock on your hands, and, maybe, will have to sell at a loss, when you really need the money. Time and tide—and stock markets—wait for no man. And no woman either. But a little thought, and more discretion will enable any woman to make good in the world of finance. There are scores who have already done so. While a bank account is a very nice thing to possess, the idea is to use it only as a reserve, and turn your money into negotiable though pre-eminently secure securities.

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Why Your Hands Perspire

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)

"Doctor," said the travelling salesman, "there surely must be something that will check the perspiration that constantly oozes from my hands!"

"What makes you doubt it?" asked the physician.

"Well, I've consulted a score or more with little or no results," he said.

"What treatments did you try?"

"One gave me baths, another belladonna, a third a tonic, and so on. They disagreed in all things, except the cause."

"What, pray tell me, is the cause of your sweaty fingers according to this unanimity of diagnoses?"

"Nervousness! The doctors united almost to a man in saying that it comes from my nerves."

Whenever the masses of the medical profession are ignorant of the underlying conditions of any group of symptoms, they are apt to include it under that scapegoat and makeshift phrase "nervousness." What "nerves" and "nervousness" really means few, if any of them, can honestly say.

What is probably meant is "emotionalism," not nerves. The nerves have less to do with a man's emotions than his skin, bones, and muscles have. Indeed, it is the excessive activity of certain glands such as the adrenal and thyroid glands, that are more often concerned with the abundant formation of sweat and an outbreak of the emotions, than are any other human structures.

Perspiration of the hands, fingers, feet and other tissues occurs in fiddlers, commercial travellers, and others who strain one set of muscles more than others, who yet do not exercise them more strenuously than is called for in their daily use.

Thus the man who may lug bags, satchels, or baggage around or who plays a violin, puts a load on his hands for which his fingers are untrained. Their muscles have not been developed up to the point of feeling at ease. They are not strong enough to ignore the weight or the tension put upon them.

In fine, the local force put upon the muscles of the hands, feet, or other parts, causes the adrenal substances and other gland products to be concentrated like artillery at Verdun upon the particular parts. This causes the excretion of fluid from the strained muscles known as sweat.

Obviously, if the hands or the muscles thus strained were keyed up to such efforts there would be little perspiration present. They would be strong enough and skillful enough to take care of the unexpected call upon them. The drummer, who carries the satchel, the violinist who bowed the fiddle would not need to run to medical men for drugs and prescriptions to check perspiration.

The plan to pursue to avoid sweaty hands is to take up such a form of gymnastics or exercises as will make the muscles more powerful. Indian clubs of five or six pounds or dumb bells a little heavier are good means with which to begin such exercises.

The same movements should be carried out as you use in your daily occupation or profession. The motions are to be repeated with the dumb bells, Indian clubs, or other weighty objects for five minutes four times a day for two or three months.

Place no credence whatsoever in the diagnosis "caused by nervousness." That phrase spells a jumped-at conclusion, and only deters you from the produce and the activity, which will effect the cessation of this unpleasant and embarrassing perspiration.

True enough, when you are harassed, worried, and otherwise emotionally excited, there is prone to be more or less perspiration excreted at points of unusual muscular effort.

Almost any sort of over-indulgence, which involves the use of the pituitary thyroid, sex, adrenal, or other glands of the living anatomy, induces a torrential outburst of perspiration. This may last as long as the muscles are in active use or even beyond that time.

Those whose muscles have been well trained and made accustomed to extra work are the ones who will perspire the least or not at all. A little perspiration may wholly escape notice by evaporation almost as rapidly as it is excreted.

After all, if the victim of perspiring

hands is able to train up to the "no perspiration" stage without the use of artificial remedies, drugs, medicine and such applications inside or out, he will be amply repaid for the twenty odd minutes of daily exercise carried out in these directions.

Friendship

By Norley Chester

I had a friend, who in my willing ear
Poured eager words with adulation rife,
He healed the wounds inflicted by Truth's
knife,
My faults glossed over, made my virtues
clear;
In those smooth seas he sought my soul
to steer
Where self-esteem doth lead us far from
strife.
I glided on content with self, with life;
He loved me till I to myself grew dear.

Another came; his presence seemed to
send
A light in which my littleness lay bare;
He led me to a sea which tempests rend,
Where waves are efforts rising o'er
despair;
But earth seemed richer for a soul so
rare.
Myself I loved no longer, but my Friend.

The Advance

By Herbert French

Wild airman, you, the battle's eyes—
Who, hovering over forest air,
Can all the belts of cloud despise
And through them fall without des-
pair—
No cannon's sound to you can rise,
But, say, how goes the battle there?
As they advance!

Be dumb, wild heart, for they are dumb—
Our men advancing. All's at stake!
The woods are bullet-stripped—with hum
Of cannon all the pastures shake;
And some will cross the crest, and some
Will halt forever in the brake
As they advance!

The ground is bubbling—pit and mire—
And blackened with the blood of sons.
Death rains on every yard; and fire
Shuttles the veil with woof of guns.
Heavenly the flag whose weavers dire
Shall make to shroud our gallant ones,
As they advance!

They follow now—who rode so well—
A braver hunt than e'er blew horn;
Through many a warren'd wood of hell
They'll follow, till the fateful morn.
And then the mud-stained sentinel
Shall watch, and see an age new-born
As they advance!

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An Old Master

By Gertrude Pitt

THEY had met in the first instance at Lavigne's studio in Maida Vale. Francesca (she had been christened Frances, and the additional letters were a concession to art)—Francesca had about as much talent for painting as an aborigine, but several of her friends worked at Lavigne's and she found it an entertaining relief from the tedium of home. Besides, she was blonde and petite, and, with her hair becomingly disordered, and attired in a pinafore of green linen, she looked exceedingly picturesque—and was quite aware of that pleasing fact.

Bernard had serious views about art in those days, and often alluded to his "Career" (with a capital "C"). Nevertheless, he found time to observe that Francesca was quite the prettiest girl in the studio. He cast many appreciative glances in the direction of the fair head and the green pinafore, and often discovered that he was walking in her direction when the day's work was over.

Sometimes he found her copying in the National Gallery; sometimes she came across him dallying with the sculptures in the British Museum. They danced together at the students' balls, they went to numerous concerts, and feasted gaily, if frugally, at many bun shops. In short, after a decent interval of philandering, they married, and set up house-keeping in St. John's Wood.

Having secured a husband in the paths of art, Francesca wisely gave up painting and devoted her energies to domestic matters and to the care of Bernard junior, when that small but important person made his appearance. Bernard senior still alluded to his "Career," talked gloomily sometimes of thwarted ideals, and made spasmodic attacks at a huge canvas which was to bring him fame in the future. Meanwhile, however, he made a tolerable income at teaching and black-and-white work.

Of necessity, their way of life was somewhat cramped—like their "modern villa-residence." They had a goodly number of friends, impecunious artists, intermittent journalists, many people of the class which has laid claim to the ancient kingdom of Bohemia on insufficient grounds, but which, nevertheless, has its charms. Sometimes Francesca gave "at homes," when the tiny drawing room was inconveniently crowded, and the refreshments were somewhat meagre; sometimes Bernard took her to a theatre, or they spent a day in the country. Also they "collected," although after the affair of the Pellegrino their enthusiasm for this form of amusement was somewhat weakened.

It was a bleak evening in the autumn and Bernard was gazing into a shop window in the Bayswater Road. It was a secondhand shop, and the window was

filled with an incongruous collection of dingy furniture, old-fashioned prints, many dusty books, and other articles too numerous to mention. But in the place of honor was a solitary oil painting, with a gaudy plush curtain draped around its frame, as if to show off its manifold beauties. The picture represented a particularly ugly woman, whose complexion indicated a grave case of yellow jaundice. She was holding a still uglier child, with his head at a painful and impossible angle. The label on the frame read "Madonna and Child, by Pellegrino (1340-1419)."

Bernard gazed at the picture with the admiration which greater men are apt to accord to anything that is at once ugly, expensive, and un-English. Possibly he would have admired and walked on, but at that moment the proprietor of the shop was standing at his door, and at once seized the opportunity.

"Ah!" he said, waving a dirty hand towards the masterpiece, "There's something you won't get a chance of seeing every day. That?"—and his voice sank to an awe-inspiring whisper—"that, sir, is a real, genuine Pellegrino." Bernard was not absolutely stunned. For one reason, the name was plainly printed on the label; for another, he had never previously heard of Pellegrino.

"Indeed?" he said. "Is it valuable?" "Well, there's no need for me to tell you that it isn't often a genuine Pellegrino comes into the market. Of course, I won't deny it's a bit dirty, but cleaned up by one who knows the business, and put in a nice, gilt frame—there's an ornament for any gentleman's dining-room, and an ornament that's worth its weight in gold."

"What do you want for it?" said Bernard, as if he bought a Pellegrino every day of his life.

"If I had a shop in Pall Mall, I'd say a hundred, and get it, too. But there isn't much sale for such things hereabouts. I only bought it because I took a fancy to it, as you might say," and he gazed affectionately at the dingy canvas.

"How much?" asked Bernard, growing somewhat impatient.

"Fifty pounds, though it's a great sacrifice."

"I'm afraid you'll have to wait some time. Good afternoon," and Bernard turned, though he did not walk away. The dealer came a few steps nearer, and dropped his voice to a persuasive undertone.

"Well, say forty, though it's like giving it away."

Bernard shook his head decisively, but he still kept his eyes on the picture.

"Thirty-five, then. I'm robbing myself, but you shall have it for thirty-five. Think of it. A genuine Pellegrino for thirty-five pounds!"

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SO that we may become acquainted with more of our boys and girls this Christmas, we are giving you this fine Christmas Tree loaded down with beautiful and valuable presents. Ten of the presents are in sealed boxes. Nobody but Uncle Peter has seen what they contain, but on each one has been drawn a puzzle picture that tells what is in it. No. 7 represents a puzzle picture that tells what is in it. Now can you guess what Christmas present for a boy or girl is in each of the other nine? Get some one to help you if you like, but write out yourself your answers to all the ten pictures. On Christmas Day Uncle Peter, who edits our page for Boys and Girls, will judge the answers and award the big cash prizes as above to the boys and girls complying with the conditions of the contest whose answers are all correct or nearest correct, neatest and best written. So get busy and send in an

answer to-day, and this Christmas may be the happiest you have ever had.

Our "Success Club" for Boys and Girls has provided these fine prizes and hundreds of Christmas presents as well. You'll hear all about the "Success Club" when you send your answers, and if you wish you can become a member free and receive the lovely Club Emblem pin. It is a beautiful emblem with initials finished in rich red and blue on a gold background. The endless chain of friendship forms the border, the Lamp of Knowledge is at the top, and at the bottom are the Laurel Leaves, emblematic of everlasting reward for good work.

Thousands of boys and girls in Canada are already in the "Success Club" and proudly wear the Club pin. If you are bright and quick to send in your answers, you can join the "Success Club" too, and win a big cash prize and a dandy Christmas present as well.

Only boys and girls under fifteen years of age may send answers, and each boy and girl desiring his entry to compete for one of the fine prizes will be required to perform a small service for the Club for which an additional valuable reward will be given. Address your answers to

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Care of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD
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See the list of presents opposite

Study list of presents opposite.

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"No, it's out of the question. I won't give you a penny more than twenty. I can't afford that, but I've rather taken a fancy to the thing. Look here, I'll give you my card, and if you can't get your price, perhaps you'll think better of mine."

The dealer shook his head scornfully, as he took the card. Then he looked at it. "Why, I knew you were a gent of taste, but I little guessed I was addressing a well-known artist. I'm a great admirer of your work, sir. Come, sir, twenty-five quid. I wouldn't do it for anyone else, but I'm proud of the honor of transacting business with you."

In his heart, Bernard knew that the dealer had never heard of him, and that nothing but the address of his studio gave any clue to his profession. Nevertheless, he was not altogether displeased.

"Oh, well," he said, with a lofty smile, "I can't haggle over five pounds. Send it round this evening." Then he hastened homewards, anxious to tell Francesca and to be assured by her that he had committed a pardonable extravagance in the cause of art.

Such encouragement was not forthcoming however. Francesca was sitting by an inadequate fire, gloomily regarding a limp and dilapidated blouse, which refused to respond to all attempts at renovation. She listened to Bernard's account of the Pellegrino in silence. Then she asked, with a yawn, "What else did Pellegrino paint?" Bernard concealed ignorance with sad reproach. "My dear child, how can you? When you were at Lavigne's you wouldn't have asked such a question."

"No, I was less honest then than I am now," she retorted. "Housekeeping on nothing a year doesn't leave one time to bother about twopenny-halfpenny pictures."

"Really, Francesca, you exaggerate. And if people are poor, there's no reason why they shouldn't beautify their homes, and elevate their minds by art. Art is the one influence which —"

"Oh bother!" interrupted Francesca, "We can't afford art. What's the use of discussing a picture you can't dream of buying?"

"Well, er—I did think—such a bargain you know, and —"

"Bernard! you don't mean to say you intend to pay twenty-five pounds for a stupid picture, when we're so frightfully hard up? I never heard of such a thing! You know as well as I do that there are about six unpaid bills in the house; and if you don't pay the poor rate soon we shall get a summons. It's criminal to

talk of buying pictures. Poor, dear baby hasn't a thing to wear, and I'm in rags—literally in rags. But, of course, you don't care. You think of no one but yourself. We might both be dead and buried and you wouldn't care. I believe you would be g-glad."

She subsided in a burst of tears, and Bernard made his escape, conscious that he was a villain of the deepest dye. He did not dare to tell her that he had actually bought the picture, and was compelled to slip out in the evening, and hang about for an hour or so in order to intercept the precious canvas. Then the "Madonna and Child" was smuggled into the studio and modestly hidden from sight in a cupboard.

It was not mentioned again, but both Bernard and Francesca remembered the episode, and a little coldness grew up between them in consequence. Bernard was divided between remorse for his extravagance and annoyance that the frugality of his better half prevented him from showing off his treasure. Francesca was grieved at getting her own way, as is the manner of woman. Now these two young people were really attached to each other, in spite of their little affectations, and the disagreement worried them both. Their want of money seemed harder to bear; and as Christmas drew near, and they thought of the expenses it would bring, and of the avalanche of bills that would descend at the New Year, they were very unhappy indeed.

Then a delightful thing happened. An elderly aunt of Francesca's, who had not noticed her existence for years, actually sent a cheque for a hundred pounds. Francesca was a transformed creature. She paid the bills, she gave important orders to the tradesmen, she made herself and the baby gorgeous to behold, and was recklessly extravagant over presents for every friend she possessed. Lastly, she called Bernard into the studio with an air of excitement and mystery. There on the easel, with a wreath of holly encircling it, and looking uglier and dirtier than ever, was—the Pellegrino!

Bernard started with a guilty fear that his sin had found him out.

"There, aren't you surprised?" said Francesca, beaming at him.

"Very!" he answered truthfully, "So you found it?"

"Why, yes. Wasn't it fortunate? You know, dearest, I felt a perfect monster because I made such a fuss, and wouldn't let you buy it. Of course, we couldn't afford it, but then you can't think of such things. You are so much more artistic than I am. Then, when auntie sent that money, I felt more hateful than ever. So I went straight off to the old man in Bayswater Road to ask him if he had sold the picture. I was delighted when he told me that he hadn't. He said he had sent it away to have something done to it. I waited until it had come back from the restorer's, and I fetched it last night myself because I so wanted you to have a surprise. I must say I don't think it very beautiful. But then I have no taste in art at all, and, anyhow, it's nice to have such a valuable picture in the house. Do say you're pleased."

"You're the sweetest girl in the world," he said, as he kissed her tenderly.

Meanwhile he tried desperately to think of some means of getting rid of the other "priceless Pellegrino," still safely hidden in the studio cupboard.

How to Conquer

Hark! 'tis the Master calling, "Follow Me!"

Soldier of Christ, arise, it is for thee;
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So shall your darkest night be turned to day.

When you've enlisted, think not all is done,
For your life's battle has but just begun;
Fight the good fight, your heart keep ever pure;
Courage, true soldier! Whate'er you may endure.

Faint not, the dawn is breaking the sky,
Long has the battle been, victory is nigh.
Hark! you can hear His voice—your fight is won;
Soldier of Christ, to you He says, "Well done."

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OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

The Poor Rich and the Rich Poor

By Grace Worth

IN my immediate neighborhood there are three children out of school because of their "nerves." Two of these children are recovering from St. Vitus' dance; the third is just plain "spoiled." All three are children of professional people, standing high in the community. All three have mothers who are nervous wrecks.

The lawyer's wife, who is attended by many specialists, is struggling to regain health by medicine, diversion and religion, with spasmodic improvement.

The professor's wife never goes out, but resigns herself to melancholy and housekeeping.

The doctor's wife has a succession of incompetent helpers, with intervals between their coming and going, when the rooms are dusty and disordered, and beds unmade at four in the afternoon. Repeatedly she comes to the verge of nervous prostration and must have a change of climate and environment.

These women have pleasant homes and nire help when they can get helpers. They have good income, devoted husbands and loving children. Automobiles are at their service if they care to go out. Yet they are too nervous to enjoy these blessings.

Their homes have abundant and lovely furnishings, hardwood floors, soft rugs, all the furniture there is room for, quantities of china, and an abundance of silver—all to be cared for. There are jardinières with palms and other potted plants, and, usually, conservatory flowers. There are pictures, books, magazines, piano, victrola, extension telephones—in fact all the conveniences and luxuries that women covet are theirs.

The lawyer's wife and the doctor's wife entertain frequently. Their husbands wish it, and they have everything to do with. It would be selfish not to share their homes. So there are dinner parties, children's parties, evening parties, and always company for Sunday dinner. They keep "open house" and are very hospitable. The mothers of these nervous children are very, very seldom alone.

The door bell is frequently ringing and the many friends drop in for a chat. O, no! None of them come so very often, but the family acquaintance is large and it won't do to offend these friends by not seeing them.

The children of these households get candy every day. There is plenty of money to buy it, besides plenty of friends to bring it as an easy return for the hospitality of the house mistress.

The children do not go to bed early. Father likes to take them out in the auto in the evening. In winter there are picture shows in the gaily lighted downtown district. In summer he likes to take them to band concerts at the park. He means to bring them home early as mother says but they begged to stay for the last film or they meet friends just as they are starting. At home dinner is often late, especially when there is company. These friends enjoy seeing the children, or the mothers think they do, so the children are dressed up like little dolls and allowed to stay up "a little while." What's the use of having money if your children can't have pretty clothes, and what's the use of their having such clothes if they never wear them?

When mother has company in the evening the guests must come upstairs to lay off their wraps. Down stairs the door bell is ringing and strange footsteps tread the hall, and the piano player is making a joyful noise. The children can't sleep if they do go to bed, so why put them there, poor little things, to lie awake fretting? So they stay up and when refreshments are passed the children are allowed to have "just a little." The big kind man who sits next to Harriet thinks "mother was a little stingy" and piles the little one's plate with more salad and cake and ice cream. He feels generous in doing it.

Even on nights when there is nothing special going on, the children have no habit of regular sleep at early hours and so cannot sleep. Harriet's mother says "Why, if I do put her to bed early she just can't go to sleep and some of us have to stay with her, and you know that's pretty hard these hot nights."

These little neighbors of mine cannot attend school. They tried it for a little

while last fall. The school system is "such a machine," you see, and "doesn't consider the individual child." The teachers "made such a fuss" if the children were "just a few minutes" late in the morning, and these children were too delicate to attend regularly, anyway. They soon got behind the rest and discouraged. That made them so nervous they had to be taken out. So they have lessons at home when the older members of the family can attend to it, which isn't often.

The three nervous ones play together. The children who are not nervous are all in school, you see. It never occurs to the mothers apparently that these children might react upon one another. But the mothers are so nervous too. They are just not equal to coping with fretful, discontented children and keeping them amused, even if they had the time.

Right in the same neighborhood there is a poor woman. She is so poor that there is only one large rug in the whole house. That is in the living room, where she and the children and the father all gather in the evenings to read or to play games about the beautiful, glowing open fire. There is not one piece of furniture in the house that isn't

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Read the statement made by a representative of this magazine on page 37, and get this machine, because you want big value for your money. Haven't you always wanted a real talking machine? Here it is. You know this is not an old style cylinder machine, and you do not need a table or stand with it. The Melotone is complete. Don't wait another day to order, because quick action will be necessary to get prompt delivery, as our output is limited. Send your remittance in to-day. Our money-back guarantee and this paper protects you.

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References:
Union Bank, Winnipeg



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CUT OUT

SATIS-
FACTION
GUARANTEED
OR MONEY
BACK

A FULL
CABINET
TALKING
MACHINE FOR
LESS THAN
OTHER TABLE
MACHINES

needed and needed badly. The woman thinks she needs other pieces badly too. The children can have their friends in to play as often as they like, because the furniture is so cheap and so old that mother doesn't worry. When she has an occasional chance caller who dwells in the halls of fashion it is a little embarrassing, though.

"Entertaining" is quite out of the question. All the beds are full of rosy-cheeked boys and girls. There is no guest room and the dishes are a miscellaneous assortment. You see the children have to "do them" usually, and there are accidents. There have been accidents to the bric-a-brac too, in the course of raising this large family. So it is comparatively easy to keep a sanitariously clean house.

There is no telephone. It cannot be afforded.

The poor woman does all her own housework and sewing. She has a good washing machine and a sewing machine, but few of the other modern conveniences. By nine o'clock in the morning the breakfast dishes are done and the whole house is in order for the day. The children do this mostly while the mother plans the meals and directs the little ones.

The mother is not nervous and she is not ill. She is a small woman with a delicate frame. Her days were spent in the school room until she was twenty-five. While she works she thinks and studies and plans for those she loves.

The cooking is not hard. There is no time to make elaborate desserts. Instead they just have a simple pudding or fruit. The grocery bill is large anyway. It takes so much money for meat, vegetables, milk, fruit, and staple groceries, that there is nothing left for pies, candy, ice cream sodas, mineral waters, or fancy canned goods. The mother just has to put up her own fruits and bake at home.

The children have all been held to regular, early hours of sleep. There is no automobile and even not money enough for carfare. Mother cannot give parties, neither can they. Even picture shows can only be afforded occasionally and are a great treat. So mother has plenty of time for a little reading before the early bed time of the little ones, and the older children have long, quiet, uninterrupted

evenings for study. They all stand well in school and can attend regularly.

This poor woman isn't even swamped with sewing. There is no need for any but simple, serviceable clothing, no money for finery or style. When people go out so little and live so quietly style doesn't matter much.

So the mother has time to be with her children, to train them, teach them, and talk to them. There is even time to paint with Robbie and to make doll's clothes for Edith, or to play tennis after school with the boys.

All the children are great walkers. They have had to learn to be from babies. It takes so much carfare for a large family to ride wherever they go.

But they do have such good times in that family. All the children in the neighborhood like to fairly "live" at that poor woman's house.

Now which is the poor family, after all? Study the assets:

The Poor Rich—

Hardwood floors.
Handsome furniture.
Fine linen.
Beautiful china.
Silver and jewelry.
Lovely, stylish clothes.
Automobile.
Telephone.
Servants.
Travel.
Advantages of "society."
A large circle of acquaintances.
Social position.
Every luxury the market affords.

The Rich Poor—

Strong, perfectly healthy bodies.
No "nerves."
Necessity for abundant exercise.
Restfulness.
Quiet.
Time to think and study.
Time to read.
Time to enjoy family life.
Friends who come for love, not for what they get.
Plain, wholesome food.
A homelike, simple environment.
Education; a good standing in school.
Training in work.
Mothering.

At the end of twenty years which column will yield the best interest on the investment?

The Career of Jenny

By David Lyall

"Hae ye heard that Jenny Ransome has run away frae Hill o' Cairnie?" inquired Sammy Reid, the Broomferry postman, as he handed two letters to Miss Caroline Gentles at her house in the Broad Wynd of Broomferry.

"What for has she run away from Cairnie, Sammy?" inquired the old schoolmistress with an anxious air. Her letters were important, but her attention was diverted from them to the piece of disquieting news Sammy had delivered at every house he had stopped at on the way down.

He scratched his head, and shot out his underlip, while his one good eye gleamed under his shaggy brows.

"I should say, Miss Gentles, that she ran away because she had enough o'd. In a general way that's what gars folk rin away frae onything in this world."

But Miss Gentles was not reassured, nor, indeed, much enlightened.

"Jenny's no a body's money, ye ken, Miss Gentles, but when she's wi' the richt folk, she's a hard worker and she has a wey wi' her; oh, yes, she has a wey. But she needs guidin'."

Now these words smote Miss Gentles in a vulnerable spot. It was borne in upon her that she might have done more in the way of guiding the orphan girl who had once been her most brilliant pupil. Had she but persisted in her desire to offer her a place in her own quiet household as companion under the supervision of her trusted maid, Susan Bell, Jenny might have gone forth to the battle of life better equipped.

But the two elderly women had shrunk with a very natural shrinking from introducing such a disturbing element into their quiet lives, and Miss Gentles had contented herself with procuring various places for Jenny, none of which had proved to be the right niche.

"When did it happen, Samuel, and do they know where she has gone?"

"It happened yesterday, and they do not ken whaur she has gone, and as faur as I could see they dinna care. But the cook drappit a hint. She said that it was on account of the Captain's nephew that has been stoppin' at Hill o' Cairnie since Christmas."

"Thank you, Sammy," said Miss Gentles. She re-entered the house, read her letters, which were satisfactory, then, after a brief colloquy with Susan Bell, she dressed herself in readiness for a walk. It was a bright winter morning, with a slight powdering of snow lying on the frozen ground, a blue sky overhead, and a brilliant sun which made the exercise of walking ideal. Miss Gentles had two and a half miles in front of her, but footed it briskly, and reached her destination between eleven and twelve, just when the sun was at its brightest, and the day in full glory.

Miss Gentles was conscious of a sharp sense of discomfort and apprehension as she approached the long bare house on the windy hill of Cairnie, and it was only a strong conception of duty which gave her courage to go on. Her inquiry for Mrs. Hill Stonor was met by a dubious shake of the head on the part of the manservant.

"She's not downstairs yet, madam, but if the captain will do—"

"The captain will do, thank you. Please to tell him that Miss Gentles, from Broomferry, would like to speak to him for a few moments."

The man ushered her into a small study, where Miss Gentles was left to recover herself. The walk had heightened her color, and her sweet canec-like face was wonderfully attractive, with its becoming frame of soft white hair, and its kind, illuminating eyes.

Miss Gentles, however, was not at all concerned with her appearance, and when the captain, a somewhat bluff, fierce-looking individual, entered the room, she rose with a little nervous flutter.

"I must apologize, Captain Stonor," she said quickly. "It is a matter which perhaps concerns Mrs. Stonor more nearly, but I am informed that she has not yet come downstairs, and as I have had a long walk I ventured to ask for you."

"Quite right, Miss Gentles. My wife is up, but not ready for visitors yet. Fact is she's had an upset in her household, and one of them's run away."

"Yes, it is that I have come about, Captain Stonor, the little girl Jenny Ransome, who came to Mrs. Stonor a few months ago as useful help."

The captain smiled grimly.

"Whoever recommended her, Miss Gentles, didn't do us a good turn—"

"Why, it was I who recommended her, captain. Jenny was the very brightest pupil I ever had through my hands, and she only wanted a little guiding."

The captain nodded.

"Precisely, but Hill o' Cairnie was hardly the place for a lassie that needed guiding. I'm afraid we need it ourselves. But we needn't beat about the bush. My nephew, or rather my wife's nephew, has been here since Christmas, and he fell in love with the girl. All the trouble has been about that."

"Jenny couldn't help that, Captain," said Miss Gentles, spiritedly. "And it was surely the young gentleman's part to keep away from a young girl who had the protection of his aunt's house."

"Admirable sentiment, dear lady, but vulgarly speaking, it won't wash," observed the captain grimly. "I'm not saying anything against the girl. I may tell you honestly I liked her, she was a sunbeam in the house; I've never known a more willing creature, and I don't blame him. But, of course, his aunt was furious, and spoke very sharp words to the girl, so that she ran away, left all her things here, too. I suppose she has gone home?"

"She hasn't any home, Captain Stonor. She came direct from her last place at Briars Manse to you, and I want to know where she is now."

The captain shook his head perplexedly.

"I'm sorry I can't give you the information, because I don't possess it."

"Your nephew is here still. Could you ask him? If he has been so deeply interested in her, he probably knows where she has gone."

"You may take my word for it that he doesn't know. He's very much upset about it, and there have been several scenes between him and his

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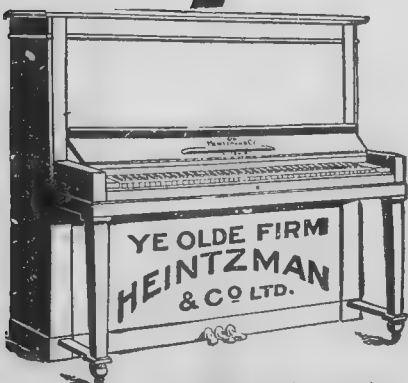
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aunt. I keep outside of it all, but I liked the little girl, and I'm sorry this has happened. Who is she, anyhow, Miss Gentles?"

"Her father was the doctor at Portna-ferry, and died when she was very young, leaving her without a mother, and almost penniless. She drifted to Broomferry somehow, and several have had a hand in her upbringing. She was at my school for four years; just before she went to Briars Manse."

"And she hasn't been seen about Broomferry since yesterday, you say?"

"No; I'm very anxious about her."

"I shouldn't like any harm to come to the lassie, Miss Gentles, but what are we to do?"

"I'll go back and speak to the sergeant; Jenny had a very passionate, hasty temper, but I hope she would not do any harm to herself."

"Oh, bless me, no; that would be an awful thing. Don't suggest it, Miss Gentles. If you'll sit down for ten minutes or so, I'll get a horse put in and drive down with you."

Every inquiry was made in Broomferry and the surrounding district, but nothing more was heard of Jenny Ransome for many a day. Perhaps the one who had the most uneasy mind over it was Miss Gentles. She fell ill after a time, with an illness so serious that a trained nurse had to be fetched from Glasgow to look after her, which was naturally a sore dispensation on Susan Bell. But when she opened the door to admit the nurse, she gave a little cry, and a light shone over all her rugged face.

"Jenny Ransome, as I'm a living woman!"

"Yes, Susan, I hoped you wouldn't recognize me, and I only came because I wanted so much to see dear Miss Gentles again. Promise me you won't tell a living soul in Broomferry I'm here."

Susan promised blithely enough, and a delightful month ensued in the old house in the Broad Wynd, where Miss Gentles was slowly nursed back to health and strength by the most winsome nurse that had ever made sunshine in a sick room. One day in the last week of the month during which the secret of Jenny Ransome's return to Broomferry had been secretly guarded, a carriage drove up in hot haste to Miss Gentles's house, and a footman delivered a peremptory message to Susan Bell. There had been an accident, he told her, and he was bidden to bring Miss Gentles's nurse without fail to Hill o' Cairnie, and to take no denial. He produced a note from his mistress to that effect, which Susan Bell carried to the dining room, where her mistress and the nurse were at that moment having tea together. A hurried discussion took place, Jenny demurring. But something stronger than her wish and will seemed to settle the question, and in less than ten minutes' time Jenny's bag was on the box and herself inside the carriage, and the fleet horses covering the distance to Hill o' Cairnie. And Jenny Ransome came no more to the Broad Wynd of Broomferry, save as an occasional, and well-beloved visitor from the bleak house on the windy Hill o' Cairnie.

Next day when Doctor Cuthill came to pay his usual visit to Miss Gentles, there was an air of quiet satisfaction about him, a little twinkle in his eye which spoke volumes.

"Tell me about Jenny, Doctor," said Miss Gentles, without a moment's preliminary. "Was it you that got her taken up to Cairnie?"

"Yes, and the best day's work ever I did. The captain had an accident with his gun yesterday, and for a man of his age it might be serious. There was not time to lose, and I wanted somebody to help me."

"What did Mrs. Stonor say when she saw Jenny?"

"She didn't recognize her, my woman. Her sight is not so very good, and she's fallen desperately in love with her. We, that's looking on, will see all the fun."

"But is it quite honest, Doctor?" inquired Miss Gentles gravely. "Mrs. Stonor might have cause to be very angry if she knew."

"I'll risk it, and the nephew has been telegraphed for, and will be here the morn for the first time since Jenny left Hill o' Cairnie; and I heard it from Mrs. Stonor's lips this morning, that their hearts have been sore about the breach, and that she regrets what she did

about the lassie, for the young man has never forgotten her, and, his aunt says, never will."

"It's wonderful, but she's a dear lassie, Doctor, and fit for any Stonor among them."

"Just what I thought, Miss Gentles. I'll come in every day on my way back from Hill o' Cairnie, and charge you nothing for reporting Jenny day by day."

"Here's the limmer to account for herself. Oh, there's been bonnie on-gauns at Cairnie, I promise ye, Miss Gentles. It's time ye had her in hand again."

He only waited to let her alight, and she ran in and with laughter and tears flung herself on the kind breast of her old friend.

"Oh, everybody's so kind, and I'm so happy, and I don't deserve it all," she cried breathlessly.

"Deserve what, my lassie?"

"Oh, everything; the captain has been making his will this morning all over again, and it includes me, and—I'm not coming back any more to Broomferry, dear Miss Caroline. Hubert is going abroad with his regiment immediately after we are married, and I'm to stop at Cairnie till he comes back."

"And Mrs. Stonor?"

"It was she who made the arrangement; oh, it is all very wonderful," said the girl, with a quiver in her voice. "I have often thought there could not be a God who cared about folks, but—but now I know."—British Weekly.

Nora's Wedding

Barbara Kelsey dropped into a chair before Anne McNeil's fire, tossed aside her furs, and turned an excited face to her friend.

"Have you heard about Nora's wedding?" she asked. "I never was so much disappointed in anyone. I love Nora; that's why it hurts. To have her so frivolous—at a time like this!"

Anne leaned forward to push back a blazing stick of hickory.

"I can't imagine Nora frivolous," she said.

"Neither could I, before. But to have a big, fashionable wedding when her mother hasn't been dead a year—white satin—and Nora thirty-eight!—and four bridesmaids—"

"Six," Anne corrected her.

"Six! And you say Nora isn't frivolous!"

"Are you sure," Anne asked quietly, "that you have it all straight?"

"Evidently not! I had only heard of four bridesmaids," Barbara retorted. "I suppose you think I'm foolish, and that it's none of my business, but I admired Nora so! I thought her such a splendid big woman, and to see her acting like a girl of twenty—"

Anne looked down into the fire.

"You didn't know Nora at twenty," she said gently; "I did. She was the most exquisite girl. She was engaged to Bruce Revell. I never saw anyone so happy as those two children were—unless it was Nora's mother! I believe Mrs. Malcolm was as happy as Nora in planning the wedding. Nora was to wear white satin and have six bridesmaids."

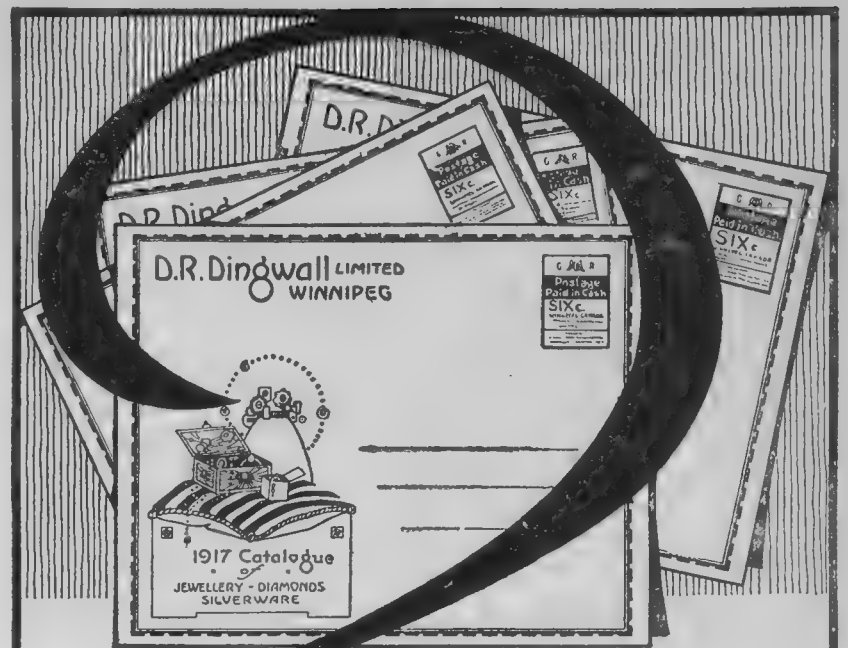
"Then Bruce was killed in a railway accident. It almost killed Nora, too; for months we did not think she would live. I think her mother saved her by sheer loving. She came out of it the Nora you know."

"When, last year, Mrs. Malcolm knew that she couldn't live long, Nora's engagement to Doctor Moulton was the greatest comfort to her. Over and over she planned the wedding; she insisted on working on the wedding gown—she never could think of Nora as anything except a girl, you know."

"Oh!" Barbara cried. "I never guessed—"

"I knew you didn't, dear. And the bridesmaids are all Nora's nieces—she wanted to give them that pleasure. Two of them are very poor; she has had their gowns made and is planning the loveliest supper for them! And the guests—her Sunday-school boys and their wives—all who have wives. All the children of the neighborhood are to come in an hour before the wedding to see her and have a box of wedding cake."

Barbara was impetuously putting on her furs. "I'm going to see Nora this minute!" she cried.



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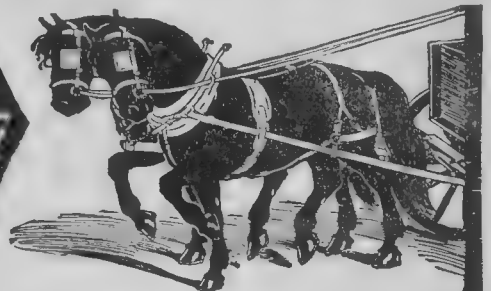
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The Philosopher

A Name to be Held in Honor

In addition to the towering summit in the Rockies which has been named Mount Edith Cavell, there is to be Lake Edith Cavell and an Edith Cavell river in this Dominion. That there will be memorials in other parts of the Empire to the heroic English nurse martyred by the Germans in Belgium is certain. Generations yet unborn will honor the memory of Edith Cavell, whose name, through all the years to come, will live in human memory.

German Gullibility

The simple credulity of the German people, their gullibility in obediently swallowing the fictions in regard to the progress of the war prepared for them by their rulers, has been manifested in an extraordinary measure in connection with the falsehoods concocted at Berlin and published in the official statements about the Zeppelin raids. It was announced, for example, after one of the recent raids, that the bombs dropped from the Zeppelins had killed 15,000 persons in England. In a recent issue of the *Magdeburg Zeitung*, a writer professing himself to be a neutral who had visited England this summer, stated that "the Zeppelins were driving the English mad at such a rate that the sanatoriums and lunatic asylums are full to overflowing, so that the wounded from the front can no longer find room in those institutions." The official German reports are almost as fantastic as this. But there are signs that the truth is beginning to penetrate the minds of the German people. When will they realize how they have been duped and gulled by their rulers?

Canada in the War

Our country has raised an army five times as numerous as the whole force which Napoleon had under his command at Waterloo. Canada is spending a million dollars a day for the maintenance and support of that army. Canadian manhood has given proof of its quality against the best troops of Germany, and Canadian courage, gallantry and efficiency at the front have won for our nation, in the sight of the whole world, a reputation which has made the name "Canadian" one to be proud of. What the Canadian people have done, and are doing, in the war, has been done, and is being done, absolutely of our own free will and determination, and strong as our national spirit was before the war, the response thus made to the call of honor and of duty has made our national spirit stronger and more unquenchable than ever.

Women and the War

"The old argument against giving women the franchise," writes Lord Northcliffe in the *London Daily Mail*, "was that they were useless in war. But now we could not carry on the war without them. They are running many of our industries and their services may justly be compared with those of the soldiers." The conversion of Lord Northcliffe, one of the most powerful men in the Conservative party, owner of the *London Times*, the *London Daily Mail* and many other journals, is highly significant of the great changes now under way in Great Britain. He has been a determined foe to the enfranchisement of women. Among the marvellous transformations which have been wrought in the very fabric of life by the war is the realization of the importance of women's co-operation with man—co-operation which is not merely a help, but a vital necessity and has grown wider in its scope as the war has gone on.

A Great Beneficial Change

Now that the referendum vote on prohibition in British Columbia has resulted in a decision in the affirmative, it will be only a few months before that province actually joins the prohibition column. There can be no doubt as to what the result of the referendum to be held in Saskatchewan on the question of the abolition of the dispensary system will be. So that it is only a matter of months until the sale of intoxicants will be prohibited throughout the whole of Western Canada, to the full limit of the constitutional power of the provinces to prohibit. Under the provisions of the British North America Act, it is unconstitutional for provincial legislation to attempt to interfere with inter-provincial trade; it is thus impossible for any province to prevent individuals from importing for their own use intoxicants from outside the province and having in their residences intoxicants so obtained. The restrictive liquor legislation which is now in operation in Canada is not prohibitive up to the full extent of the provincial jurisdiction. But, to state the matter briefly, in a few months the sale of alcohol in bars, shops or clubs will be illegal anywhere between the Ottawa River and the Pacific Ocean. Two-thirds of the parishes of Quebec (the western boundary of which province is the Ottawa River) are dry, and from the eastern boundary of Quebec prohibition prevails throughout all the rest of Canada—New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia—to the Atlantic Ocean. There are a few who think that there will be some reaction after the war. But the overwhelming weight of informed opinion is that the bar has disappeared never to return.

"A New British Habit"

In looking over the latest of his English newspapers to hand, The Philosopher notes in the *Manchester Guardian* an article on "A New British Habit," and is surprised to find that the habit referred to is gum-chewing. It appears that this practice has made great headway in Great Britain since the war began, and that since the beginning of the great advance chewing gum has taken its place among the regular army rations. "Although the Canadians demanded it," says the *Manchester paper*, "we may not put the blame on them. The simple explanation seems to be that munition workers and soldiers on the march and in the trenches wanted something to chew, and gum, being a more or less innocuous commercial commodity, has leaped into an immense popularity." The *Manchester paper* adds that whatever else may be said of it, it "is not a pretty habit." The Philosopher has often found himself drawn into a fascinated study of its manifestations here in Winnipeg, and cannot conscientiously describe any of them as "pretty."

Another "Explanation" from Berlin

General Botha, in command of the South African Union forces, having proclaimed to the world that the German commander in what used to be German Southwest Africa, poisoned wells as he retreated, the Berlin Government has issued an indignant denial and an "explanation." No German general, it declares, would ever order such a reprehensible thing, and that all he did was to put salt and "sheep dip," and such like chemicals in the wells and water springs, so that the enemy toiling to them across the sun-scorched veldt, would find the water undrinkable. Poison the water holes? Oh, no! But these humane proceedings of that officer of Kultur have not prevented General Botha and the khaki-wearing forces of British and Boers, side by side like brothers, from carrying out vigorously their work of so effectually verminifying Southwest Africa of Prussianism that the water in the wells and water holes in its arid regions will be found drinkable hereafter by all travellers eager to quench their thirst.

A Prophet on "Lesser Places"

Stephen B. Leacock, whose celebrity as our leading Canadian humorist has decidedly eclipsed the fact that he is a lecturer on political economy in McGill University, Montreal, predicts a great influx of immigration into this country after the war, and a great boom, in consequence of that inflowing of population and the impetus it will give to the development of Canada's natural resources. "The boom will be chiefly in the transportation centres—in Montreal, Fort William, Winnipeg and very greatly in Edmonton, the distributing point of the Last West, the land of the sunset; the Peace River Valley, into which settlers will pour in hundreds of thousands," writes Mr. Leacock, in his role of prophet. "The boom will spread by attraction to lesser places, or places in the midway of the immigration movement—Toronto, Saskatoon and Swift Current." Is it any wonder that a Saskatoon paper enquires scornfully: "Is Mr. Leacock trying to kid us?"

The Population of the Empire

One of the most striking of recent utterances by men holding prominent places in the public life of the Empire has been made by Sir George Foster, who recently visited the West with the Dominions' Commission (of which he is chairman), in the course of the work entrusted by the British Government to that body, of discovering how best to promote trade and commerce within the Empire. Sir George conjures up a vision of the Empire in the years to come, when the population of the overseas Dominions will be greater than the population of Great Britain. But even with a growth greatly exceeding anything heretofore, it will hardly be in the next generation that this vision of Sir George Foster will be realized. It has been calculated that if Canada progresses at the rate she has progressed since Confederation, there will be 20,000,000 Canadians when the first century since Confederation is completed in 1967. This Dominion, whose population was recorded as 7,200,000 by the census of 1911, is now probably close upon the 8,000,000 mark. Australia and New Zealand combined have about 6,500,000 people within their borders. Of course, there are parts of the Empire which, in population, rank ahead of Great Britain. But their population is overwhelmingly of the colored races. The white population of the whole Empire is 60,000,000, of whom 45,878,500 live in Great Britain. The colored population of the Empire numbers 370,000,000, of whom 315,000,000 live in India and Ceylon. The black races make up 40,000,000, the Arabs, 6,000,000, and the Malays a like number; and there are also the Chinese and Polynesian subjects to be taken into account. Of the United Kingdom itself, Scotland and Ireland have not of recent years been growing in population; they lose great numbers by emigration. England, on the other hand, though also losing great numbers by emigration, has actually gained year after year in population. By the census of 1911 England was found to contain 36,070,492 people, out of the total of 45,878,500 people in all Great Britain.

What Germany Must Learn

When will the German people come to recognize the perfidy and falseness of the education which they have received from their Prussian masters? The effects of Kultur upon the German mind have been such as to make the German mind incomprehensible to minds that are not German. As one of the outstanding exponents of Kultur has said, none but a German can understand a German. But the time must come when the German mind will understand that its dominating ideas, which have caused this war, are all wrong. The German people will realize that these ideas are wrong, when overwhelming defeat has proved them to be failures. They will then realize that their Prussian masters are not "supermen" destined to establish Teutonic world-domination, and that ruthless force of cruel, torturing military absolutism makes itself the master of human destiny.

Their Own Blood Revolteth

Through the thoroughness of the British blockade of Germany there came into the hands of the naval authorities recently a document of formal protest to Berlin signed by Director Huber and Professors Niepage, Spieler and Graetner, of the German high school at Aleppo, in regard to Turkey's atrocities against the Christian people under Turkish power, which have been carried on with the sanction of Germany. The document deals specially with the expulsion of the Armenians from their homes, and their wholesale destruction. "Of the 18,000 people driven out of Charput and Sivas, only 350 reached Aleppo," says this document. "Even those lying at the water's edge are not allowed to drink. Europeans are prohibited from distributing bread among them. The Germans, with some laudable exceptions, witness these things quite unperturbed, holding out this excuse: 'We need only the Turks.' It will always remain a terrible stain on Germany's honor, for generations to come." These are not the words of British, or French, or Russian, or even Armenian critics. They are the words of Germans. We may wonder in what form the wrath of Berlin will fall on Director Huber and Professors Niepage, Spieler and Graetner, of the German high school at Aleppo, for this treason of theirs to frightfulness. Away off in their remote corner of the earth, no doubt, the news was kept from them of the example which had been set in Belgium for the Turks to imitate in Armenia.

The Treaty about Birds

The treaty ratified by the Senate at Washington a couple of weeks ago, by which this country and the United States are to act in co-operation for the protection of migratory birds, is the first document of its kind in history. It is an important measure in conservation, both humane and wise, and is destined to be of immense material value to this whole continent. It provides that no bird which is of value to agriculture as an insect-destroyer, shall be shot, or otherwise killed, at any time; also that no open season for any game bird shall extend anywhere in Canada or the United States for more than three months and a half; and, further, that both this country and the United States shall so restrict open seasons for game birds as to prevent their being taken during the breeding season. Heretofore, there had been no uniformity in bird protection laws; varieties of birds protected in some parts of this country were slaughtered indiscriminately in others. The consent of every Province, as of every State, had to be secured to this treaty, and Nova Scotia and British Columbia resisted for a long time. The objections to the treaty came from sportsmen, but the importance of the ends justified the persistence of the efforts on behalf of the treaty as a measure of conservation of natural resources.

What Have We to be Thankful for?

The second Monday of last month was selected by the Dominion Government to be Thanksgiving Day. With the whole world under the shadow of the Great War, which has brought bereavement to many Canadian hearts and grief to every heart that, though not knowing actual bereavement, pulses in sympathy with human agonies and human sorrows, we Canadians can truly feel, as a nation, we have many things to be thankful for. While our own land has not known what invasion by hostile armies means, Canada's sons have proved their manhood by their rallying to the cause of humanity and freedom and acquitting themselves in battle with a spirit that has won the admiration of all the world. Our land is blessed with abundance of all good things; but the lesson of this war-time Thanksgiving Day to us is surely not to associate our giving of thanks with material blessings. The real blessings of life are not what the hands may grasp, but what the heart may hold. These are the greatest and deepest things of life—the joys of children, the happiness of youth and love, the privileges and duties of parenthood, of bringing up healthy boys and girls to be noble men and women, the serene influences of home life, the aspirations of manhood and of womanhood, and our national ideals and our duty to our country and to ourselves to do our part to let nothing destroy those ideals and high purposes for which true Canadianism stands.



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Belts, Corsets, Laces and Lungs

By Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)

WHILE it is true that the poise,
weight, age and height of a person
has much to do at any particular
time, with the capacity of the chest to
hold air, health and vigor, no less than
muscular habits, have almost as much to
do with the air-volume of the lungs.

Anyone may easily test his lung capa-
city by breathing out all of the air in his
lungs, loosening all garments or standing
almost nude, to take then a deep inspira-
tion, thus filling the "lights" to their full-
est capacity. If the chest is now measured
and the contents of the lungs are expelled
into the mouth piece of an instrument
called a "lung tester" or spirometer, an
arrow or indicator will mark off the number
of cubic inches of air blown into the
nozzle by the one explosive, expiratory
effort.

In the erect posture an average person
of five feet, nine inches in height, will
yield a measure of 246 cubic inches. One
of five feet, ten inches, otherwise the same,
may yield evidence of 254 cubic inches.

Taller men often show 262 cubic inches
of air in their lungs, or an increase of about
8 cubic inches to each additional inch of
height and in good health.

In some doubtful conditions, a physiolo-
gist may form a judgment of the individ-
ual's health. If the person seems to be well
but is not earning as much as might be
expected, a lung test may explain matters.
If he is 5 feet 9 inches and registers a
lung capacity of 160 instead of 246, some
abomination to health may be justly
suspected.

A gallon contains about 277 cubic
inches or 8 pints, the amount of air ex-
pired by a vigorous six footer.

Obese persons have more or less inter-
ference with breathing, because of the
adipose tissue around the ribs, diaphragm,
bronchial tubes and lungs. It weighs
down the respiratory machinery and pre-
vents a complete expulsion of stale vapors
and waste gases.

Similarly, since the amount of sunlit,
fresh air inhaled depends upon the spaces
left in the lungs after exhalation, it fol-
lows that persons inclined to rotundity
and embonpoint sometimes receive less
fresh air than the slender.

Indeed, the weight of fat in the abdo-
men and around other structures impedes
the ascent and descent of the air tubes.
The mechanism of respiration is ballasted
and unbuoyed.

Almost as mischievous, if not more so,
than a deficient lung capacity is the
puffing, asthmatic, broken-winded indi-
vidual who thinks himself a near-Carusus,
or who perpetrates his follies through a
cornet, a French horn, a trombone, or
some of the various wind instruments.
Of emphysema and bronchiectasis, two
maladies of the over-stretched lung struc-
tures, I have often spoken.

Singing exercises under the best teach-
ers, dumb bells, swimming and Indian
club exercises all help to give elasticity
and tone to the human lung apparatus.
They maintain a good, average number
of cubic inches of air space as well as
they prevent undue, over-expansion of the
delicate, pulmonary tissue.

Belts, laces and corsets when worn
short of full compression of the flesh, are
eminently proper and in no wise harmful.
Drawn in, however, to the degree of an
hour-glass at the waist line, turning the
form of Venus or Apollo into an egg-cup,
spells disaster to the air-volume of the
lungs, the mobility of the stomach, and
the very freedom of the heart itself.

The circumference of the waist of a
woman of medium height and weight, if
not put in the vice of stays and corsets
beyond reason, should be about 29 inches,
not 20 inches or even less, so often en-
countered in the tightly laced.

Floating kidneys, loose stomach, painful
menstruation have all been blamed by
surgeons, perhaps not unjustly, upon the
same causes. Is there any wonder, then,
that the lungs, too, light and balloon-like

as they are, should mount skyward to-
wards the shoulders, diminished in volume
and tone?

For those tainted with tuberculosis or
any pulmonary disease, corsets and stays,
even when most loose, hamper the resil-
iency of the lungs. All allegiance to this
modish custom must be put in abeyance
or cut in twain, if every molecule of avail-
able oxygen is to be ensnared for health.
Finally, carry out the practices and exer-
cises suggested in these columns and do all
things needed to aid the chest in its duty
to re-establish its pristine physiology, its
native splendor of beauty and form.

Not Her Pie

Hostess (at party) — "Does your
mother allow you to have two pieces
of pie when you are at home, Willie?"

Willie (who has asked for a second
piece) — "No, ma'am."

"Well, do you think she would like
you to have two pieces here?"

"Oh" (confidently), "she wouldn't
care. This isn't her pie!" — S. C. Clarke,
Rhode Island.

A Possible Chance

A young man who last month received
his diploma has been looking around
successively for a position, employment
and a job. Entering an office the other
day, he asked to see the manager, and
while waiting for that gentleman to be-
come disengaged, he said to the office
boy:

"Do you suppose there is any opening
here for a college graduate?"

"Well, dere will be," was the reply,
"if de boss don't raise me salary to three
dollars a week by termorrer night." —
S. C. Clarke, Rhode Island.

The Mel-O-Tone

The latest addition to Winnipeg's
ever increasing array of industries is
the Mel-O-Tone Company, manufactur-
ers of high-class talking machines at
popular prices. A representative of The
Western Home Monthly recently had
the pleasure of being conducted through
the factory and was able to see the
machines in all their different stages of
manufacture, and a most interesting
afternoon was spent by the group of
newspapermen present. We have no
hesitation in declaring the Mel-O-Tone
to be the equal of any talking machine
we have heard, while it enhances the
appearance of any room. Several differ-
ent types of machines are manufactured
but we were particularly interested in
one finished in genuine oak, standing
three feet high, which would have been
good value at \$75, but which we were
told is being put on the market for
\$39.50. These machines play any make
of disc record, and the reproducer will
take either sapphire point or needles.
The sound box is excellent, every detail
of the orchestration being brought to
the surface and beautifully modulated,
we particularly remember a song from
Rigoletto which enthralled us all as we
listened to the angelic tones from the
golden-throated soprano.

The Mel-O-Tone is going to be a name
to conjure with in the musical world, or
we miss our guess. The manager in-
forms us that the reason the company is
able to sell their machines at such very
low prices is because everything is made
in Winnipeg, and that no dealers or
jobbers are employed, the machine being
actually sold direct from the manufac-
turer to the consumer—no middleman at
all—and that means a saving to the con-
sumer of no less than \$35. We recom-
mend the Mel-O-Tone as an excellent
talking machine—admirably suited to
the needs of the western farmer.



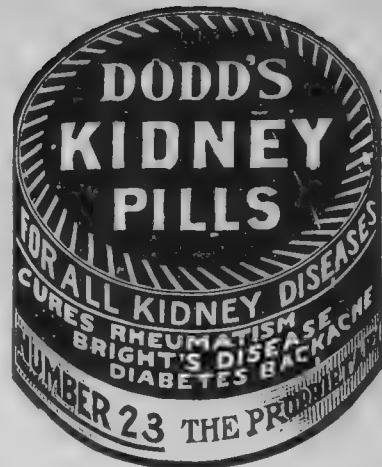
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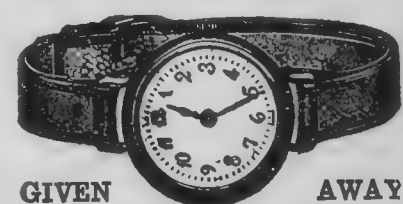
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About the Farm

Bothersome Dogs

The dog is remarkable for his sagacity, his fidelity and his usefulness — sometimes just. In other cases he is just "plain dog" or, mayhap, he is worse; he may be a mean, snapping, snarling cur, a terror to neighbor's children, a tormentor to every horse and driver that passes down the road, and, perhaps—although he has few chances in this country—he may be a worrier of sheep.

Just why the owners keep such dogs is nearly always a conundrum to the neighborhood, but then it is a puzzle as to why some people do a great many things, anyway. In most cases where these useless curs exist, the principle reason is probably that, as nobody else has the legal right to shoot them off, and the owners never get up spunk enough to do the act, the dogs just live on. It is an unfortunate thing that such dogs rarely give their owners one-tenth the annoyance that they give the rest of the public, or there would be fewer of them. Once in a while, too, such a dog is so wary even of his own nominal owner that this person finds it almost impossible to put him out of the way. The writer once knew a dog that lived for months in a neighborhood where almost every farmer, even to its owner, had his gun loaded for him, and he had been shot at so often that he had turned into a wild thing, a half terror to the neighborhood. Such cases are rare, but the number of instances where practi-

three weeks of life. In many cases scours appear within a few hours after the animal is born, and the calf may die within twenty-four to forty-eight hours unless it receives prompt and proper treatment. It is common for the calf to be afflicted with scours immediately at birth, even before it has had time to suck or take any nourishment whatever.

The first indication of scours is the soiled condition of the tail, loss of appetite, sunken eyes, sometimes the saliva flowing from the mouth, no attempt being made to swallow. They have a staring coat, grow thin, and lose strength rapidly. Death usually follows in from twelve to twenty-four hours unless prompt measures are taken to check the disease. If allowed to continue for any length of time, the scouring will be accompanied by congestion and ulceration of the intestinal mucous membrane caused by the irritating secretions. As a result of this disease, partial or double blindness is sometimes brought on.

To prevent scours in calves, proper care should be given to the mother while pregnant, that she may be able to give birth to a healthy calf. As scours is a germ disease, it is important that the calf be free from this disease when born. Cows afflicted with the disease of abortion convey this disease to their offspring. It is for this reason that calves so often die of scours before they have



The milking hour at a Scottish farm

cally worthless dogs worry drivers on the road and annoy the public generally is legion.

There ought to be a remedy. Of course the owner now is responsible for actual bodily damage done, but that is unsatisfactory. No natural parent would want to wait until his little girl was bitten before putting an end to a useless brute of a dog that made the child afraid to walk down the road.

The remedy should be simple and effective. It might be provided, for instance, that no damages could ever be collected for any dog that might be shot by anyone if the shooter could show by three or four other competent witnesses that the dog so destroyed was a public nuisance. This would assure many a fairly good shot that he would be legally safe if he put an occasional worthless cur out of the way. And the country would be so much better off.

Scours in Calves

Scours in calves or calf cholera in many instances differs from diarrhoea in grown animals, and has special features of its own, taking the form of infectious intestinal catarrh, which is far more serious than the diarrhoea of the full grown animal.

Scours in calves generally appear suddenly. A perfectly healthy calf may be seized all at once, apparently, without any change in food or care. The symptoms of this infantile diarrhoea usually appear during the first two or

ever taken nourishment. It is, therefore, very necessary that the cow be kept free from disease in order to obtain healthy calves.

Calves born, afflicted with the germ of this disease in their system, are in a position to spread the disease to other calves that they may come in contact with in the same herd, or if shipped to other herds. This is another proof of its infectious nature.

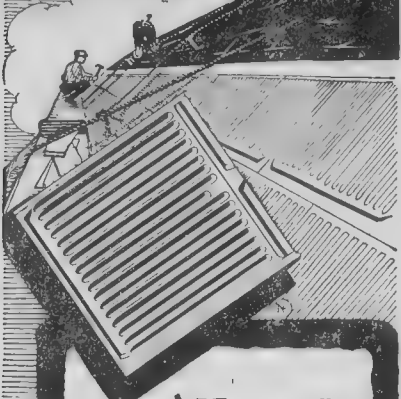
To prevent and overcome scours in calves, they should be given medicines that prevent fermentation of food to allay irritation and congestion, soothe and heal inflamed mucous membrane, act as an antiseptic, as this is quite necessary when the disease is due to a germ.

The most important factor in the raising of cattle is their care while young. Do not think that you are doing the correct thing if you are only managing to keep the life in the calf until it is three months old, and then have it get fat on grass before the winter comes. If you do this, you will be apt to have a lot of stunted calves with their digestive organs destroyed which will never make strong, healthy cattle, and will not be good for either dairy beef or breeding animals.

Corned Beef

The pieces commonly used for corning are the flat rump, cross ribs and brisket, or, in other words, the cheaper cuts of meat. The loin, ribs and other fancy cuts are more often used fresh, and since

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there is more or less waste of nutrients in corning, this is well. The pieces for corning should be cut into convenient-sized joints, say, 5 to 6 inches square. It should be the aim to cut them all about the same thickness so that they will make an even layer in the barrel.

Meat from fat animals makes choicer corned beef than that from poor animals. When the meat is thoroughly cooled, it should be corned as soon as possible, as any decay in the meat is likely to spoil the brine during the corning process. Under no circumstances should the meat be brined while it is frozen. Weigh out the meat and allow 8 pounds of salt to each 100 pounds; sprinkle a layer of salt one-quarter of an inch in depth over the bottom of the barrel; pack in as closely as possible the cuts of meat, making a layer 5 or 6 inches in thickness; then put on a layer of salt, following that with another layer of meat; repeat until the meat and salt have all been packed in the barrel, care being used to reserve salt enough for a good layer over the top. After the package has stood over night add, for every 100 pounds of meat, 4 pounds of sugar, 2 ounces of baking soda and 4 ounces of saltpetre dissolved in a gallon of tepid water. Three gallons more of water should be sufficient to cover this quantity. In case more or less than 100 pounds of meat is to be corned, make the brine in the proportion given. A loose board cover, weighted down with a heavy stone or piece of iron, should be put on the meat to keep all of it under the brine. In case any should project, rust would start and the brine would spoil in a short time.



Mary's little Jerseys

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corned during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, it would be well to watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be ropy or does not drip freely from the fingers when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added, after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment, and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this source. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

Dried Beef

The round is commonly used for dried beef, the inside of the thigh being considered the choicest piece, as it is slightly more tender than the outside of the round. The round should be cut lengthwise off the grain of the meat in preparing for dried beef, so that the muscle fibres may be cut crosswise when the dried beef is sliced for table use. A tight jar or cask is necessary for curing. The process is as follows: To each 100 pounds of meat weigh out 5 pounds of salt, 3 pounds of granulated sugar, and 2 ounces of saltpetre; mix thoroughly together. Rub the meat on all surfaces with a third of the mixture and pack it in the jar as tightly as possible. Allow it to remain three days, when it should

be removed and rubbed again with another third of the mixture. In repacking put at the bottom the pieces that were on the top the first time. Let stand for three days, when they should be removed and rubbed with the remaining third of the mixture and allowed to stand for three days more. The meat is then ready to be removed from the pickle. The liquid forming in the jar should not be removed, but the meat should be repacked in the liquid each time. After being removed from the pickle the meat should be smoked and hung in a dry attic or near the kitchen fire where the water will evaporate from it. It may be used at any time after smoking, although the longer it hangs in the dry atmosphere the drier it will get. The drier the climate, in general, the more easily meats can be dried. In hot regions good dried meat can be made by exposing it fresh to the air, giving protection from flies.

Buying a Dairy Bull

By M. H. Gardner, Superintendent of
Advanced Registry, Holstein-Friesian
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It is an old saying that the bull is half the herd, and the saying is quite true where the bull in breeding and potency just about equals the females with which he is mated; where he is either better or worse than the herd on which he is used, he is much more than half the herd—more than half for good in raising the standard, more than half for bad in pulling down the general average. This being the case, the selection of the bull is always a subject of interest, and

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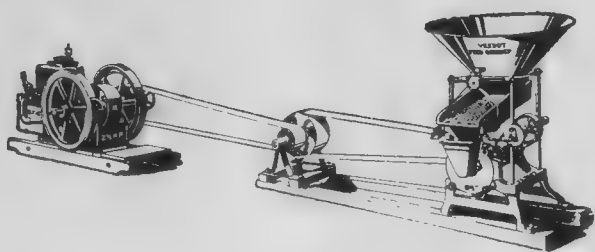
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on his dairy herd, that would not be worth \$25 if it were not pure-bred, and so sink \$50. But it seems to me the question is how can he afford not to buy, and to go on in the old way? Suppose a grade cow, sired by a pure-bred bull, gives but one pound per milking more than her dam, an amount so small that the milker could not notice it without the scales. In the 300 days of milking season, or 600 milkings, she will give 600 pounds of milk, worth at the very lowest 75 cents per 100 pounds, or \$4.50 for the season. But a good dairy cow is milked eight seasons, and that would be \$36 for the one cow, and if the bull got but ten such it would have earned its owner \$360. But a good bull will do three times as well as this, and make three times the money for its owner.

The Proper Feeding of Poultry

One of the most important items in poultry-raising is the feeding of the fowls. The care and wisdom which the poultry-raiser wishes to exercise in this problem must begin really as soon as the chicks are out of the shell. The very first food to give is some soft oats, the kind used as breakfast food; sprinkle a handful in front of the coop on the evening of the first or second day after hatching.

Continue feeding the soft oats throughout the first week, mixing it in ever-decreasing quantities with the other feed, which should be given every two hours. I strongly advise the use of a commercial chick-feed for the first month or six weeks. There are a number of good ones now on the market, all more or less scientifically balanced and containing a much greater variety of grains and seeds than the ordinary individual could procure, even if he knew the correct proportion of each to feed. Some of them contain beef-scrap and grit, but when they do not, or when other feed is used, these should be placed, along with fresh water, where the chicks will have free access to them. Green food must also be supplied in the form of chopped-up apple, potato, onion-top or lettuce, unless grass or other growing stuff is available. If you cannot procure or do not care for a ready-mixed feed, use stale bread; Johnny-cake made of one part wheat-bran and two parts cornmeal, mixed with milk or water, baked until hard and then crumbled; boiled rice and cracked wheat, gradually changing after the first week or ten days to whole wheat and cracked corn, with hulled oats and millet occasionally for variety. Milk is excellent for growing chicks and may be given sweet or sour to drink, or with stale bread soaked in it. During the second week place a little trough or a self-feeding box of grain where the chicks can always get at it; throw some feed in a litter of chaff, hay or leaves two or three times a day so they can scratch for it, and at the end of three weeks, if you have good range for your chicks, you need only see that the hoppers of grain, beef-scrap and grit are kept full. If, however, they must be confined in a small yard, continue to scatter grain in the litter that they may have abundant exercise, and give them all the green food they will eat.

What to Give the Older Fowls

And now as to the diet of the maturer fowls. The morning meal should be a warm mash of cooked food, such as potatoes, turnips, onions, hominy, and anything else of the kind left over from the dining-room, or it can be bought in an inferior quality at a very cheap price. A pinch of salt should be stirred in the food, and occasionally a little cayenne pepper and a little powdered charcoal. This food should be not merely scalded, but actually cooked, and fed to the chickens as thick as it can be stirred. The chickens should be fed on a clean board or in a clean trough, long enough for all to have room so that each may get its share of the food. The noon meal may consist of oats or whole barley or wheat well scattered over the yard, so that the fowls will have to exercise themselves in hunting for their food. Two or three times a week the chickens ought to be fed chopped bone, and occasionally a little fresh meat chopped fine. The

night meal, given before sunset, should consist of wheat or corn, fed abundantly where the fowls can easily pick it up. Each fowl should have at the evening meal as much as it can eat. In cold weather this meal should consist of corn; in mild weather, of wheat and oats fed alternately.

Hens which you wish to have "go broody" should be fed a somewhat special diet. Provide them with fresh water and green food, either grass or chopped-up vegetables, and feed them corn—whole or cracked—morning and night, a quart a day to twelve hens. Corn being fattening and heating is believed to hasten broodiness.

There should always be accessible in the poultry-yard a supply of grit. Finely-broken glass or china will be eaten by chickens with great relish. In fact, something of the kind is necessary for them in digesting their food, as it has to be ground after they eat it. Crushed oyster-shells make the best grit, as they not only act as a grinder for the food but also furnish material for the shell of the egg. When hens lay soft-shelled eggs it is because they lack this material. In a large range chickens can pick up grit where they like, but in limited quarters this provision must be supplied. Chickens do not drink a great deal of water, but it should be always where they can get it, and it should be clean.

So much for correct methods of feeding; but there should always be given also some warnings against certain errors. Do not give the chickens any food that is spoiled, never feed wet or sloppy food, never feed on filthy or muddy ground, and at the first symptoms of bowel trouble (a sure sign of bad feeding) feed boiled rice sprinkled over with cinnamon for two or three meals, and give lime-water or boiled milk to drink.

Pitfalls Which Are Apt to be Encountered

Perhaps some other pitfalls may be mentioned that come in the course of the general care of poultry. Besides incorrect feeding there are three things that are most commonly fatal: damp, dirt and vermin. Do not allow the chicks to sleep on damp ground or run in wet grass. Move the coops every day to a fresh spot of ground unless the earth is damp from recent rain, in which case scrape out the coop and put in a little dry sand. Keep the drinking vessels sweet and clean and the water fresh. Dust the hen with insect powder when she is setting and while running with her brood, and if the chicks become infested grease them lightly on head and throat with lard or sweet oil. Once in a while pour kerosene in the cracks of the coop.

One last word: If you wish to get from the chicken business all there is in it subscribe to several poultry journals. There are a score or more of monthly and bi-monthly magazines devoted entirely to poultry-keeping and containing timely articles by experts on various methods of breeding, rearing, housing, feeding and marketing, together with reports of the government experiment stations, and of the doings of the American Poultry Association. The subscription price is usually fifty cents a year—too cheap, you see, to do without—and, to use a hackneyed expression, "a single copy is often worth the price of a year's subscription," especially to the beginner.

Life's Highway

Though it's only a brief "Good morning,"
Say it, 'twill lighten the day
Of another, weary and careworn,
As you pass along life's way.

It may be the word you have spoken,
And the kind deed you have wrought.
It has helped and cheered your brother,
And to him God's sunshine brought.

It may be the deed of kindness
Will run through the coming years;
Your words shall live on forever,
Brighten eyes oft filled with tears.

Each word you have uttered of comfort
Each heart by kindness won,
Will bless you on earth, and in heaven
You shall hear God's sweet "Well done."

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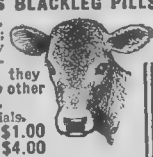
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Lighter Vein

There For the Next Meal

It was in a Glasgow picture theatre, and the two men were agreeably surprised to find a cup of tea and a biscuit given them free by an up-to-date management at four o'clock. Half an hour later one of them broke the silence.

"We've seen a' the pictures now, John," he said. "We may as well go out." To which John, after a minute's thought, replied:

"You can go if you want to. I'm staying to dinner."

Proved His Point

The old Scotch professor was trying to impress upon his students the value of observation.

"No," he complained, "ye dinna use your faculties of observation. Yer dinna use 'em. For instance —"

Picking up a pot of chemicals of horrible odor, he stuck his finger in it, and then into his mouth.

"Taste of it, gentlemen," he commanded, as he passed the pot from student to student.

After each had licked a finger and had felt a rebellion through his whole soul, the old professor laughed in triumph.

"I told you so!" he shouted. "Ye dinna use your faculties of observation! For if ye had observed ye would ha' seen that the finger I stuck into the pot wasna the finger which I stuck into my mouth!"

Preparedness

"What was the date of Columbus's discovery of America?" an examiner asked.

"1492," the bright boy replied instantly.

"Right," said the examiner. "And why was that date important for you to remember?"

"Because I knew you would be sure to ask it," the bright boy said.

Too Literal

One day a man who was interested in social work went into the tenement district, and, wishing to see a certain man, but having only a general idea as to where he lived, approached a small boy.

"My boy," he asked, "can you show me where Mr. Schmidowitz lives?"

"Yes, sir. Come right with me, sir."

The boy entered an adjacent doorway and started to climb the difficult stair. Up four flights he went, the visitor breathlessly following, and finally paused at an open door.

"This is the floor, sir," said the boy. "Mr. Schmidowitz lives in there."

"Looks as if we had stacked up against hard luck," remarked the visitor, peering into the room. "Mr. Schmidowitz doesn't appear to be here."

"No, sir," was the rejoinder. "That was him sittin' down on the front door-step when we came in."



Now, Mr. Fawn, take it gently

The Only Question

The professor was delivering the last lecture of the term. He told the students with much emphasis that he expected them to devote all their time to preparing for the final examination.

"The examination papers are now in the hands of the printer," he concluded. "Now, is there any question you would like answered?"

Silence prevailed for a moment, then a voice piped up:

"Who is the printer?"

The Course of Nature

What became of the little kitten you had when I was here before, dear?" Mrs. Wheeler asked little Anna.

"Why, don't you know?" asked Anna, much surprised.

"No, I haven't heard a word. Was he poisoned?"

"No," answered Anna.

"Drowned?"

"Oh! no."

"Stolen?"

"No."

"Hurt in any way?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, I can't guess, dear. Tell me what became of him."

"He just grew into a cat," said Anna.

Infallible

"Tell me," said the lovelorn youth, "what's the best way to find-out what a woman thinks of you?"

"Marry her," replied Peckham promptly.—Dallas News.

A Pointer for Jock

A commercial traveller had been presenting his hardest, most eloquent, his most persuasive arguments in favor of his goods for nearly an hour to a shrewd old Yorkshire business man. The old fellow seemed convinced and pleased, and the traveller thought he had his fish landed. But the Yorkshireman said: "There's ma lad Jock—Ah'd laike him to hear what ye have to say. Will ye coom this afternoon and go over your talk again?"

"Certainly, sir—with pleasure!" replied the traveller heartily, and at the hour appointed presented himself again for the interview with father and son. Again he went over the points of the article he had to sell—forcibly, eloquently, persuasively. Never had he acquitted himself of a finer "selling talk."

When he had finished, the old Yorkshireman turned to his son and said enthusiastically: "Do you hear that, Jock? Well, now, that's the way I want ye to sell our goods on the road."—Tit-Bits.

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Trapping as I Found it

P. W. Parkinson
In October Rod and Gun

There are, no doubt, a great many people who have had more and varied experience, in this historic, romantic, enjoyable (and I might add, profitable) calling, than myself.

I am not posing as an old-timer, one very good reason being that I have not lived long enough, even if I had devoted my entire time to the art. But, perhaps, I have learned some things about it that a few of the beginners have missed at any rate, and thereby may be of some service to them.

Too many people, it seems to me, are clipping into this occupation in a half-hearted way. To be sure, if all these "half-dozen-trap" trappers were to sail full-blast into the game the inevitable result would be the extermination of the fur-bearers, while the number of hungry trappers would have a noticeable increase, which would be far from the desired consummation of affairs.

Oh, no! Far better that they remain as they are, but, if there were fewer of the "half-dozen" men, while those who were following the game, followed it strong, it might, perhaps, bring it up to the standard it enjoyed in the old days.

However, this is neither here nor there.

The "half-dozen" men (and boys) are with us, and it is up to all of us to make the best of matters and enjoy the sport while it lasts. And sport it certainly is!

The mink, it seems to me, enjoys the distinction of being the most widely discussed of all the fur-bearers, among the amateurs at least. Now, mind you, I am not going to get up and declare he is not worthy of his fame but I do think he is slightly over-estimated.

No doubt the very fact of his popularity among trappers, especially in the farming sections (due to the good price his pelt brings) has had a great deal to do with his education. This, together with his natural caution and shrewdness has made him a hard animal to convince that it is a pleasure to get his toes pinched.

I have trapped them in localities where they have had but slight acquaintance with man and his ways, however, and have found them quite easy to take. Even in the thickly populated sections they will take bait readily, which is a tremendous advantage to the trapper.

Perhaps a word on the question of bait would not come in amiss just here. When conditions are favorable, blind trapping is certainly the best method, but there are times when bait is a help, if not an absolute necessity in making a capture.

When making a set with bait, most beginners make the mistake of making it too conspicuous and giving it an unnatural appearance. Strict avoidance of all things unnatural in the general surroundings and, of course, the set itself are the first steps toward making a good set.

This is sometimes far from being an easy matter, to be sure, but it always pays to take pains with your work, as one good set is worth a score of poor ones.

Mink are always on the lookout for dead or stranded fish; therefore a fish pushed under a root or in a hole in the bank is not apt to arouse their suspicion, providing the fish has not been handled excessively and has been placed in the hole with the aid of a stick, so as to leave as little human odor as possible in the vicinity of the set. Then if your trap be well concealed under a few inches of water, in what should be the only, or at least the most likely point of access, you have a very good set. When possible the trap is better staked out in the water, or attached to that ingenious contrivance, the "sliding-pole" (which answers the same purpose, only more thoroughly) as the water is a mink's first refuge when caught. The weight of a number one and a half is sure to pull him down.

Opinion seems to be divided as to which is the harder animal to trap, the fox or the wolf.

I am inclined to think the benefit of the doubt ought to be given the wolf. This honor is not altogether earned by a superior degree of intelligence, I argue,

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but to his extreme caution. The fox is really the more cunning, or rather intelligent of the two, but his curiosity sometimes gets him into trouble. He is apt to get over-confident and "monkey" around too close to the trap, knowing full well it is there, whereas a wolf would go half a mile around and take no chances. Horse-sense, as it were; he has not the same confidence in his ability to out-wit the trapper, and sometimes benefits by it.

It sometimes seems to me that a fox can actually use reason, although animals are not generally credited with this power. I have known them to do things that could not be done without reasoning; things that could not happen by mere "blind luck."

I discovered, by accident, one time, what might be a good set for fox. I say might, for I have never given it an actual trial, although I am sure it would work. We killed a 'coon one night, while on a night-hunting expedition, and, to save carrying it around, skinned it on the spot, leaving the carcass lying on a stump.

Passing that way a few days later, I saw where a fox had been trying for the tempting meal of 'coon meat. He had simply made that knoll a net-work of tracks, and had jumped onto all the adjacent stumps, in an effort to get the prize without going too near the stump itself. Some of these stumps were rotten in the centre and would have made an ideal place to set a trap.

Now, I think if a trap were set in one

taking them at the den, for they can be frightened away in this manner, no matter what has been said to the contrary.

Sets for skunk do not have to be favored with any very particular pains, so the weasel was having it easy at first. I changed the set several times and, naturally, took more pains each time. Mr. Weasel, coming to the more difficult proposition by easy stages, was getting a cheap and most thorough education.

Up to this time my method had been, something like the one I mentioned for mink earlier in this article, placing the bait in a noticeable position and setting the trap in the most likely point of access. The weasel had, on the last occasion (before the fatal one) excavated a passage down the side of the bank from above and secured the bait. He seemed to know exactly where the trap was, and avoided it most cautiously, never going nearer than a foot from it.

Now, however, I changed my entire plan of campaign. I built a bait house of stakes and stones and blocked every chink save the one to be occupied by the trap, so that it was the only possible way in. When I got through everything looked about as unnatural as it possibly could. One could tell there was a trap there at a glance, yet the weasel went right in over the trap and got nipped.

Yes, he was there in the morning, and it seems only reasonable to suppose it was the same one that had been coming for so long, and giving such a display of animal intelligence. I had a mink do the same thing a while after. It just



of these rotten-centred stumps, say a week before hand, to give it time to get the human odor off it, and then a large bait like the one mentioned placed on a nearby one, it would fool Mr. Reynard. I would like very much to try it out some time and see how it would work. The fact that the fox in question, although an exceptionally cunning one, was not in the least suspicious of any of the other stumps makes me think it would be a success. I think, however, that having the trap set some time in advance would be an important detail, care being taken to use material for covering, etc., that would not easily get out of order, and necessitate a rearrangement at the time of placing bait, as, of course, this would mean approaching the set again.

When an animal has proved very hard to take and seems able to figure out and avoid your most careful set, an entire change in your method will sometimes catch him off his guard. I remember an ermine (white weasel) that it seemed I could not out-wit. Now, as a rule they are a very easy animal to catch, for although the most wide-awake of any animal, they seem to have very little fear of a man, not seeming to realize how dangerous he is. Of course they will get out of his way when they meet him in person, but do not pay the same respect to the places he frequents, as other animals do.

Perhaps I was to blame for the trouble the one in question caused me, if, indeed, one can call a battle of wits on the trap-line an annoyance. I had been baiting for skunk in the vicinity of a good den, and thus getting them one at a time and not frightening them all away by

seemed he was determined to have the bait, and when he could get it in no other way, he threw caution to the winds and went right over the trap. He was there in the morning, too.

What a Tourist Heard

A tourist in Ireland came upon a couple of men "in holts" rolling on the road. The man on top was pummeling the other within an inch of his life. The traveller looked on for a moment in silence and then intervened.

"I say, it's an infernal shame to strike a man when he's down."

"Faith, if yez knew all the trouble I had gettin' him down ye wouldn't be talkin' like that," came the intermittent reply.—Judge.

He Proved it was Logical

A lawyer was defending a man accused of housebreaking, and said to the court:

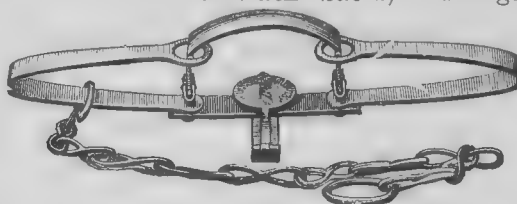
"Your Honor, I submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the parlor window open and merely inserted his right arm and removed a few trifling articles. Now, my client's arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish the whole individual for an offense committed by only one of his limbs."

"That argument," said the judge, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence the defendant's arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, as he chooses."

The defendant smiled, and with his lawyer's assistance unscrewed his cork arm, and, leaving it in the dock, walked out.

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If you can get a suit valued at \$25.00 in Canada, for \$13.25 from Catesbys in London, England, will you buy it? You say—"Yes." All right, then. We will guarantee to sell you a suit, made from fine English cloth, cut in best Canadian style and guaranteed to fit perfectly, laid down at your door, all duty and carriage charges paid, for about one-half what you would have to pay for a suit of as good a quality in Canada. Prove it—you say. Well, we will prove it. Just fill out and mail to us the coupon below. Upon receipt of it, we will send you our New Season's Style Book, 72 pattern pieces of cloth and a letter, which tells all about our system of doing business. Thousands of people in Canada and other parts of the Empire, buy their clothes from us, save money by doing so, and are well satisfied with their purchases. Why shouldn't you? References—Bank of Nova Scotia or any publication in which we advertise. If you don't want to cut this paper, write a post card or letter for samples, but mention this paper.

MESSRS. CATESBYS LIMITED (of London)
Dept M 119 West Wellington Street, Toronto.
Please send me your New Season's Style Book and pattern pieces of cloth. I am thinking of buying a suit—overcoat.*
Full Name.....
Full Address.....
*If you only want overcoat pattern, cross out the word "suit." If you only want suitings, cross out the word "overcoat."



Woman and the Home

My Motto

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

Preparation, Mother of Opportunity

By Ann Archer

I sought fair Opportunity; 'twas said that she
Held all the blessings of the world in store,
Who won her favor never wanted more.
From youth till age, thro' weary, fruitless years,

I sought my Lady of the fabled grace;
Vain my devotion, vain my prayers and tears,

I could not gain the favor of her face.
Embittered by defeat, in deep despair,
I turned to my neglected humble task,
And raised my voice against the lady fair

Whose partial smiles, it seemed, 'twere vain to ask.

A seer who listened to my loud complaint,
Vowed he had found the Lady true to fame;

Then asked, as tho' he would my cause acquaint,

"My friend, give me the pleasure of your name."

"My name is Ramus, sir; Igno they called

Me in my youth." "Ah, yes," said he, "I now

Recall the name, 'twas you refused to bow

To Preparation, who my heart enthralled."

"I pray your pardon," meekly I replied,
"The lady wished my footsteps to detain,

When I, with beating heart and frantic stride,

Sought Opportunity—Alas! in vain."

With patient mien, the seer heard all my woe,

"Your grave mistake, said he, is made by many more;

Had you deferred to Preparation, no

Doubt Opportunity had met you at your door." Zimmer, Neb.

Where Cloth Moths Find Food

There are four stages in the life of the moth; the egg, the larva, the pupa, the moth. The moth generally deposits its eggs where the larva may find suitable food—that is, in furs, feathers and wool materials.

The larva emerges from the egg in the form of a worm which immediately begins to feed upon its surroundings. It makes a case for itself with particles of the materials upon which it feeds, and moves about in this. If the article in which the eggs were deposited is soiled the development of the larva is rapid, and as a consequence the destruction of the material is greater than it would have been had the article been clean.

When the larva reaches full growth it fastens itself to some substance, generally the article on which it has been feeding. In about three weeks the moth emerges from the case and soon begins depositing eggs for a new generation. Now, although the moth does not directly injure fabrics, it supplies the eggs from which the destructive larvae are hatched. When moths are seen flying about there is every reason to suspect that the eggs are being deposited.

Don't Submit to Asthma. If you suffer without hope of breaking the chains which bind you do not put off another day the purchase of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Remedy. A trial will drive away all doubt as to its efficiency. The sure relief that comes will convince you more than anything that can be written. When help is so sure, why suffer? This matchless remedy is sold by dealers everywhere.

One of the Most Dreaded Pests

Bedbugs are liable to find their way into any house or apartment, but it is the housekeeper's fault if they find lodgment there. As with all other insects, perfect cleanliness is the greatest safeguard. If they are found in a room immediate action should be taken. There are many agents for exterminating these bugs, but my preference is for naphtha. It is clean, does not injure anything, is easily applied, and is absolutely sure if enough is used in the right place. The only drawback is that the vapor is very inflammable, but if the work is done in the morning with the windows open, and there is neither light nor fire in the room, there is not the slightest danger. It must be remembered that these insects do not confine themselves to the bed. They get into picture mouldings, the backs of pictures, cracks in floors and walls, and in upholstered furniture.

When you are preparing to exterminate these pests get a spring-bottom oiler (a can such as is used for oiling machinery) and plenty of naphtha. Open the windows of the infested room. By means of the oiler force naphtha into every groove and crack in the room. Wet all the ledges over the doors and windows, the top of picture moulding, and every crack in the bed—which should previously have been taken apart—the mattress, pillows, etc. Have all the clothing put out on the line, and beaten and shaken well. Close the room, leaving the windows open, and after a few hours it may be swept, dusted and put in order. Another method is to fumigate with sulphur; or, oil of cedar may be used. Dip a feather or small brush in the oil and brush over the cracks and crevices. Shut up the room for several days. Air well before using.

Her Mission

She was only a little woman, 'tis true,
And hers was a common story;
She never had dreamed of a thing to do
That would lead to fame and glory.

She could not paint, and she could not sing,

And she could not write a sonnet;
She had not a face that could lend a grace

To a stylish love of a bonnet.

She had not wealth and she knew not ease;

She never had travelled for pleasure;
She knew not the art of charm and please

In the realm of social leisure.

And yet she deemed that her life was blest

In its humble sphere of duty,
Though only those who knew her best
Guessed half of its hidden beauty.

For hers was a genius for little things,
The realm of home to brighten;

And she scorned not the humblest work that brings

Some force to cheer and lighten.

For comfort and order were hers to command,

And the joys of life seemed longer,
While childhood clung to her loving hand,

And manhood through her grew stronger.

And some who loved her were half afraid

That her sphere was far too small;
But, oh, the happy home she made,

Was a great thing, after all!

And when her beauteous spirit shall flee
From its realms of loving and giving,

Her stainless monument shall be
The lives that were blessed by her living.

—Woman's Life.

When Eye-glasses Blur

People wearing eye-glasses find it very annoying when the glass steams, blurs and gets frosted. To prevent this, take any good glycerine soap, rub a little on each side of the glass (use no water), then polish with tissue-paper or a soft cloth. It removes grease and grime, also stays polished much longer than with the ordinary cleaning.

Baker's

Cocoa

stands all tests of laboratory and home.

It is pure, it is delicious, it is healthful.

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ESTABLISHED 1780
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Modern Complexion Cream
will transform your complexion

NO need to prolong the embarrassment of a faded, lifeless complexion. Tone up the capillary glands with the smoothing stimulus of Modern Complexion Cream and you too, will marvel at the beauteous softness it will impart to your complexion. My patrons everywhere delightedly commend its enduring benefits. The price per jar is fifty cents. Write for Booklet J to-day. It's free.

The Ladies' Shop
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CURLY HAIR

"WAVCURL" Imparts Beautiful PERMANENT CURLS. One packet sufficient, however listless your hair. One testimonial says: "My hair soon became a mass of wavy curls." Result certain. Price 2s 9d. Special reduction for few weeks. Send 1s 6d only for large size 2s 9d packet.

The New Wavcurl Co., 67 Cromwell House, Fulwood Place, Holborn, London, W.C., England.

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The Hosiery trade is booming. Help to meet the huge demand. Industrious persons provided with profitable, all-year-round employment on Auto-Knitters. Experience and distance immaterial.

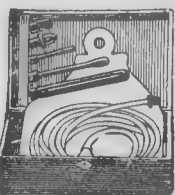
Write for particulars, rates of pay, etc. Send 2 cents in stamps.

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We Have It.

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The better you like - **SEAL BRAND**

In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole-ground-pulverized—also Fine Ground for Percolators.

171

Gold Standard

CHAFFLESS COFFEE

SATISFYING to the keen appetite, whetting to the thirstiest one.

The Gold Standard Mfg. Co.
Winnipeg, Manitoba

30

Magnificent Combination Dinner and Tea Set Free to Our Readers

LIMITED NUMBER OF DINNER SETS TO BE GIVEN AWAY NOW
LATER MAY BE IMPOSSIBLE TO GET MORE

Easy For Others. Very Easy For You

Because of the shortage of the imported material used in the making of the 47-piece Dinner Set we offer, the cost of these China Sets has raised considerably during the past few months. However, we still have on hand part of a carload of nice Dinner Sets, all carefully packed, ready for shipment, and we are going to supply a set to each one who answers this advertisement and performs the small service requested, until the present supply is exhausted. After that, we will make no promises. The cost to us by that time may be doubled, which, of course, would mean that the amount of service necessary to get a set would be doubled. It will pay you to investigate now. Act quickly before the Dinner Sets are all spoken for at the old rate.

Description of Dinner Sets

This actual reproduction from a photo does not begin to do justice to the splendid new pattern English China Dinner Set we offer you. This set is of the famous Ruskin design, and tastefully decorated. The color scheme is artistic, and there is just enough color work to

give the set a neat, dignified appearance. This is a first-class, useful and practical Dinner Set, and is rapidly being placed in many of the best homes in our territory. Already we have given away several car loads, and the demand is increasing.

The Dinner Set Contains

6 Soup Plates, 6 Dinner Plates, 6 Bread and Butter Plates, 6 Tea Plates, 6 Fruit or Cereal Plates, 6 Saucers, 6 Cups, 1 Meat Platter, 1 Covered Dish, 1 Gravy Bowl, 1 Jug.

You are sure to be Greatly Pleased

This is absolutely the most liberal Dinner Set offer ever made, and we hope you will be the first in your neighborhood to take advantage of it. We never knew a woman who had too many dishes. Our splendid plan certainly should appeal to you. You'll be surprised to know how easy it is for you to get a Dinner Set. Please remember these dishes are not for sale at any price.



THERE WILL BE A BIG DEMAND. GET YOURS NOW. HERE IS OUR OFFER:

You can obtain this magnificent Combination Dinner and Tea Set by sending us in eight new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly at \$1.00 apiece.

If you care to make enquiry at your store, you will find that the very lowest price you can buy a combination dinner and tea set is about \$11.00, and the quality would not be nearly as good as what we are offering.

You are probably wondering how we can make you such a liberal offer and send you this fine Dinner and Tea Set for so small a favor on your part. This is the explanation. We bought several sets of dishes at the lowest price anyone can get for buying in immense quantities and are glad to give you the benefit of the big bargain. By all means take advantage of this unusual opportunity before the supply is all gone.

REMEMBER—The Combination Dinner and Tea Set consists of 47 pieces and is made of the best English semi-porcelain. The design is one of the most popular patterns we have ever seen. The floral decoration is printed under the glaze in a rich flow color, soft and velvety in tone. For further particulars address

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Two Winners



Ogilvie's ROYAL HOUSEHOLD Flour and Health

One of life's greatest joys is to see your children with healthy appetites. Flour is the greatest life-giving food we eat. One pound of good flour gives the same amount of nutriment as one and a quarter pounds of eggs or four pounds of fish or nearly one pound of steak—and look at the difference in cost.

**GOOD FLOUR IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL
FOOD YOU CAN BUY**

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD

Is Canada's Best Flour

Is 'ROYAL HOUSEHOLD' Flour in YOUR home?

The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

The season of 1916-17 in the Manitoba Agricultural College promises to see the proportion of male and female students about equally divided. This, alas, is not

Opening the Agricultural College

due to any increase of the women students, but to the very painful decrease of boy students on account of the war. The attend

ance may be better as the year advances, but at the time of writing there is not more than 120 students in sight all told. Perhaps this is one of the most eloquent reminders that war is with us.

So far as the girl pupils are concerned, the classes promise to be more interesting than ever, and in the section of household arts, a small suite of rooms, corresponding to a bungalow house, will be available for the students to furnish, very simply, but very artistically. This is certainly a long step in the right direction, and should prove a very fascinating part of the year's work. Last year and the year previous the girls did excellent work in house planning, and some of their house plans, framed and hanging in the various rooms, should be an inspiration to the erection of better and pleasanter homes in the country, and towns, too, for that matter.

In travelling over the country this past season, I was struck with the number of bungalows which has been erected as farm homes.

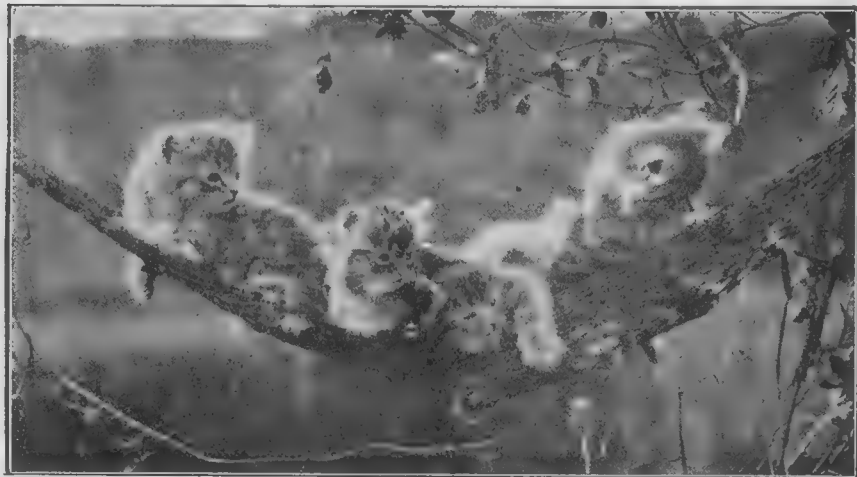
Surely a very pleasant change from the packing box style of house which has so often prevailed, and indeed, from very high houses of any kind. In our country

and has since found himself possessed of an accomplishment that not only gives great pleasure to himself, but makes him of use and pleasure to others. The domestic atmosphere created in an institution like the College by women of the type of Miss Spackman, has a value that can never be measured by dollars and cents.

People in both town and country are much stirred up over the increased cost of living. Probably people in farm homes realize this much less than town and city dwellers, but even to them the price of sugar and similar articles of daily use has advanced

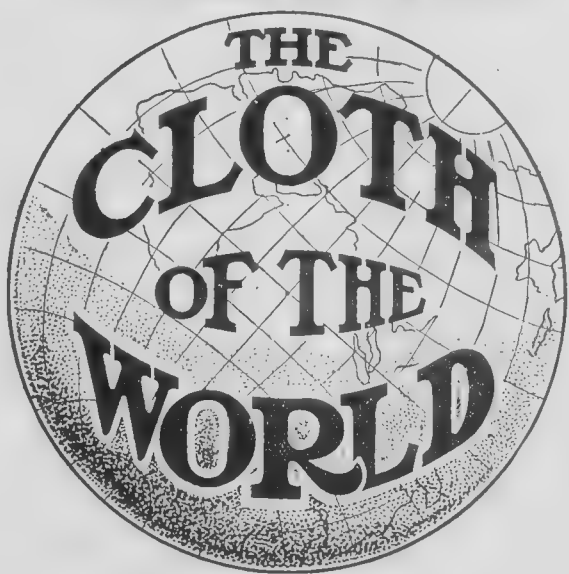
The High Cost of Living

to a point which makes a very material difference in the household bills. I have been following this question of cost of commodities for a number of years, and have been looking into it even more closely within the last two months, and in the matter of the price of flour and bread, meat, sugar and milk, the business is so intricate and there are so many questions involved that it seems almost impossible to arrive at any authoritative statement as to whether or not the present prices are justified by conditions created by the war. There is one way, however, by which the cost of living can be reduced and that is more economical housekeeping. I do not know how my readers in the country will feel, but when I made that suggestion to a number of housewives in Winnipeg the other day, they bridled and bristled as if they had been insulted, but the fact remains that Can-



A noon-tide siesta

HORROCKSES LONGCLOTH



"THE TIMES" says:

"To the housewife of to-day, as to her mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother, the name of 'Horrockses' is a hall-mark of excellence and quality ALL OVER THE WORLD."

Awarded the Certificate of the Incorporated Institute of Hygiene.

OBTAINABLE FROM LEADING STORES
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For information as to the nearest store where procurable apply to Agent,
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Montreal.

of many winds, the high, exposed house not only never looks cozy or warm in winter, but it almost invariably requires more fuel to heat it. I am glad to say that in a number of places this summer I found not only charming bungalows with good sleeping porches, but also these houses had their own system of water-works, and their own electric light plants, the storage for the latter supplied by the little gasoline engine, which at other times chopped feed, turned the separator or the washing machine. Homes of this kind in the country, combining as they do all the advantages of the city and the country home, are surely the ideal place in which to bring up families. Another thing which struck me pleasantly was the coloring of these houses, warm browns with red or green roofings are particularly effective, even against the open prairie, and doubly so where a few trees have been planted and have got a good start.

It will be good news to former students of the M.A.C., not only in Manitoba, but in all the western provinces, that Miss Agnes Spackman once more reigns over the dormitory buildings. She should never have been allowed to leave, but "that is another story." She is back

in her old quarters, and the students, both girls and boys, will be the better for her mothering. The fact that Miss Spackman is an accomplished musician, both vocal and instrumental, is an immense addition to her other valuable qualifications for her post. Many a shy lad with a latent turn for singing was encouraged by Miss Spackman to try,

adian housekeeping is on an extremely extravagant basis.

Probably the most extravagant housekeepers in the world are the Americans to the south of us, but we are not very far behind them, and with all, from a standpoint of actual health and nourishment, we are not an especially well fed nation. Prof. Jas. W. Robertson, who for so many years and with such conspicuous success occupied the position of Agricultural Commissioner for Canada, made the statement years ago that Canada produced the best food stuffs in the world, and that Canadians were one of the worst fed nations in the world. The trouble with our housekeeping is that we have been trained rather by inference than speech to despise small economies, and to feel superior because we do not eat the cheaper classes of food. In our foolish pride we have not seemed to realize that there is nothing particularly smart or high class in wasting anything. In a great business, such as the running of a railway or a big manufacturing plant, they consider long and carefully the saving of one-eighth of a cent on quantities of material either purchased or sold, and which is important to the big business is equally important in the small. I know that in many farm homes the throwing out of large quantities of palatable food is excused on the ground that it goes to the pigs or chickens, but that is not any real excuse, because there is plenty of cheaper food for both pigs and chickens.

Really high-class housekeeping consists in providing nourishing and palatable meals at a reasonable expenditure of time and labor, and with the minimum amount of waste, and in these particulars we might

learn some valuable lessons from the foreigners within our gates, particularly the French and Italians. It seems rather an impertinence to speak of the French as foreigners, but I use the term in the sense of those to whom English is not their mother-tongue. Recently I have been learning some valuable lessons myself from an Italian neighbor. We scraped acquaintance over the Italian Red Cross work, and since have exchanged views on a number of subjects. She speaks very fair English, and when I asked her what she thought of the high prices in Winnipeg, she laughed and shrugged her shoulders and said that she could live for the same that she had before the war. She went on to describe the number of dishes in which she cooked and served either macaroni or spaghetti, but said at the end of her description, "Canadian women think it is too much trouble to

cook dishes like that". Then she bemoaned how few ways we had of cooking vegetables. She manages a small restaurant, and I can speak for the appetizing things which she can make from macaroni and vegetables, with a mere flavor of meat or cheese.

I suppose one of the main reasons why so many prairie dwellers eat so little fish is the fact that for so many years fish was difficult to obtain. Now it can be had in practically all the small towns, and that quite regularly. It is an exceedingly wholesome article of food, and children particularly should be encouraged to eat it. I was very much struck with some evidence given by one of the officials of the Grand Trunk Pacific railway for the Dominion's Royal Commission. He stated that his road carried two million pounds of fish weekly from Prince Rupert eastward, and, when asked where it went

to, stated principally to New York and other American cities, some of it going to Boston. It seemed so absurd to think of this most valuable food going right through our prairie provinces into the American cities, when we are talking about the high cost of living.

Her Reason

A little girl of seven or eight years stood one day before a closed gate. A gentleman passed slowly. The little girl turned and said to him:

"Will you please open this gate for me?"

The gentleman did so. Then he said kindly:

"Why, my child, couldn't you open the gate for yourself?"

"Because," said the little girl, "the paint's not dry yet."

Knew His Business

"But are you sure that I shall recover?" the patient asked anxiously. "I heard that sometimes you have given a wrong diagnosis and treated a patient for pneumonia who afterward died of typhoid fever."

"You have been scandalously misinformed," said the doctor indignantly. "If I treat a man for pneumonia, he dies of pneumonia."

Revive the Jaded Condition.—When energy flags and the cares of business become irksome; when the whole system is out of sorts and there is general depression, try Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They will regulate the action of a deranged stomach and a disordered liver, and make you feel like a new man. No one need suffer a day from debilitated digestion when so simple and effective a pill can be got at any drug store.

Puddings

**Light and Savory,
Easy to Digest**

If Puddings were lighter and tastier, would you serve them oftener?
Would you attempt *new* varieties?
Then try FIVE ROSES flour in boiled or baked puddings.

The same good flour that makes the lightest bread, biscuits and muffins will make your puddings more daintily porous—palatable—*digestible*. Even when used in small doses, FIVE ROSES binds together the other ingredients and blends their delightful flavors.

We invite you to follow the lead of Canada's best cooks—and use

Five Roses*
FLOUR for Breads-Cakes
Puddings-Pastries

And your reward will be those well-swollen puddings that maintain till eaten their freshness and aroma.

The kind that cuts into dainty slices without crumbling or ragged edges—Never soggy, insipid; never a disappointment.

And due to the wonderful nutritive value of FIVE ROSES, every spoonful becomes a toothsome source of vitality.

See that you also are given FIVE ROSES at your dealer's.

Your success will be so stimulating that soon you will *insist* on using it whenever "flour" is mentioned.

FIVE ROSES!

Has Made These
Famous

Roly Poly
Sponge
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Chocolate
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Marmalade
Christmas
Poor Man's
Syrup
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OVER 70 PUDDING RECIPES

All tested—reliable. Also pages on pudding sauces, custards, desserts. Infalible directions contributed by over 2,000 successful FIVE ROSES users.

SEND FOR THE FIVE ROSES COOK BOOK

Gives accurate, understandable information on bread, pastries, rolls, biscuits, cookies. So essential that over 200,000 women couldn't do without this famous 144-page manual. Sent for 10 two-cent stamps.

Address Dept. G.
LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING
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When you
think of
Puddings
think of
Five Roses

★ Guaranteed

Not Bleached — Not Blended.

When The Children Rush In From School,

and shout for "something to eat", cut off generous slices of bread and spread with

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP



'Twill be the children's daily treat. So good for them, too—wonderfully nourishing, to build up their little bodies and help to keep them well and strong, as wholesome food should. The most delicious of table syrups for Griddle Cakes, Waffles and Hot Biscuits. Excellent for Cake and especially for Candy making. In 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins. At all grocers. Our new recipe book, "Desserts and Candies" shows the new and right way to make a lot of good things. Write for a copy to our Montreal Office. It's free.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL, CARDINAL, BRANTFORD, FORT WILLIAM.
Makers of "Lily White" Corn Syrup—Benson's Corn Starch—
and "Silver Gloss" Laundry Starch.



Fashions and Patterns

Coat dresses are attracting considerable attention this season. A model of this kind is of dark brown serge, and is made with broad box plaits beneath a square yoke in the back. The fronts are plaited from the shoulders. Just a little below the natural waistline is a belt of serge and big pockets. Plaits and pockets are ornamented with an embroidered motif in red and brown worsted.

A smart "V" of crepe, and a collar of blue satin finishes this stylish frock.

High waisted and Empire effects are shown.

Broad revers crossed in double breast style, high collars turned down and extending only across the back of the neck and deep cuffs with flaring upper edges mark the Directoire types in the new fashions.

Coat suits are made with coats of various lengths, some almost touching the hem of the dress.

There are smart belted models, with trouser pockets outlined by bands of trimming, and big warm looking collars.

Evening dresses are, indeed, lovely with tucks and frills and flowers.

The colors are fascinating in their dainty charm and attractive combinations. Pink and yellow, blue and yellow, and pale pink and blue, are used together.

Fluffy malines are draped over white satin, and simply finished with shirring at the round neck edge, and a girdle of satin ribbon.

Brocades are shown on all sorts of evening garments.

The neck edge of frocks for young girls are cut a bit higher than last year, and finished with a narrow fold or cording as the only trimming.

Evening dresses are longer and perhaps soon the street skirts will be lengthened. Patent leather belts in black, red or white are in vogue.

Girdles and belts are made in every width this season.

A narrow grosgrain ribbon or a sash that reaches to the bust line will answer. One way to hold the broad girdle is with a wide buckle covered with the ribbon.

Tunic skirts are again popular, and are worn over rather narrow foundations, thus bringing out the fullness of the overskirt more decidedly.

A Comfortable Style—1862—Linen, lawn, madras, batiste, crepe or silk could be used for this waist, while serge, gabardine, repp, corduroy, poplin, broadcloth and voile are nice for the skirt. The pattern is cut in three sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material for the waist, and 27½ yards for the skirt, for a 16-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

An Attractive Apron Model. 1854—Ladies' Apron.—This practical design is cut with a three-piece circular skirt, and a bib gathered to the belt in back and front, and made with shoulder seams and round neck edge. The apron is good for gingham, percale, lawn, cambric, sateen or drill. If desired, the back portion of the bib may be omitted. The pattern is cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A smart little Dress for Mother's Girl—1867—Girls' Dress, with Panel Portions, and Sleeve in either of two lengths. Linen, linene, drill, voile, crepe, mixed suiting, shepherd check, serge, taffeta, velvet and corduroy are all attractive for this model. The closing is at the centre of the front panel. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3½ yards of 44-inch material for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

An Ever Popular Model—1868—Girls' Sailor Blouse Dress, with or without yoke facing, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. This design is good for linen, plaid and other novelty suitings, for serge, gabardine, galatea, gingham and percale. The yoke and collar could be of contrasting material. In blue serge, with a simple trimming of black

à la Grâce

The New Waist Line

and higher bust is developed in all the new model C/C à la Grâce Corsets.

Go and see them at your favorite store.

The
Crompton Corset Co., Limited
TORONTO

HAIR GOODS SALON

Complete assortment of all the Fashionable Hair Accessories of the highest quality.

Perfect matching is guaranteed by the experts in charge.

—SEND US YOUR COMBINGS—we can make very pretty Switches, Coronets, Transformations. Puff Chignons, under ruff at moderate cost. Write us to-day for particulars. We can save you money.

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Catalogue Notice

Send 10c in silver or stamps for our Up-to-date 1916-1917 FALL AND WINTER Catalogue, containing over 400 Designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, as well as the latest Embroidery Designs, also a CONCISE AND COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE ON DRESSMAKING, giving valuable hints to the home dressmaker.



Ladies! Save Your Combing!

We can make your combings up into a switch and it will only cost you 50 cents an ounce.

Send us your combings—it will surprise you to see the fine switch that can be made out of even a small quantity of hair.

Correspondence invited on matters relating to hair. Advice free.

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WINNIPEG

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT

Kills all Nits and Vermin in the Hair

Rankin & Co. Kilmarnock
Established over 100 years.

In 15c. & 25c. Sizes
Of all Chemists.

Agents:
Parke & Parke,
Hamilton, Ontario.

braided, this would make an ideal school frock. The long sleeve has a group of tucks at the wrist. The short sleeve is finished with a neat cuff. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 5 yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size. The cap illustrated with this dress is made from pattern 1859. It is cut in three sizes: Children's (3 to 8 years), girls' (10 to 14 years) and misses' (16 to 20 years), and requires $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 27-inch material for the girls' size. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

A Popular Smart Style—1546—Ladies' Dress in semi-princess style, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Graceful and becoming, and showing several new style features in this up-to-date model. The dress is made with a shaped front panel, and waist sections over the sides which are lengthened by skirt portions, cut with fashionable fulness. The back

gingham was used, with collar of white pique. The right waist front is shaped over the left. The long sleeve has a deep cuff. In short length, the sleeve is finished with a smart turnback cuff. The skirt has 3 gores, and a shaped yoke over the back. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Natty Suit for Mother's Boy—1865—Boys' Russian Coat Suit, with straight trousers. This model is excellent for serge, cheviot, velvet, corduroy, mixed suiting and also for linen, galatea and similar fabrics. The coat is mounted on yoke sections and finished with plaits in back and front. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. It requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 5-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



forms a panel below the belt. The sleeve, in wrist length, is close-fitting and finished with a stylish cuff. In short length, a neat turnback cuff supplies a becoming trimming. A high roll collar outlines the neck edge, which is cut low in front. If developed as an evening or dinner gown or for other formal occasions, the neck outline may be cut with more depth in front. This style would make a fine street or business dress, and is also pleasing for afternoon or calling. It is good for serge, corduroy, velvet or silk; also for combinations of materials, now so much in vogue. In serge with panels and trimmings of satin it would be very stylish. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards at the lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple, Attractive Style—1852—Ladies' Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. As here portrayed, striped

A Practical Model for Utility or General Wear—1870—Ladies' Coat. Plush and velvet fabrics, velour, zibeline, corduroy, cheviot, tweed, novelty suitings and broadcloth are all appropriate for this style. The fronts are lapped in double-breasted style and meet a wide collar at low neck outline. The sleeve is finished with a deep cuff, and the fronts are trimmed with smart, comfortable pockets. The coat is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 54-inch material for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style—1851—Girl's Dress, with Guimpe. Galatea, gingham, chambray, repp, poplin, gabardine, serge, mixed suiting, shepherd check and flannel are all nice for this style. The guimpe may be of lawn, batiste, nainsook or crepe. The dress will be found serviceable and practical. The guimpe may be finished with sleeves in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in four

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NON-RUSTABLE
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Q La Diva Super-Bone is a much better corset than the high-priced-made-to-order model but at an ordinary price.

Q This corset gives, as the illustration shows, not only stylish lines but erect graceful poise.

Q The most satisfactory strong supple woven-wire boning ever invented—used in these models only—absolutely guaranteed in every respect.

Just try a pair and be convinced

DOMINION CORSET COMPANY
Montreal QUEBEC Toronto
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O-Cedar Polish Made in Canada

Simply shining or polishing your furniture does not beautify it. You must clean it as well. When O-Cedar Polish is used all dust, dirt, grime, smudges, etc., are removed and a bright, durable lustre is given—all at the same time. It gives old dingy-looking furniture that new-like appearance. Use O-Cedar on all

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Use it on all woods and all finishes—painted, stained, varnished, fumed or enamelled. Use it on your piano or on your automobile. Use it as directed on the bottle and you will surely obtain the O-Cedar Result—most complete satisfaction.

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CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO. LTD.

TORONTO, CANADA



ST. APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE V.
ESTABLISHED 1810.

Christmas in the Trenches

will be brighter and happier for those who receive their presents in good time.

To insure this, select your Gifts early from the Mappin & Webb Catalogue, and let Mappin & Webb take the full responsibility for the safe and prompt delivery.

Our position is unique. Gifts selected can be delivered from our London and Paris establishments at London prices thus saving the cost of freight and Canadian duty, full allowance being made from the catalogue prices for Canadian duty which will not have to be paid on any English made article. This insures prompt delivery, without trouble or expense on your part.

Our Catalogue of Christmas Presents, is ready for the mail. Have we your name and address? Write for a copy—today.

Mappin & Webb

CANADA LIMITED
353 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST, MONTREAL. 11

sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. The dress requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 27-inch material for a 6-year size, with $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards for the guimpe. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Very Attractive Dress—Waist 1849—Skirt 1871—Comprising Ladies' Waist pattern 1849, and Ladies' Skirt 1871. The waist is a popular model, with its frill revers, and the skirt is new and novel with its jaunty pocket trimming. Serge, gabardine, voile, corduroy and broadcloth are nice for the skirt; lawn, madras, crepe, voile, taffeta and batiste could be used for the waist. The skirt pattern is cut in six sizes: 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. The waist is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material for the waist, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material for the skirt for a medium size. The skirt measures 3 yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any

tractive feature, but may be omitted. The shield is adjustable. This pattern is cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 6-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A New and Practical Sleeping Garment—1553—Girls' One-Piece Pyjamas. This model is more comfortable than the two-piece models, is easy to develop, and well adapted for all materials, such as jean, cambric, crepe, flannelette, domet flannel, madras or repp. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The front is made with body and waist combined. The back has a "fall" or "drop" buttoned to a waist portion under the belt. The right front overlaps the left in closing. The 10-year size will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Becoming Style—1547—



address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

A Smart and Attractive Design—1876—Ladies' Dress. This style is good for velvet, taffeta, serge, gabardine, velour, novelty and mixed suiting. The waist is finished in blouse style, and has the deep pockets added over the skirt joining. The neck is rolled low at the deep collar joining. The sleeve is in bishop style, finished with a turnback cuff of contrasting material. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 44-inch material for a 38-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Dress for Mother's Girl—1878—Girls' One-Piece Dress, with or without Shield. Striped galatea is here shown. Shepherd check, novelty suiting or plaid woolen, serge, gabardine and velour, corduroy and velvet are equally attractive. The pockets form an at-

Ladies' Home or Morning Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. As here shown figured percale in gray tones was employed, with collar, cuffs and belt of linene. This style is also nice for linen, seersucker, gingham and chambray, for serge, cashmere and flannelette. If made of serge with trimming of matched satin, it would do nicely for business or street wear under any of the comfortable three-quarter or half length coats now in vogue. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards at the lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

On Sale Everywhere.—There may be country merchants who do not keep Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil, though they are few and far between, and these may suggest that some other oil is just as good. There is nothing so good as a liniment or as an internal medicine in certain cases. Take no other. The demand for it shows that it is the only popular oil.



D & A GOOD SHAPE BRASSIERE

This garment is absolutely necessary for the present modes. Wear a D & A Good Shape Brassiere and see what a difference it makes in your appearance, your comfort and health. Also gives more symmetrical lines to figure.

Ask to see D & A Good Shape Brassieres

DOMINION CORSET COMPANY

Montreal QUEBEC Toronto

Makers of the Celebrated D & A and La Diva Corsets

Twenty-four Hours a Day

Calling one day upon a business man in his office, I found him, as usual, "up to his eyes" in work.

"Sit down and wait a moment," he said, handing me a chair.

"You are always working," I remarked; "how many hours do you put in each day?"

"Twenty-four," he replied, with a smile.

My face expressed my astonishment. "Yes," he said, "I work ten or twelve hours here; the rest of the time I am working at the other side of the world—by proxy, of course."

"I don't understand," I said.

"Let me explain," he returned, more seriously than before. "When I was at school I became deeply interested in the missionary cause. I determined to go out to China and work in the field. But my father died, and his business here was in such a state that no outsider could successfully carry it on. There were a mother, sisters and younger brothers dependent upon the profits of the house. But I determined, nevertheless, to have a representative in the field, and I took up the support of a native preacher of China."

Here my friend took down a much-thumbed map of Southern China, and pointed out a certain town.

"That is where my man is at work," he said. "We have representatives of our business in several of the principal cities of the world. I call this our 'missionary branch.' My man there is working while I sleep. He is my substitute. In that way I work twenty-four hours a day—for the Master. I work here for the money to keep my representative working over there."

Won a Ford Touring Car

SMITH'S FALLS MAN THE HAPPY ONE

Same Magazine Gives The Western Home Monthly Readers the Opportunity of Winning 1917 Overland Touring Car. Many Other Big Valuable Prizes

Readers who intend sending entries to the big contest, announced on this page by the Continental Publishing Company, Limited, will be interested in reading the following letter from Mr. Hugh A. Ross, the winner of the Ford Touring Car, awarded as first prize in the last Everywoman's World contest. Mr. Ross, who is a well-known photographer of Smith's Falls, Ontario, says:—



"To say that I am delighted with my good fortune is putting it mildly indeed. I have been in a number of contests in late years with little success, so you can readily understand how I appreciate being the winner of a Touring Car."

"I would like to acknowledge my appreciation of the very evident fairness to contestants, with which you conducted this contest, and trust you will realize sufficiently in advertising your excellent magazine, to repay your outlay in furnishing a very interesting and entertaining pastime for your numerous readers."

Puzzling out the groceries in John Brown's store may require considerable ingenuity, but the task is bound to afford a great deal of interest and amusement. The first prize is, as you will note, a magnificent five passenger Overland Touring Car, 1917 model, and the vast number of other prizes make the opportunity well worth grasping. Every Western Home Monthly reader should try it.

Strangers All Round

Edward has developed an interest in family trees.

"Father," he said, "have we any poor relations?"

"None that I know."

"Well, have we any rich ones?"

"None that know us."

"My husband," remarked a Philadelphia matron to a group of friends, "was a confirmed smoker with a tobacco heart when I married him a year ago, but today he never touches the weed."

"Good," said one of the group. "To break off a lifetime habit requires a strong will."

"Well, that's what I've got," said the wife.

Fooled the Ghosts

Mike—"Begorra, an' I had to go through the woods the other night where Casey was murdered last fall an' that they say is haunted, an', bedad, I walked backward the whole way."

Pat—"An' what for wuz ye after doin' that?"

Mike—"Faith, so that I could see if anything wuz comin' up behind me."

Saving the Men

Mr. Stebbins (reading)—Statistics go to show that the male population of the world is fast falling off.

Mrs. Stebbins—Good gracious! Isn't there some way of tying them on?

When Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to a corn or wart it kills the roots and the callosity comes out without injury to the flesh.

Win This

Overland
75

Touring Car
\$1000.00 in other
Fine Prizes



First Prize

1917, 5-Passenger
Overland Touring
Car, Completely
Equipped.

What groceries did Brown advertise?



JOHN BROWN is noted for being the liveliest merchant in town because of the novel way in which he advertises and creates interest in his well known grocery store. Recently Mr. Brown presented a clever problem to his customers. It is one that will give much amusement and entertainment to every puzzle lover. Look at this picture of Mr. Brown's Store, and you will see his idea. He carefully covered the labels of the boxes, barrels and bins containing fourteen of the staple lines of his stock. Then he engaged a clever cartoonist and had him draw a series of puzzle pictures to be used as labels to represent the names of the hidden goods. The artist caught the spirit of the idea, and at once drew picture No. 2 to represent currants (cur-ants). Then he drew picture No. 4 as a label for tomatoes (Tom-eight-O's). With these two names to start you and the grocery list below by way of suggestion can you find what the other twelve represent?



SEE LIST OF GROCERIES BELOW

1917 Overland Touring Car

First Prize for the Best Reply

A Host of other Grand Prizes to be Awarded

They include \$300.00 Indian Motorcycle; Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range; fine Phonograph and Records; Waltham Watches for men and women; 1917 Cleveland Bicycle; genuine Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet; famous Singer Sewing Machine; Perfection Oil Range; Cabinet of Rogers Silverware, Mahogany Dressing Table, 1900 Washing Machine, Wrist Watch, Sets of Books and many other big prizes of great value.

Big Complete Illustrated Prize List will be sent to you direct

THIS CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF EXPENSE

3rd Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

4th Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

5th Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

6th Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

7th Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

8th Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

9th Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

10th Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

11th Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

12th Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

13th Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

14th Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

15th Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

16th Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

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19th Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

20th Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

21st Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

22nd Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

23rd Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

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28th Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

29th Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

30th Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value \$60.00

A FEW HINTS—A good plan is to write down on a sheet of paper all the articles or things usually found in a grocery store and then see if any of the pictures will fit the names you have written.

In Mr. Brown's Store you will find for instance, Apples, Allspice, Dates, Butter, Catsup, Baking Powder, Cabbage, Mustard, Biscuits, Coffee, Flour, Borax, Tea, Farina, Matches, Oranges, Pickles, Rolled Oats, Soap, Sugar, Tomatoes, Stove Blacking, Molasses, Vinegar.

All the names represent articles in everyday use and which are to be found in any grocery store. No trade mark names or special manufacturers' names are used, so with these few hints and a little thinking you should be able to solve all the pictures. Note that 10 points toward the prizes are given for each correct answer. (See Rules).

THE OBJECT OF THE CONTEST—Frankly, this great event is intended to advertise and introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's greatest magazine, to hundreds of new homes, which should know that a magazine of such excellence and real worth is being published right here in Canada by Canadians for Canadians. You can easily help us to do this when you enter the contest, but you do not have to be a subscriber nor

are you asked or expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny in order to compete and win the touring car or one of the other magnificent prizes.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is now the established favorite in more than 130,000 of Canada's best homes. Though that is the greatest circulation ever attained by any Canadian magazine, it doesn't satisfy us. Our motto is "Everywoman's World in Everywoman's Home." Hundreds of Canadian homes which may not know it now, will welcome this handsome, interesting, up-to-the-minute magazine, and once it is introduced, they will want it every month.

Therefore, when your answers are received, we will write and tell you the number of points you have gained toward the prizes, and send you Free a copy of the latest issue of this greatest of Canada's magazines. Then, in order to qualify your entry, we will ask you to do us the small favor of introducing it to just five friends or neighbors. We will even send you sample copies to leave with each of your friends, if you wish. State your willingness to accord this favor when you submit your answers. The company agrees to pay you in cash, or reward you with a handsome gift for your trouble, entirely in addition to any prize your entry may win in the contest.

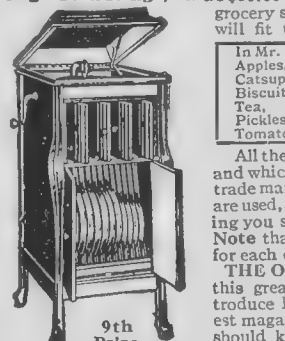
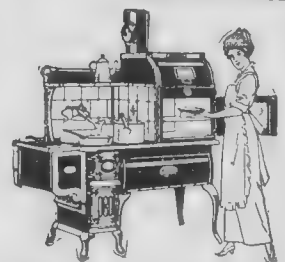
Follow These Simple Rules When Sending Your Entry.

1. Write your answers in pen and ink, using one side of the paper only. Put your name and address on the upper right hand corner. Anything other than your name and address and your answers to the picture must be on a separate sheet. Do not send fancy, drawn nor typewritten entries.
2. Boys and Girls under 14 years of age are not allowed to compete, nor are the members and employees of the Continental Publishing Co., Limited, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, nor any of their relatives nor friends.
3. Contestants will be permitted to submit as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set can be awarded a prize.

Include two 2-cent stamps to pay postage on the sample copy, illustrated prize list, etc.

Address Contest Editor, Everywoman's World, Continental Publishing Co., Limited

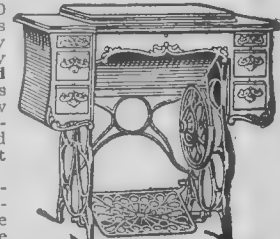
33 Continental Bldg., Toronto



9th Prize
Fine Cabinet Phonograph Complete With 6 Records



6th Prize—Famous "Hoosier Beauty" Kitchen Cabinet



4th Prize—Genuine Singer Drop Head Sewing Machine

Young People

THE FAIRY MOUSE

NOW, Clara, be a good little girl while mother is out. Then we will see what Santa Claus will bring you on Christmas Day," said Mrs. Budd, fastening on a black bonnet, trimmed with a nodding green feather, and placing a purple velvet cape, that had seen better days, on her comfortable shoulders.

"Will he bring Clara a wax dolly? With golden hair an' blue eyes, an' a hat with feathers on it, an' a green parasol, an' a necklace an' stockings, an' brown shoes, an'—an'—" said Clara, dancing round her mother.

"We shall see what we shall see when Christmas comes," said Mrs. Budd, taking down a bunch of keys from a nail by the door. "Toys cost money; and poor Father Christmas may not have

enough pennies to buy dollies for all his little friends. Now, mind you are a good girl, my pretty. Santa Claus loves good children. Polly Malony, upstairs, will look in and put you to bed by and by."

Coming up the dark wooden stairs, as Mrs. Budd was going cautiously down, was a pale, tired-looking girl, carrying a baby on her arm, while a small boy held her hand and a little girl dragged on to her skirts.

"Why, Polly, how cold you look, to be sure!" said Mrs. Budd. "I've told my Clara you would look in and see her some time in the evening."

"Sure I will, Mrs. Budd," said the girl, resting the baby on the banister. "We have been out to see the shops: the little ones wanted to look at all the pretty things put out for Christmas. It is very cold, and just beginning to snow."

"There's a bit of fire in my grate, my dear. Do 'ee go in and boil up the kettle. There are some nice tea-leaves left in the teapot, and they'll freshen up with some boiling water; and there's some bread and treacle on the table. Help yourselves." And kind-hearted Mrs. Budd trotted out of the house into Boot Alley.

Outside a toyshop a row of small children stood gazing with admiring eyes at a large wax doll displayed in the window, dressed in an apple-green colored silk dress, pink sunshade in hand.

"That's the doll my Clara has set her heart on," thought Mrs. Budd. "Price one-and-five-three, it's marked. That's a large sum of money for Father Christmas to spend. I don't know how I could get it together. Even if I could save it, then there are those poor motherless children upstairs; and I should really be buying clothes and food for them, in-

stead of a toy for Clara." And Mrs. Budd sighed as she trudged onward.

Mrs. Budd was a charwoman, and she lived with her little daughter, Clara, aged six, in Boot Alley. In the rooms above Mrs. Budd dwelt the Malonys. The eldest girl, Polly, since her mother's death some months before, had had to be her father's housekeeper, and mother to her brothers and sisters. Mr. Malony was often out of work, and then food and fuel would be very scarce in the Malony household.

As Mrs. Budd walked towards the neighborhood of Covent Garden, where she went every night to clean some offices, again and again she thought of the Malony children, and their fireless room troubled her motherly heart.

"One-and-five-three is a lot of money. If I do try and save it, a penny here and a penny there, I do believe I should spend it on things for the Malonys instead of Clara," she said to herself, as she unlocked the street door leading to the offices, and climbed the stairs to the first floor. "However, doll or no doll, I must set to work, or I shall be like the old woman with the pig in my Clara's story-book—I shall never get home to my cottage to-night."

The offices, deserted by all except Mrs. Budd, were very quiet; no sound was to be heard in the building save what Mrs. Budd made with her broom as she went from room to room, brushing, sweeping, and dusting. Suddenly she stopped, letting the broom drop with a clatter, while she threw up her hands in amazement. She stared round the room, her eyes wide open with astonishment, for she had distinctly heard a tiny, clear voice say:

"Mrs. Budd, I wish to speak to you."

Mrs. Budd looked nervously in every place, likely and unlikely, for a sign of the speaker. Up the chimney, under the table, in the waste-paper baskets, even peeped into the coalbox, but could see no one. Then the voice came again.

"Mrs. Budd, I wish to speak to you," said someone in silvery tones. "Here I am! On your broom. Don't you see me?"

Then, when Mrs. Budd looked at her broom, which she had rested against the table, she saw, sitting at the very tip of the handle, a dear little mouse, with a fat round body, very bright black eyes, and a long curly tail.

"I came up here to be out of the way of your feet," it said. "I was so afraid you might accidentally step on me."

"Why, lawks-a-mussy! I never did hear tell of a mouse who could talk!" remarked Mrs. Budd, eyeing the mouse with great surprise. "I wish my Clara were here to see you."

"I am a Fairy Mouse; that is why I can speak so nicely," explained the mouse, nimbly running down the handle of the broom, and briskly beginning to climb Mrs. Budd's dress. "Please do not be frightened. I assure you I do not bite."

Mrs. Budd was "all of a shake," as she said afterwards; the green feathers in her bonnet waved wildly to and fro, like the treetops on a windy day; her knees trembled, and the few teeth she had left in her head chattered.

The mouse curled itself up cosily in one of her large hands, and looked at Mrs. Budd inquisitively out of its bright eyes.

"I must get on with my story, or your work will never be finished if I keep you talking too long," it said. "As I told you, I am a Fairy Mouse. I was turned out of Fairyland some weeks ago by the Queen of the Fairies, who was very angry because I made my nest in her best bandbox. I was expelled by her to these offices."

"Fairyland! I didn't know there was such a place nowadays, what with these hairships and motor-cars all over the place," said Mrs. Budd. "My granny, when I was a little girl, and lived in Cornwall, used to tell stories of witches and pixies, and suchlike, but I thought it was all 'make-believe.'"

"Well, I hope you will think differently for the future, Mrs. Budd," said the mouse, speaking rather severely. "To continue my story, when I first came here I felt very sad, as I was afraid some misfortune would happen to me. Oh, dear! how I did worry! I thought I should starve, or, more horrible still, be eaten by a cat. But you



The Boys Like Them

"We like Buster Brown Stockings because we are not afraid to play hard and then have to go home and show mother the holes we have rubbed or torn in our stockings. And the stockings are mighty comfortable too."



BUSTER

The Mothers Like Them

"Every spare minute used to be taken up with the darning basket before I bought my boys Buster Brown stockings and the girls Buster Brown's Sister's stockings. They are the nicest looking stockings they have ever worn, and they have certainly saved money for me."



Girls, Too—

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splendid looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized listle stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed.

Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

BROWN STOCKINGS

Buster Brown stockings for boys are made in Black and Leather Shade Tan, of the best long fibre cotton specially twisted and tested for durability, with double leg and three-ply heel and toe.

Your dealer can supply you.

The
Chipman-Holton Knitting Co., Limited

Largest Hosiery Manufacturers in Canada
Hamilton - - - Ontario

MILLS AT HAMILTON AND WELLAND, ONTARIO

Also makers of the celebrated "Little Darling" and "Little Daisy" Hosiery for Infants and Children

DIARRHOEA

Was Caused By Change of Diet, Etc.

Diarrhoea arises from many causes such as, change of diet, change of water, change of climate, catching cold, the eating of unripe fruits, or anything that will cause or induce an excess of bile.

On the first sign of any looseness of the bowels it should not be neglected, but should be looked after immediately, for if not diarrhoea, dysentery or some other serious bowel complaint may ensue.

Mr. Geo. Smith, Victoria, B.C., writes: "It is five years ago since I first tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I was then on a timber survey, and suffered greatly from diarrhoea, caused by change of diet, etc. A friend in the party gave me a few doses which gave me great relief. Since then I have been in survey work, and would as soon think of starting out on a trip without my compass and blankets as without my supply of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which I consider the woodsman's best friend."

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been on the market for the past seventy years, and is universally known as a positive cure for all complaints arising from any looseness of the bowels.

When you ask for "Dr. Fowler's" be sure you receive what you ask for as there are many rank imitations of this sterling remedy placed on the market to try and fool the unsuspecting public.

The genuine is manufactured by The F. Milburn, Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Price, 35 cents.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Let Me Prove Free That You Can Get Rid of
It Positively, Without Pain or Injury

Free Coupon Brings You Quick Help

For years I was in despair because of a hideous growth of Superfluous Hair. I had a regular moustache and beard and a hairy covering on my arms. After seeking relief for years in vain, I secured, through an Officer in the British Army, a closely-guarded secret of the Hindoo Religion, which had made Superfluous Hair unknown among the native women of India, a fact which is well-known.



MRS. HUDSON,
Whose Soldier-Husband's
Bravery Secured the Sacred Hindoo Secret.

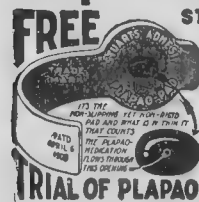
tletboro, Mass.

It was so successful in my own case that I no longer have the slightest trace of Superfluous Hair and I shall be glad to send Free to anyone, full information and complete instructions so that you can follow my example and completely destroy all trace without having to resort to the dangerous electric needle. So stop wasting your money on worthless depilatory preparations and write me to-day, giving your name and address, and stating whether Mrs. or Miss. All I ask is that you send me a 2c stamp for return postage. Address, Mrs. Frederica Hudson, Suite 1911 C. Bronson Bldg., Attleboro, Mass.

THIS FREE COUPON, if sent with a 2c stamp for return postage, entitles any reader of The Western Home Monthly to Mrs. Hudson's Free Instructions to banish Superfluous Hair. Good for immediate use only. Cut out coupon and pin to your letter. Address as below.

IMPORTANT NOTE: Mrs. Hudson belongs to a titled family, high in English society; she is connected with leading officials there and is the widow of a prominent officer in the British Army, so you can write her with entire confidence. She has opened an office in America for the benefit of sufferers from Superfluous Hair. Full address above.

Stop Using a Truss



STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to hold the parts securely in place. No straps or buckles attached—no obnoxious springs. Cannot slip, so cannot chafe or press against the bone. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work and reported most obstinate cases cured. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—non-expensive. Awarded Gold Medal. Process of recovery is natural, so afterwards no further use for trusses. We prove it by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely free. Write today, PLAPAO LABORATORIES, 514, 118 St. Louis, Mo.

have been very kind to me. I have found plenty of nice crumbs left on the floor, and sometimes even a lump of sugar."

"The people who work in these offices left those crumbs over from their tea, I expect. I mustn't be praised for what I don't deserve," said honest Mrs. Budd.

"Well, you have set no traps for me, nor have you brought a cat with you in a bag, as some unkind charwomen do to catch little mice like myself. So, for your kindness, I mean to reward you by granting you one wish. Think well before you wish. You may ask for anything but money."

"Oh, deary me! This is sudden!" exclaimed Mrs. Budd. "What shall I ask for? There are such hundreds of things I want. Then there's that doll for my Clara."

"Please, Fairy Mouse, I wish for the doll in Boot Alley. Oh, stop a minute! I haven't quite settled yet."

For just as Mrs. Budd was going to wish for the doll in the shop in Boot Alley, visions of the scantily clad, hungry Malony children arose in her mind. Then there was that new dress she so long had wanted for herself, but Mrs. Budd did not think of that long. No; she would either wish for the doll for Clara or clothing for the Malonys.

"Time's going on," remarked the mouse. "I am sorry to hurry you, but I want to turn into my hole for the night; so if you would decide, Mrs. Budd, I should be much obliged."

"Then it shall be clothes for the children who live above me," blurted out Mrs. Budd, speaking hurriedly, afraid lest she would change her mind.

The mouse beamed on the charwoman, and, skipping out of her hand, ran down her dress, and over to a large basket of waste paper by a desk. It scampered lightly over the paper, which changed into coats, cloaks, suits of clothes, and boots and stockings, until there was a large pile on the floor.

"There you are," said the mouse. "Now I am going to give you something for Clara and yourself." It then suddenly turned an old cardboard box lying on the floor into a lovely wax doll, dressed all in rose-color pink silk, with a necklace of pearls round its neck, and a straw hat trimmed with roses on its head. A newspaper was transformed into a warm winter dress for Mrs. Budd.

"You are kind!" said she. "I only wish I could do something for you. At least, you must let me take you home, and show you to my Clara. And if you will live with me I will try and make you very comfortable. I will give you a little nest in my workbox, out of cotton-wool, and you shall always have plenty to eat."

"Thank you very much. You are most kind. But to-night the Fairy Queen will send a coach to take me back to Fairyland. For she said if ever I found a mortal who, when I gave them a wish, asked for something for others, and not for themselves, then I might come back to Fairyland. And you asked for clothes for those poor children, when you might have asked for something for yourself. So, through your unselfishness, I shall be able to leave these dull, dreary offices and go back to Fairyland."

Mrs. Budd never knew how she finished her work, for she felt so excited and longed to carry the doll and clothes home, but at last all was done, and, wishing the Fairy Mouse good-bye, she stumped down the stairs, and the heavy outer door shut with a bang behind her.

When Christmas morning came, Mrs. Budd, looking very smart in her new dress, gave the children their presents, and told them the story of the Fairy Mouse.

The Malonys were delighted, and Clara nursed her doll all day.

"I wish I could find a mouse who could talk. I shall speak to every one I see, and p'raps one day I'll find one who can," she said.

"All sorts of things might happen," said her mother. "Sometimes I really think I must have fallen asleep in that office, and dreamt all about the mouse, though where the doll and clothes came from I don't know. Anyway, the Fairy Mouse has given us a very happy Christmas."

What is an Internal Bath?

By W. R. BEAL

Much has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but, strange as it may seem, the most important, as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath, than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary

for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five to ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practise internal bathing and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled, "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell at Room 255, 163 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in The Western Home Monthly, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing it will have served its purposes. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well?

Keep Your Skin Clean!

by the use of a good reliable cream and this you will find in my "IDEAL" VELVET CREAM which is neither sticky, greasy nor irritating. It WILL NOT GROW HAIR on the face, prevents blackheads and chapping, rendering the skin, clear, white and smooth. I make it myself and positively guarantee that nothing but pure oils and waxes are used in its composition. Try it and you will use no other. Price 50c per jar. Send for booklet "Health and Beauty" for further particulars.

Mrs. E. Coates Coleman

Phone M. 996

224 Smith Street, Winnipeg



Witchery or Science For that Corn?

WILL you use something ancient as witchcraft—methods harsh, uncertain and unscientific?

Or the modern way—gentle, sure and final—devised by a chemist who spent 25 years on corns?

Blue-jay is the method used by doctors—used by experts—used by millions who have tried it. It's a thin little plaster which applies to the corn the wonderful B & B wax. 91% of all corns go with

the first plaster. The stubborn 9% yield to the second or third.

The pain ends instantly. The corn ends in 48 hours.

A million corns monthly disappear under Blue-jay. Your own friends employ it. Countless people around you—users of Blue-jay—never let a corn ache twice.

We urge you to try it. Prove the quick relief, the permanent removal. In this day corns are needless.

Blue-jay^{Ends} Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Correspondence

Dear Friends,—I take the Monthly from an aunt that lives near us, and then I pass it on to my cousins. I think it is a great magazine, and so does everybody who sees it. I have many friends and two relatives in France, in the trenches, and what was my surprise to learn through a letter from one last week that The Western Home Monthly is one of the best favorites among all Canadian papers that go overseas.

Dear Editor, I think I have taken up enough of your valuable space, so will close, hoping to hear from some of the clever members. I will say I am nineteen, rather dark, tall, and am a great reader, play on the violin a little, and am going to have a career of some kind. I think it is nice for a girl to know how to earn her living. I used to live on a farm. Please ask Mr. Batten to give us another story like "The Panther's Claw." I think most of the stories are splendid. I always turn first to those of Miss Bayne, as she used to live in our town, and we are all keenly interested in her work.

Can you tell me if Mr. Bonnycastle Dale is Canadian; also, if Mrs. Pearl Hamilton is Canadian?

With best wishes to all the friends and continued success to The Western Home Monthly.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

[Mr. Bonnycastle Dale is a Canadian, and from your own Province of Ontario; while Mrs. Hamilton, though born in the Western States, can also qualify as such by long residence and good works.]

"Busy Red Cross Workers in B. C."

Dear Editor and Readers,—My brother and I have taken The Western Home Monthly for four years, and I have never missed a single copy. First I read the column by Pearl Richmond Hamilton, and then the letters; then all of the paper.

If I were to describe myself, the description would be nearly the same as Soldier's Admirer. Only I can dance, but have never ridden a horse. I live among the mountains on the banks of a river. They have been doing quite a bit of Red Cross work in this little village, and I am making a cushion to raffle. The proceeds are to go to the Red Cross. Now, if any of your readers would care to correspond with me, I will try and answer all letters I receive. Oh, by the way, if anyone would care to know how the salmon is caught and canned in the canneries, I will try and tell them the ins and outs, as I was born and brought up amongst fish, as the saying goes.

My address is with the Editor, so I think I will just cut it out. I will sign myself,

Little B. C. Teso.

Congratulations!

Dear Editor and Members,—I did it! I asked M— to marry me, and now won't you all congratulate me, my friends? I'm the happiest man alive. If I had only known it was so easy to ask such a hard question I would not have wasted eleven years of happiness by being so backward.

I suppose you will all be interested to know that M— and I are to be united before five years have passed. I have sold my little Illinois home, and am starting anew in the bushy regions of Clanwilliam.

The crops in this district are only "fair to middling" this year, but we reckon on better ones next year. Both hail and rust have done quite a bit of damage. By the way, we have had two very bad wind storms this summer which could almost be called cyclones. Trees were broken and uprooted, stooks, straw and hay blown for yards while several sheds were blown over.

I am sorry, dear friends, to think I have scarcely any news for you this time, as you know that I (as well as the rest of you farm boys and men) are busy with harvest and so have no time for gossip. In a couple of days threshing will be here in full sway, and we remaining boys will have to work double hard to make up for our missing comrades at the front. Let us be truly thankful for our harvest returns this year, poor though some may be, and

"I FEEL LIKE A NEW BEING"

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Brought The Joy Of
Health After Two Years' Suffering



MADAM LAPLANTE

35 St. Rose St., Montreal. April 4th.

"For over two years I was sick and miserable. I suffered from constant Headaches, and had Palpitation of the Heart so badly that I feared I would die. There seemed to be a lump in my stomach and the Constipation was dreadful. I suffered from Pain in the Back and Kidney Disease.

I was treated by a physician for a year and a half and he did me no good at all. I tried "Fruit-a-tives" as a last resort. After using three boxes, I was greatly improved and twelve boxes made me well. Now I can work all day and there are no Headaches, no Palpitation, no Heart Trouble, no Constipation, no Pain or Kidney Trouble and I feel like a new being—and it was "Fruit-a-tives" that gave me back my health".

MADAM ARTHUR LAPLANTE.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

CANCER

R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treatment cures external or internal Cancer.



R. D. EVANS Brandon Man.

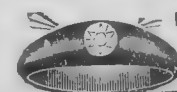
PILES DON'T BE CUT Until You Try This Wonderful Treatment.

The internal method of treatment is the correct one, and is sanctioned by the best informed physicians and surgeons. Ointments, suppositories and other local applications give only temporary relief.

If you have piles in any form write for a FREE sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day that you read this. Write today. E. R. Page, 330 Main St., Marshall, Michigan

Stammerers

If you want to get cured, write for full particulars to Albert R. Bellerose, Principal, Conn. School for Stammerers, 165 Pratt St. Meriden, Conn.



HILL'S WONDER RING FREE
Will never tarnish—made of Persian Ivory. Will last a life time. To make new friends I will send this Ring for 12c to help pay adv. Order today—now. R. C. Hill, Dept. 19 Battle Creek, Mich.

Instant Relief for Sick Headache

Nausea and Heartburn

You cannot have sick headache when your liver is right. Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief sets it right, and that is why it cures sick headache and other bilious troubles so quickly, so surely, so thoroughly. It is not violent, like so many preparations, and you don't need to keep on taking it. It just helps your liver to regain its power, and thus natural action and natural cure follow at once.

"Science Siftings," a prominent English scientific Journal, says (April 11, 1916):—"Providence has given us the brains to devise means to compensate Nature for our ill-treatment of her. . . . The means at hand come from natural sources, and we have them embodied in such splendid combinations as Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief."

Take Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief for constipation, biliousness, torpid liver, sick headache, dizziness, specks before the eyes, flatulence and windy spasms, acidity, heartburn, impure blood, and that dull, heavy feeling which is a sure indication of liver troubles.

Price 50 cents. from all Druggists and Storekeepers,

Or direct from the sole agents for Canada, Harold F. Ritchie and Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul-street, Toronto. War Tax 2 cents extra.

Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief is the companion to Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Sole Proprietors: Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, England.

Dr. Cassell's

Instant Relief

LIVER TONIC
ANTACIDS
CARMINATIVES
LAXATIVES

think of the many, many poor, hungry suffering souls across the sea who would thank God earnestly for a quarter of what we spend in needless luxuries and foolishness.

Any poor fellow that ever gets into a state like mine and thinks my advice worth having, just write, and I will gladly assist you as well as I am able. "Morganrodnaden."

Girls from the East

Dear Editor,—We are three city girls who live in the east, and have been reading the correspondence page in The Western Home Monthly. We think the letters very interesting and would like to get in touch with some of the young westerners.

We are seventeen years of age, about five and one-half feet tall, and are considered rather good-looking. Our favorite pastimes are motoring, dancing, skating, canoeing, and knitting socks. At this time of the year we attend a number of corn roasts and marshmallow feeds, and certainly have heaps of fun. Leave it to us to have the great times.

We hope by this time that "Morganrodnaden" has at last gathered together enough courage to pop the question. We feel sorry for the girl if she has to wait ten years more. She had better take advantage of Leap Year. There are still three months left.

If there are any young gentlemen who would care to correspond with us, we would be pleased to write to them.

Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, and hoping to see this letter in print, we remain,

Yours in suspense,

Three Bachelor Girls.

P.S.—Our addresses are with the Editor.

"Back Again."

Dear Editor,—Thank you for putting my letter in your paper. I didn't expect it would get room, but now since it did I'll write again.

I received a number of letters in answer to mine in The Western Home Monthly, and wish to thank all who wrote. I would like to answer all the letters, but I may not have time, but I'll answer as many as I can. Some of the readers asked if I could play the piano. No, I do not play.

My father has a nice team of drivers, and my sister and I often hitch them up and go for a drive.

Some of the girls were speaking of girls dressing in overalls. I don't think there is any harm in it, but I know from experience there is lots of fun. My sister and I had our pictures taken on horseback with overalls on, and some of our neighbors didn't know us.

Hoping to hear from some of the readers, and wishing The Western Home Monthly all success, I remain,

"Dolly Dimples."

To the Point

Dear Editor,—I have been a subscriber of The Western Home Monthly for some time, and now take the privilege of writing to your correspondence column. In your September number I read a letter from an English lady who signed herself as assistant matron. She is just my own age, and I would like to correspond with a reader of The Western Home Monthly. She did not say her name was left with you, so I would ask her through your paper to write to me. I certainly would be glad to get a letter from her or any other girl of about twenty-five or thirty who would care to write to a bachelor. Thanking you for space in your valuable paper, my address is with the Editor, and will sign myself,

Bachelor Bill.

The Main Ma

Dear Editor,—I am a subscriber to your very interesting paper, and thought it my turn to join your correspondence

Miller's Worm Powders attack worms in the stomach and intestines at once, and no worm can come in contact with them and live. They also correct the unhealthy conditions in the digestive organs that invite and encourage worms, setting up reactions that are most beneficial to the growth of the child. They have attested their power in hundreds of cases and at all times are thoroughly trustworthy.

page. I agree with Western Maiden that nobody should look down on the farmer for, after all, he is the main man. I am a bachelor, and do my own cooking. If any of the girls wishes to correspond with me, my address is with the Editor. Wishing The Western Home Monthly a long success, and hoping to see my letter in print.

Western Farmer.

Dear Editor,—A number of Winnipeg women who are interested in the welfare of the 226th Battalion have organized an association to work for the benefit of the men of that Battalion, and to supply them with whatever field comforts it is possible to obtain. There are only a very few women in Winnipeg who are anyway connected with the 226th Battalion, as it was recruited in the rural districts all over Northern Manitoba,

and we feel sure the women in the country who have boys or friends in the Battalion, will want to do their share to help supply their needs. Therefore, we are making an appeal through the district newspapers and ask the Editor to kindly publish this letter.

We quite understand how impossible it is for a great many of the country women to attend a regular meeting to work for the boys in the cold winter months, and we want to give them a chance to help us with this work, so we are asking for donations of socks, tobacco, cigarettes, fruit-cake, home-made candy, and chewing gum. These donations may be sent to our Colonel's wife, Mrs. R. A. Gillespie, Suite 2, 9 St. John's Avenue, Winnipeg, and will be sent direct to the detachments they are intended for; also any further information may be had by applying to her.

Thanking the Editor for this valuable space in his paper, we are

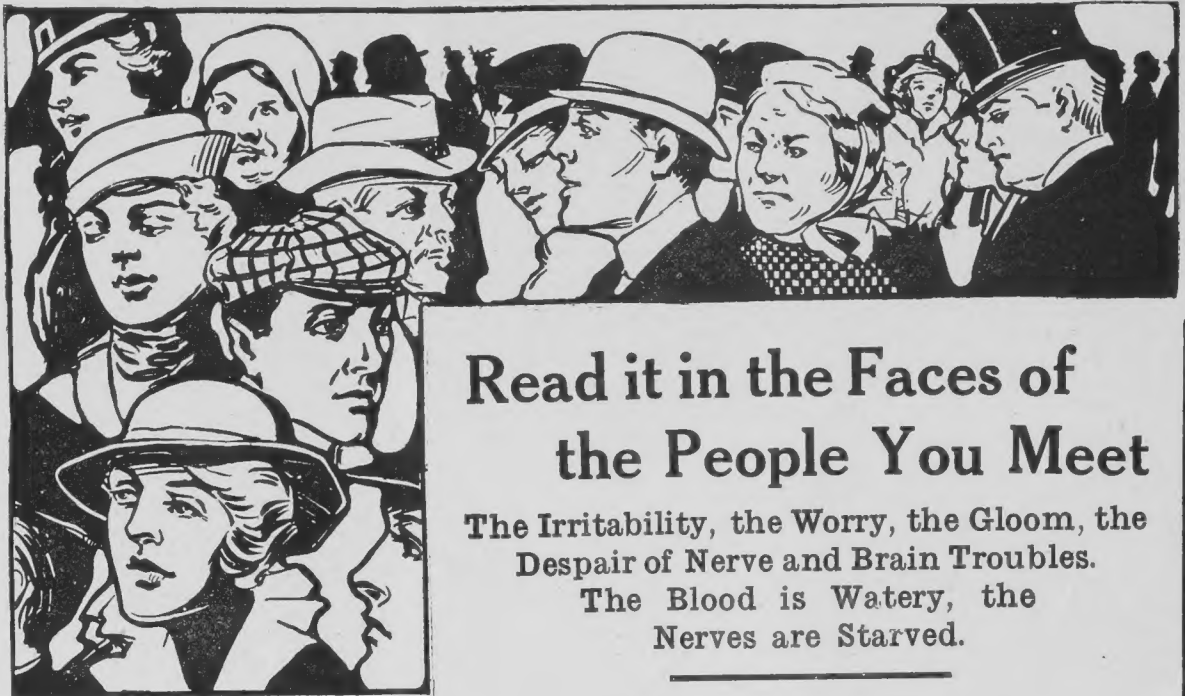
Yours truly,
226th Women of Winnipeg.

Nature

He was enraptured with the scenery. His fair companion at the country resort sat upon the stone wall beside him.

"Behold that exquisite sunset!" he exclaimed. "Note the delicate flesh tints, the cream shades, the long dashes of vermilion, and the almost living fire that leaps up from the sinking sun as from a fountain. Behold the framework of darkening skies and of deep green! Isn't it wonderful?"

His fair companion sighed heavily. "You just bet it is!" she exclaimed. "It looks just like a great big lobster salad!"—Lippincott's Magazine.



**Read it in the Faces of
the People You Meet**

**The Irritability, the Worry, the Gloom, the
Despair of Nerve and Brain Troubles.**

**The Blood is Watery, the
Nerves are Starved.**

This is the age of nervous troubles, of brain fag, of heart failure, of paralysis and bodily weakness. You can read it in the faces of the people you meet.

The business man, the factory hand, the professional man, the woman in the home, all find their nervous systems giving way before the terrible strain of modern life and keen competition. Nervous force is consumed at a terrible rate, and the blood which must make good this loss becomes thin and watery, lacking in quality as well as quantity.

The whole secret of preserving health and curing disease in all such cases is to supply an abundance of rich, red blood. Stimulants may drive the heart at a more rapid pace for a time, but the breakdown will come with greater force.

The blood demands nourishment, the nerves cry for sustenance. They call for just such help as is supplied by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great blood builder and nerve restorative.

In many, many thousands of cases of this kind Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proven exactly what was needed. In using it you are not experimenting, but are supplying to the system the very ingredients from which Nature reconstructs the wasted nervous system. For this reason its cures are both thorough and lasting.

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or
Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food



THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

What the World is Saying

"Frightfulness" Does Not Make Friends

Germany can now shoot in almost any direction and feel sure she will not hit a friend.—Toronto Globe.

Much More, and Much Worse, Coming to Him

The Allies celebrated Hindenburg's birthday by giving him a vicious kick in the ribs.—Boston Transcript.

The Ring of Steel and Fire Closing In

Every time Germany looks over her shoulder she sees that a new war front has sneaked up behind her.—New York Sun.

Women and the War

War has shown the nation's dependence on her women. The current ante-war notion on this point was fantastically erroneous.—London Daily Chronicle.

An Explosive Name

Protopopoff is the new Russian Minister of the Interior. They should have made him Director of Machine Guns.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Zeppelin "Frightfulness"

Every Zeppelin bomb dropped on English women and children shatters that much more the prospect of tolerable peace terms for Germany.—Philadelphia North American.

The British Output of War Material

More munitions of war of all kinds, from hand grenades to aeroplanes and from trench mortars to big guns, are produced in Great Britain in one week now than were produced in the whole first year of the war.—New York Tribune.

Forts and Great Guns

Roumania had to learn at her own expense, just as Belgium did at Namur and Austria did at Lemberg, that in modern war a great fortress is a liability instead of an asset.—Montreal Gazette.

What Enrages the Kaiser

It isn't the fact that England started the war. What enrages the Kaiser is the realization that England is going to end it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Would Have Caused a Riot in Berlin

The French aviator who dropped handbills on Berlin missed a trick. He should have created a riot by dropping a tenderloin steak.—Hamilton Herald.

The Same is True of Every Just-minded Person in the World

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, the American novelist, who is viewing the war at close range, frankly confesses that she hates the Germans. And, really, the lady gives many convincing reasons for the hate that is in her.—Vancouver Province.

German Finance

It is a mystery why Germany should debase her coinage with a zinc compound somewhat more costly than paper while the official printing presses are still able to grind out "shinplasters."—Brantford Expositor.

"Improved Conditions for Germany"

King Ludwig of Bavaria says peace will not be concluded except upon improved conditions for Germany. This is quite probable. Peace terms will enable the Germans to throw off their King Ludwigs, which in itself will mean "improved conditions for Germany."—Edinburgh Scotsman.

How Truly German!

The joke of the war, if there could be any jest about such a thing, would be a protest against the war impropriety of the British "tanks" by the perpetrators of poison gas and poisoned wells, Zeppelin raids and murderers of Belgian civilians.—Halifax Herald.

The Manufacture of Paper Money in Germany

The Kaiser congratulates the German people ostentatiously on the success of the latest war loan. Some day the German official printing presses will break down under the strain, and then how will Berlin manage to raise money?—Wall Street Journal.

The Lamb the Zeppelin Killed

The events that followed a recent Zeppelin raid on the east coast cast themselves naturally into a form recalling that of "The House That Jack Built," as thus: This is the lamb the Zep. killed. This is the field where lay the lamb the Zep. killed. This is the crowd that came to the field where lay the lamb that the Zep. killed. These are the sixpences paid by the crowd that came to the field where lay the lamb that the Zep. killed. This is the Red Cross that took the sixpences paid by the crowd that came to the field where lay the lamb that the Zep. killed. (As a matter of fact a rabbit was also killed in the same field, but space is limited.)—London Nation.

A Movement Engineered by Germany

Dr. Hugo Muensterberg accuses a colleague of trying to kill "the tender peace movement." The British exposure did that.—New York Nation.

"The Ramshackle Empire"

Here is a cheerful little paragraph which may be left to speak for itself: "Since the closing of the last session of the Austrian parliament in the spring of 1914, thirty-five seats have become vacant. The former occupants of most of them have been hanged or imprisoned on charges of high treason." Clearly the Ramshackle Empire is anything but a comfortable place.—Westminster Gazette.

A Contrast

Compare the announcements of the British War Minister and the German Imperial Chancellor. One declares a fair fight to a finish, the other says that any means are fair for fighting with Great Britain. The one speaks for a whole people who have placed him where he is; he speaks open truth. The other speaks the dying lie of a military clique fighting frantically in defence at the last ditch.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Food Conditions in Germany

In Berlin the retail price of beef has been reduced about 5 cents a pound, the prices now varying from 60 to 70 cents. The meat in question should now be within reach of the wealthy classes. The ordinary people probably are living largely on bread and cabbage soup, with a sausage or two a week to remind them of the happy days before the war.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

Countess Bernstorff Fortunate in Not Being a Belgian Woman in the Hands of the Germans

Countess Bernstorff, the wife of the Ambassador of Germany at Washington, has arrived in New York. It is said she was courteously treated by the British officials who came on the boat at Kirkwall. That is not to be wondered at. The British officials and soldiers always treat women courteously. They do not murder them, nor do they torpedo boats carrying women and children. That is exclusively the function and practice of the Prussians.—Victoria Colonist.

Fashions in Grandmother's Days, and Now

Dressmakers and designers, now in Chicago for their annual convention, announce that the familiar Paisley shawl of grandmother's day is to be fashionable again. It may be predicted right now that the excellent garment will not be a fad for very long. Grandmother wore her shawl, like her black silk dress, for many years. Granddaughter must have a new outfit for every season of the year; else she is most wretched.—Toronto News.

That Murderous Old Hun, Count Zeppelin

An American business man, now in Switzerland, has had an interview with Count Zeppelin, in which the inventor declared that he had sworn to destroy London by airship bombardment, or die. He has become a fanatic on the subject, says the American. As the Count is 78 years of age his promise may, quite naturally, soon be kept, though not in the way he would prefer. London is quite likely to remain undestroyed for some time to come. The chances are against the old inventor.—London Daily Mail.

Too Late for Mediation

The question of the moral right to hinder the approaching victory of the side that was set upon had its full hearing in public a year and more ago. Out of the discussion came understanding that any attempt to constrain to peace the side that had previously been constrained to fight would be iniquitous; so long as America had taken no step to check the original Teuton aggression when it bade fair to crush all its intended victims, a later attempt to step in after the current had turned in those victims' favor must come quite too late to be honorable.—Buffalo Express.

The German Food Census

The German authorities, in taking the food census, will even investigate the stocks in private households. Perhaps they will not find everything they are looking for. The announcement is likely to cause numerous householders to hide whatever preserved sausages they have in stock in chimneys and other secret places. A two-pound salami, or a string of knockwurst, is as valuable in Germany to-day almost as a scuttle full of iron money.—Ottawa Free Press.

Human Sacrifices to the Glory of the Crown Prince

The Crown Prince accompanied Gen. Von Hindenburg on a tour of the western front. The Germans can change their high chief of staff as often as they like, but with the Crown Prince to haunt and worry him no general can do much. Always the demand is that some victory shall be planned and won for the glory of the Crown Prince, so that his fame will thrill Germany. How many hundreds of thousands of lives have been sacrificed vainly in seeking this end some German patriot ought to figure out.—Rome Giornale d'Italia.

Enforced "Politeness"

With his unfailing politeness the Kaiser says: "No tanks."—Brockville Times.

A Thing That Every Day is Making Plainer

The Teutonic Empires have lost the initiative and cannot possibly regain the advantage. Time is now against them, as well as strengthened opponents.—Petrograd Novoe Vremya.

The "Frightfulness" Kind

The "independent committee for German peace" urges ruthless submarine warfare. They are consistent in the kind of peace they want.—Paris Journal des Debats.

Germany's Accountability

Germany could have prevented the war. The Imperial Government did not, because it had for years planned war to the last detail and looked for profit from it.—Sydney (N.S.W.) Morning Herald.

The Work of the War Nurses

The nation, which is proud of its men has good reason to be proud of the devotion and courage which its women have exhibited in this crisis in its history, and among those women none have done more splendid service than the nurses.—London Saturday Review.

German Production of Banknotes and Bonds

Already the Reichstag is preparing to call for another \$3,000,000,000 loan. The German official printing presses can turn out any number of misstatements of fact, if not any number of banknotes and bonds, which will pass for current pay among the German people, but they will not be able to do even this indefinitely.—Monetary Times.

The Scarcity in Germany

The German Government, having regulated beer consumption and the eating of sausages, has now taken control of the stocks of tobacco throughout the Empire, and will issue tobacco tickets. The Fatherland must seem a very cheerless country to the men yet at home.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Plight of Austria-Hungary

The capital of Switzerland hears that Austria-Hungary is calling up for service at the front all the remaining men not actually crippled, up to the age of 44. If that is so the fact is not surprising. The Austro-Hungarian armies are being strongly assailed on all fronts and their losses must be great. The gaps have to be filled somehow if defeat is to be staved off for a time.—London Statist.

The Hyphenates and the Submarines

"Curiously opposed to these complaints," says the German Overseas news agency, of the submarines on our coast, "is the fact that since the beginning of the war British cruisers have been watching American ports." It is so much in the tone of the Fatherland that one is surprised not to have them called "our" ports. But none of the hyphenated who were so shocked and humiliated as Americans at the earlier spectacle has yet owned to any humiliation at the exploits of Capt. Rose and the U-53.—Springfield Republican.

War's Continuing Destruction

Mr. George Barr Baker, of the Commission for the Relief of Belgium, asserts that investigation has shown that there are in the occupied parts of Belgium and France 1,500,000 children of school age beginning to show the effects of malnutrition. The same conditions, though probably in lesser degree, prevail in other parts of the extending war zone also, it is to be believed. That is one of the penalties of war. The rising generation suffers through no fault of its own. A war's evils by no means end when peace is signed.—London Lancet.

German Slipperiness

Royal assent has been given to a Norwegian ordinance forbidding submarines of belligerent powers to traverse Norwegian waters except in cases of emergency, when they must remain on the surface and fly their national flag. No doubt Norwegian warships will endeavor to have the ruling observed. In emergencies it is likely to be ignored, nevertheless. The German submarine at least is a slippery customer when in foreign waters. With it "military advantage" takes precedence over other countries' laws and desires at times.—Buenos Aires Prensa.

Have Deified Trade—A Wrong Ideal

"The works of peace are more important than the works of war; it is a great thing to defend the Empire when menaced by an enemy; it is a grander and more difficult process to set our energies to work to uplift the nation in time of peace. Unpreparedness is like a grisly ghost when viewed in the light of blood and sacrifice on unequal terms; it is doubly so when peace comes and there is unpreparedness even in thought."—Sir George E. Foster.

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These two new Overlands are the first full-size, Touring Sedans ever offered to the public at moderate prices.

Such cars at such prices are possible only because of the economies made possible by our enormous production.

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But there are many other features to commend these cars, in addition to their perfect convertibility.

The four has the 35 horsepower motor which has made the Overland famous for years—in its latest improved en bloc type.

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Cantilever rear springs make both cars remarkable for their easy riding qualities.

And long wheelbase—the four 112 inches, the six 116 inches—and four and one-half inch tires add further to their riding comfort.

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You will be amazed that such beautifully finished, luxurious Touring Sedans can be built to sell at such low prices.

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Specifications

Motors—en bloc type—The Four, 35 horsepower—The Six, 35-40 horsepower

33 x 4½ inch tires—non-skid rear

Gasoline tank and gauge at rear

Auto-Lite starting and lighting system

Cantilever rear springs

Richly carpeted floor

Electric control buttons on steering column

Vacuum tank fuel feed

Improved seat springs

Wheelbase—The Four, 112 inches—The Six, 116 inches

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